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THE

VOYAGES

Dangerous

ADVENTURES

And Imminent

ESCAPES

OF

Capt. RICH. FALCONER.

CONTAINING

The Laws, Cuſtoms, and Manners of the *Indians* in *America*; his Shipwrecks; his Marrying an *Indian* Wife; his narrow Eſcape from the Iſland of *Dominico*, *&c.*

Intermix'd with

The VOYAGES and ADVENTURES of *THOMAS RANDAL*, of *Cork*, Pilot; with his Shipwreck in the *Baltick*, being the only Man that eſcap'd: His being taken by the *Indians* of *Virginia*, *&c.* And an Account of his Death.

Bold were the Men who on the Ocean firſt
Spread their New Sails, when Shipwreck was the worſt.
More Danger now from Man alone we find,
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind.

WALLER

The Fourth Edition Corrected.

To which is added, A Great Deliverance at *SEA*, by *William Johnſon*, D. D. Chaplain to his Majeſty.

LONDON:

Printed for J. MARSHALL, at the Bible in *Grace-Church-Street*. MDCCXXXIV.

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THE PREFACE.

'TIS *in Compliance with Sir* Roger L'Estrange's *Maxim*, That a Man had as good go to Court without a Cravat, as appear in Print without a Preface; *that I give the gentle Reader any Interruption of this Kind; for to be plain with him, the Book itself, as full of Misfortunes as it is, is but a Preface to the Misfortunes I have met with since its first Publication, which I must freely confess are wholly owing to the Bent of my own headstrong Inclination in not taking my Father's Advice at my first setting out into the World.*

This fourth Appearance indeed is, I can't help owning, a Pleasure to me, tho' it is much more owing to the Candour of the Publick, than the Merit of the Performance.

The Age of Gallantry I observe seems to roll round again; for certainly Plays, Novels, and Romances, were never more in Vogue than at this Juncture. And as to those who have a more refin'd Taste for Masquerades, Operas, and Gretesque Entertainments, this good Town is fully convinc'd, that Dr. Faustus *from* Germany, *now vies with our Countrywoman Mrs.* Robinson *at the* Hay-Market; *that Mr.* Leveridge, *as a Devil, has more Admirers than Signora* Cuzzoni; *and that* Heydegger *has a much greater Number*

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Number of Pollers, than the laudable Society eſtabliſhed for Reformation of Manners. *Theſe latter Gentlemen are, if Dr.* South *may be credited, arrant Hypocrites; for that learned Divine honeſtly tells us,* That inſtead of making *Godlineſs* a *Gain*, they make a *Gain of Godlineſs: So much for Politeneſs. But at the ſame time it muſt be confeſs'd, that it is very rueful to behold the Quill-Drivers of the preſent Age, ſo egregiouſly Triumphant over thoſe of the Laſt; for now* Shakeſpear, *and* Ben Johnſon, *muſt give way to* Robinſon Cruſoe, *and Colonel* Jack; *as well as* Dryden *and* Otway *to* Moll Flanders, *and* Sally Saliſbury: *And I myſelf am terribly afraid that the Voyages and Adventures of Captain* Richard Falconer, *muſt in a ſhort Period of Time ſtrike to Sir* John Mandeville's *lying Travels, and Mademoiſelle* Beleau's *unheard-of Intrigues. Tho' I have ſtill ſome Conſolation in my Hopes, that this Fourth Edition, wherein many Errors of the Preſs that eſcaped in the former, are corrected, will come to a Fifth, and ſo on.*

To conclude, if Mr. Dennis, *or any other Critick of Renown, ſhall think fit to fall foul on me, to ſuch I ſhall only reply, in the Words of the ſame Gentleman, with whom I began this Preface:* Thoſe that don't like my Book may let it alone, and there's no Harm done.

VALE.

THE

THE VOYAGES AND ADVENTURES OF *Capt.* Richard Falconer.

I WAS born at *Bruton*, a Market Town in *Somerſetſhire*, of Parents tolerably well to paſs in the World; my Mother died when I was very young: My Father, *Richard Falconer*, had been a great Traveller in his Youth, and frequently repeating his Adventures Abroad, made me have a great Deſire to follow his Steps: I often begg'd he would let me go to Sea with ſome Captain of his Acquaintance; but he would reply, *Dick*, ſtay where you are, you know not the Hazards and Dangers

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hat attend a Maritime Life: You shall have a good Trade in your Belly, and that will keep you from a Desire of rambling; therefore tell me what Calling you like best, that I may immediately put you out in Order to your living hereafter: You know, continu'd he, that my Fortune is but small, and I living to the Extent of it, it will not be possible for me to leave you wherewithal to support you without some Employment. Therefore (reply'd I,) as you have a Daughter, you may leave your Substance to her, she must be provided for; as for our Sex, we can best take Care for our selves: and if you please but to fit me out to Sea, even in what Station you think convenient, it shall be all I will desire. Son, said (my Father) think no more of going to Sea, for I'll not have it so; I know it is only a Desire of Youth, prone to change: If I should give you leave, I am assur'd one Week's Voyage would make you wish to be at Home again. Tho' us'd all the Arguments my young Sense prompted me with, but all to no Purpose, my Father was not to be mov'd; and thus I liv'd two Years longer with him in Expectation of his Mind altering. At last an Accident happen'd that farther'd my Desires, and tho' it was the Ruin of our Family, I must confess, I was not much concern'd.

My Father was Supervisor of a Tax laid upon the burning of Pipes, and he having gather'd a Sum of Money, amounting to 3800*l.* in Order to pay in to the Government for the King's Use, was, by an under Excise-man, robb'd of the whole Sum, who made his Escape. My Father us'd all possible Means to apprehend him without Noise, but all his Endeavours were fruitless: So finding his Affairs in a desperate Condition, resolv'd to retire to some Part of the World where he might be safe from the griping Hands of the Law. One Morning, just before his voluntary Exile, he call'd me to him: *Dick* (said he) you have been often desirous of going to Sea, and I have

I have always us'd Arguments to diſſuade you from it; but now, ſince what has happen'd, it being impoſſible for me to continue upon the Place of my Birth, the Patrimony of my Anceſtors, I muſt e'en recommend that Way of Life to you which I ſhould never have choſe, but that the Exigency of my Affairs will not permit me to provide any other Way for you. Here (continu'd he) take this 100*l.* which I can ill ſpare out of my little Fortune, but ſince it is all I can do for you, take it, and may Heaven proſper thy Undertakings; may the Bleſſing of a Father always live with you, whoſe Prayers ſhall ever be ſent to our Almighty Creator for thy Welfare. Here (added he) is a Letter of Recommendation for you to Captain *Pultney*, of *Briſtol*, whoſe Friendſhip I am ſure will be of Service to you. With that, he embrac'd me with Tears in his Eyes, gave me his Bleſſing, kiſs'd me, and took his Leave for ever, for never have my Eyes beheld him ſince.

This Parting, I think, was the greateſt Grief my Thoughts had ever known 'till then; (for nothing could be fonder, or ſhew more paternal Affection, than my dear Father at his laſt Farewell) but the Joy of my being at Liberty to follow my own Deſires, ſoon drowned my Sorrow for parting with ſo good a Parent.

I had now nothing more to do, but to provide my little Equipage in Order to go to *Briſtol*, to my Father's Friend; I pack'd up my Things in a Portmantua, and gave them to an old Servant of my Father's, who would ſee me as far as *Briſtol* for his Sake. We ſet out in the Morning, and reach'd it by Noon: I enquir'd for Captain *Pultney*, and ſoon found him out. I acquainted him who I was, and gave him my Father's Letter. He read it, and receiv'd me very kindly. It was to this Effect:

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Dear Pultney,

" I Hope you'll forgive this Trouble of your Friend. " I have ſent my Son to you, in Order to get him " ſome Poſt by Sea, I know it is in your Power " to do it: Something has happen'd that hinders my " providing for him as I ought. I would have wait- " ed on you in Perſon, but a Gap has happen'd in my " Affairs that I ſhall never cloſe again. *Dick* will tell " you all. Let me conjure you by our old Friendſhip " to take all the Care you can of him; and when- " ever he comes to *England* let him come to you, " for as yet I know not where to lead my wretched " Life; ſo that I ſhall confide in you, and let you " know by a Letter, or Meſſenger, as ſoon as poſſi- " ble, where I ſhall ſettle.

Your moſt faithful

Friend and Servant,

R. FALCONER.

Mr. *Falconer* (ſaid the Captain) I am heartily ſorry for your Father's Misfortnnes, which he tells me in his Letter you will inform me of. After I had related to him every Circumſtance, he told me he would provide for me as ſoon as poſſible, and till then I ſhould be as welcome to him as his own Son: In the mean Time, ſaid he, I would have you verſe your ſelf in the Mathematicks, which may be of Uſe to you: I'll take Care to provide you a Maſter, and Inſtruments, which accordingly he did; and as I had a great Deſire to be Abroad, and had ſome ſmall Knowledge of it which I learn'd at School, apart from my other Studies, I ſoon attain'd to the Theory of it.

After I had run through the whole Courſe, and the Captain was inform'd I was capable, he got me to

to be Mate (or rather Aſſiſtant) on board the *Albion* Frigate, Captain *Waſe* Commander; and on the ſecond of *May*, 1699, we ſet ſail, (bound for *Jamaica*) with a fair Wind. As ſoon as we loſt Sight of Land, I began to be extremely Sea-ſick, and bore the Jeſts of the Sailors but indifferently, who cry'd, There's an excellent Maſter's Mate, he'll hit *Jamaica* to a Hair, if the Iſland were no bigger than the Bung-hole of a Caſk. I muſt confeſs, I believe my ſelf to be the only Perſon who ever ſet out on his firſt Voyage as Maſter's Mate, without having ſeen a River that was Navigable. But in a Day or two I was perfectly well, and was never troubled with any Sickneſs afterwards.

We had nothing material happen'd to us till we entered the Bay of *Biſcay*, where we were encounter'd with a dreadful Storm; the Billows ran Mountains high, and our Veſſel ſeem'd to be the Sport of the Waves: A Ship that overtook us the Day before, and accompany'd us tho' it were not at half a Furlong Diſtance, was ſometimes loſt, by Reaſon of the Heighth of the Waves. The Storm continu'd with this Violence three Days, and at laſt abated ſomething of its Fierceneſs, but ſtill blew very hard. The other Veſſel, by firing a Gun, and making a Signal, made it appear ſhe was in Diſtreſs, but the Sea ran ſo high it was impoſſible to give them any Aſſiſtance, yet we bore down to them (being to Windward) as nigh as we could without Danger to our ſelves; we enquir'd into the Matter, and found ſhe had ſprung a Leak; they had all Hands to pump by Turns, but yet the Water gain'd on them. They begg'd of us to hoiſt out our Boat (their own being ſtav'd) to give them Succour upon Occaſion: Accordingly we put out our Long-Boat, with two of our Men in it, but the Rope that held her to the Ship, broke by the Violence of the Waves, and drove away with the two unfortunate Men in her, and what became of them we could never learn;

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but undoubtedly they periſh'd by the Sea, or Hunger, we being twenty Leagues from any Shore. The Ship, after prodigious Labour of the Sailors, and in leſs than ten Minutes, ſunk to the Bottom; out of fifty ſeven Men, but four were ſav'd, and they, by good Fortune, laid hold on Ropes we threw out for that Purpoſe; but it had not been poſſible to ſave any, if we had not bore down to Leeward when we ſaw them in the laſt Extremity. And here we ought to admire at Providence; for this very Veſſel was a Pyrate, one Captain *Jones*, Commander, who in an open large Boat ſet out from *Dover*, and, near *Oſtend*, ſtole upon a *French* Veſſel in the Night, murder'd the Captain and ſome others, and ſet all the Sailors aſhore that would not embrace their Deſigns, and had reſolved to attack us as ſoon as the Storm was over. The four Men that were ſav'd, were three *Engliſhmen*, and one *Frenchman*, who ſaid they were forc'd, with ſeveral others, by the above-mention'd Captain *Jones*, to take to that Courſe of Life; but whether true or falſe, I can't tell; indeed they behav'd themſelves very well with us all the Voyaye, and were enter'd into our Books as four of the Ship's Crew, inſtead of two we left on Shore, who were not to be found when we ſet ſail, and the two poor Wretches that were loſt in the Boat. The Storm ſtill continu'd, but the Wind fair, ſo we ran it away with a riv'd Fore-ſail all Night, and the next Morning we had a violent Storm of Rain, and ſome Thunder, but about Noon the Sky clear'd up, the Rain ceas'd, and the Tempeſt was laid; the Wind however continuing fair, with a midling Gale.

May the 28th, we diſcover'd the *Canaries*, and the Pike of *Teneriff*, and paſs'd this Iſland, or rather Rock, of a prodigious Heighth. At Night the Wind roſe again, and continu'd to blow very hard for two Days. As I was walking on the Deck one Morning, my Chops were ſaluted with a Fiſh which dropp'd

dropp'd down; I took it up, panting at the Gills for Life; it prov'd to be a flying Fiſh, purſu'd (as I ſuppoſe) by ſome Dolphin, or Albacore; the Manner of theſe Fiſhes avoiding their Enemies, is jumping out of the Water, and flying till their Wings are dry, then fall down again into the Sea. The Dolphin that chaſes them, is one of the fineſt coloured Fiſhes that ſwims. I have obſerv'd our Painters draw them bending like a Bow; but I think it is as ſtrait a Fiſh as any in the Sea. We caught one of them with a Fizgig, an Inſtrument made of ſeveral Rows of Iron Spikes, bearded like Hooks, and a Staff four or five Foot long to it; to this they tye a Cord of a great Length, and dart it with all their Strength; the wounded Fiſh immediately flounces downward many Fathoms, and up again, which the Darter obſerves, giving him Rope and Play till his Weakneſs makes him more tame; then they draw him up the Ship's Side, and cut him in Pieces. The firſt we caught in this Manner was about ſix Foot long, which we dreſs'd, and Part of it ſerv'd the whole Ship's Company for Dinner: As ſoon as it was caught, it loſt that beautiful Colour it had in the Water; as for my own Part, notwithſtanding their praiſing it, I had rather eat a Herring or a Mackrel than this rare Fiſh. I don't know whether theſe Fiſh can hear, or love Muſick, but this I am ſure of, we had an excellent Trumpet on board, which diverted us in good Weather, and I have obſerv'd, that at the Sound of it, the Number of theſe Dolphins ſeem'd to increaſe, and ſwim within two Foot of our Veſſel, but that may be pure Accident; yet I fancy there's ſomething in't, that occaſion'd the Fable of *Amphion* and the Dolphin. Sharks are taken as we take common Fiſh, only the Hook is about two Foot long, and an Iron Chain above that about four Foot long; and a long Rope to that; they generally bait the Hook with a Piece of Beef of three or four Pounds, which the voracious Fiſh ſwallows

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lows immediately, Hook and all; then they give him Play awhile, and when he is pretty well ſpent, they draw him in with a Tackle: There's always one ſtands ready with an Axe to make a Divorce between his Tail and his Body, otherwiſe he would give ſuch large Thumps with it, that might do the Ship Damage: I myſelf was thrown down but with a Touch of it. This that we took, had in its Paunch the Collar-bone of a Man, and a Boatſwain's Silver Whiſtle, with a red Ribbon in it, intire, not ſo much as bruis'd, which was given to me as a Preſent, to make me Amends for the Fall I receiv'd; it may be ſeen at my Bookſeller's, if any one has the Curioſity to aſk for it; as to the Collar-bone, not any one would accept of it, ſo I return'd it to the watry Element again.

We paſs'd the *Tropick*, attended by the *Tropick*-Birds, a Fowl ſomething bigger than a Pidgeon; but one would think, as it flies, it had an unlighted Candle fix'd in its Tail. I cannot let go the Ceremony of paſſing this *Tropick*: When you are in the Latitude, the old Sailors aſk the reſt of the Ship's Crew, Whether they were ever that Way before? If not, they muſt either pay a Bottle and Pound, (as they call it) or be duck'd: They that don't pay, are fix'd to a Rope at the Main-Yard-Arm, and duck'd three Times in the Sea; at which the reſt of the Crew Huzza! and fire a Volley of ſmall Shot.

When Admiral *Benbow* went with his Squadron of Men of War; the whole Fleet duck'd; but the Admiral gave 'em Notice, by firſt firing a Gun, which was immediately follow'd with a Volley of Muſkets, and Huzzaing, by every Ship in the Fleet. A Day or two before our Account is out, we ſend a Man to the Topmaſt-Head, in order to diſcover Land, where he ſtays an Hour, and looks about him: He that diſcovers it firſt, is rewarded with a Bottle and Pound; that is, a Bottle of Rum, and a Pound of Sugar, which is demanded as ſoon as the

the Anchor is caſt in a Place where ſuch Commodities are to be had. Now the Bottles and Pounds that accrue from the People that are not willing to be duck'd, in paſſing the *Tropick*, are reſerv'd by the old Sailors for a merry Bout, when ſafe in Harbour, which muſt not be touch'd by the freſh Men, as they call 'em.

July the 3d, our Man at the Topmaſt Head, inſtead of crying Land, (as we expected) called out a Sail! a Sail! which, in a Quarter of an Hour, we diſcovered plainly upon Deck. We did not know what to think of it, we knew we were near Land, and conſequently in Fear of thoſe Pyrates, or Buccaniers, that infeſt thoſe Coaſts: Our Captain call'd all Hands aloft, and told us, Gentlemen, 'Tis One to One, but this Veſſel we ſee may be a Pyrate; if ſo, how muſt we behave ourſelves? If you are reſolv'd to ſtand it, I'll ſtand it to the laſt; if not, we'll ſurrender without firing a Gun, which may induce 'em to be civil to us. The Sailors cry'd, Let's fight 'em, let's fight 'em. With that, we put our Cheſts in the Hold, and brought up our Hammocks, to place them in the Netting on the Quarter-Deck; we clear'd our Guns, which were Twelve, and muſter'd our Men, which amounted to Thirty-eight, Paſſengers and all, who were as willing to fight as any of us, they having ſomething on board that was valuable; and ſome of 'em, perhaps, all their Fortune. We kept our Way, and the Ship bore up to us with all the Sail ſhe could make. Night coming upon us, our Man at the Topmaſt Head diſcover'd Land, and another Ship to the Windward of us. With that, we call'd another Council, and perſiſted in our firſt Opinion of fighting; but yet to uſe all Means poſſible of making to Shore, (which was *Barbadoes:*) But for all our Endeavours, the firſt Ship got up with us, and about Twelve o'Clock at Night hail'd us, and commanded us to hoiſt out our Boat, and to come on board him, with

with our Captain. We answer'd, We had never a Boat, (as indeed we had not) but we told him, if he would stay 'till Morning, something might be done. At last he threaten'd to sink us, if we would not send our Captain on board immediately; and thereupon fired a Gun, which struck our Vessel on her Quarter. With that, we fired our Broadside upon him, accompany'd with some Small-Arms; which they little expecting, (I believe) did some Damage, and put them in Confusion. Whereupon we tack'd about, and with our six Guns raked her fore and aft; but was immediately seconded with a Broadside from them, which kill'd us two Men, and wounded a Third. Upon which, with loud Huzza's and Firing, they immediately boarded us on our Starboard-Quarter, and poured into us at least fourscore Men: We resisted 'em with all the Force we had, but all to no Purpose; they drove us into the Fore-castle, where, by good Chance, we made shift to barricade ourselves; but they threaten'd to turn our own Guns upon us, if we did not surrender immediately: But our Captain being resolute, ordered us to fire upon 'em with our Small-Arms. Now we had under the Gratings, close to our Steerage, a large Cistern, lin'd with Tin, where we had unwittingly plac'd several Carriages of Powder, but happily for us, whether it was our Firing, or in the Bustle some Match dropt in, I know not, but the Powder took Fire, blew up the Gratings, with some Part of the Quarter-Deck, and thirty of the Enemy, at least, into the Air. Upon that we sally'd out, and drove the rest, with our Cutlashes, into their own Vessel again, with the Loss of several. But this signify'd little, for with the Fall and Breach of our Quarter-Deck, the Powder-Room was intirely stopp'd up; nor could we, without great Difficulty, clear it from the Lumber, so that we had not any Powder, but what was in the Mens Carriages, for their Muskets: However, we fired briskly with 'em; yet

yet nevertheleſs they prepar'd to board us again, with all the Menaces imaginable. This Fight continu'd at leaſt four Hours, and the Dawn began to break upon us, which diſcover'd to us the other Ship we ſaw over Night, and we diſtinguiſh'd *Engliſh* Colours; with that we gave a great Shout, and fir'd our ſmall Arms again. The Enemy no ſooner ſaw the Ship with *Engliſh* Colours, but they cut off their Grapling-Irons, and did their endeavour to make off, but their Rigging was ſo ſhatter'd, that their Sails could not be hoiſted. In the mean time the other Ship came up to us, and, without hailing, pour'd a Broadſide into the Pyrate, and there follow'd a deſperate Fight between them. As for our Ship, it was of little Uſe, ſo we ſteer'd off, and clear'd our Gun-Room, and in half an Hour (the Fight continuing all that while) we had charg'd our great Guns, and return'd to the Fight; but upon the Inſtant we ſaw the Pyrate ſinking, the *Engliſh* Ship had tore a Hole between Wind and Water, that ſhe ſunk in a Moment, and but eight Men ſav'd, who told us their Captain was a Pyrate from *Guadalupe*; that when they were ſinking, they had not above twenty Men left, out of an hundred and ſixty; and moſt of them wounded. The Ship that gave us this ſeaſonable Reſcue, was the *Guernſey* Frigate, whoſe Station was *Barbadoes*. We lay by for an Hour or two, to repair our Rigging, *&c.* and hail'd her, deſiring 'em to ſend a Boat on board for our Captain, becauſe we were without one, which accordingly they did. Captain *Waſe* and I went immediately on board, to pay our Reſpects to their Commander, who receiv'd us with all imaginable Civility. We had on board our Ship ſeven Sailors and two Paſſengers kill'd; the one, *Joſeph Ridge* of *Barbadoes*; and the other, *Daniel Thompſon* of *Mevis*, Merchant; and four wounded. The *Guernſey* had ſixteen Men kill'd, and three wounded; among which was the Lieutenant, who

died

died the ſame Day of a Wound he receiv'd in his Thigh, with a Muſket Ball chew'd, which made the Wound mortal. The Captain invited us to dine with him, which we did; where we were treated with a new Diſh (at leaſt to me) a *Pollo*, that is, Fowls boil'd with Rice and ſalt Pork; which was very palatable. We took our Leaves of the Captain, and went on board of our own Veſſel, and at Five o'Clock in the Evening, (*July* the 4th) after ſaluting the Town, caſt Anchor in *Carliſle* Bay.

Barbadoes, for its Bigneſs, is the richeſt and beſt peopled Iſland in all *America*; it is ſeated in thirteen Degrees, twenty Minutes; in length, twenty-four meaſur'd Miles, and in the broadeſt Part about ſixteen: It reſembles a Leg of Mutton, with the Knuckle off. The North and Eaſt Sides are fortify'd by Nature, from any Harm from Ships of War, by Reaſon there is no Anchoring Place. On the South-Eaſt and Weſterly Part, are four excellent, commodious, well-fortify'd Harbours. The chief is that where we now ride, which will contain a thouſand Sail of Ships, free from the Danger of any Winds. At the Bottom of this Harbour ſtands the Capital of the Iſland, called St. *Michael*'s; with a Fort at each End, and a Platform in the Middle; which makes it of Strength ſufficient to oppoſe a Royal Navy: 'Tis a neat large Town, with two Churches, one with a handſome Organ: For Largeneſs, I think this Town may compare with our City of *Saliſbury*, but better inhabited. As for the other three, which are, 1. *Charles Town*. 2. St. *James*'s *Town*. 3. *Little Briſtol* in *Spright*'s *Bay*, I can give no manner of Account of: But for my Reader's Satisfaction, if he will conſult *Ligon*'s *Hiſtory of Barbadoes*, he may come to the beſt Knowledge of the whole Iſland. They are govern'd by the ſame Laws as we in *England*. A Native of *Barbadoes* told me, the whole Iſland contain'd at leaſt 12000 Inhabitants, Slaves included.

July

July the 20th, (after our Captain had left his Paſſengers, and part of his Cargo) we ſet Sail for *Jamaica:* Here you muſt note, that from *Barbadoes* to *Jamaica*, you always have the Wind in your Stern. We paſs'd *Martinico*, *Dominica*, *Guadalupe*, and *Antegoa*, and the Firſt of *Auguſt* anchor'd at *Mevis*, where we had immediately the Friends of Mr. *Daniel Thompſon*, Merchant, on board us, to unlade the Goods; for they had heard of his Death, by a Veſſel from *Barbadoes* a Week before.

Mevis, or *Nevis*, lies in ſeven Degrees, nineteen Minutes; it is ſix Leagues in Circumference: There is but one Harbour in the whole Iſland, which ſome call *Mevis* Harbour, or *Bath* Bay, where lies the Town, under the former Denomination. It is pretty well ſecured with a Fort and Platform of Great Guns. I was inform'd by one of the Inhabitants, that there is a Mineral Water, very good to bathe in, which cures the ſame Diſtempers with our *Bath* in *Somerſetſhire.*

The *Engliſh* ſettled here *Anno Dom.* 1628, and have increas'd from one hundred and forty, to five thouſand and upward. They ſend Abroad as much Sugar, Ginger, Cotton, and Tobacco, as any Iſland of its Bigneſs in the *Caribbees.* They are very regular in their Government here, they neither allow of Drunkenneſs, nor Whoring, (I mean in common, as in *Barbadoes*, *Jamaica*, *&c.*) Here I was firſt ſaluted with a little Fly, cal'd a *Muſketo*, and tho' it is ſmall, yet it has a deviliſh ſharp Sting with it. They get into our Stockings, and are ſo very troubleſome to new Comers, that there's hardly any bearing of 'em. If you ſcratch the Places ſtung by 'em till the Blood comes, it may prove dangerous; I myſelf kept a ſore Leg three Months upon that Account. I was alſo inform'd there was a Flea they call *Chigos*, which breed in Duſt, or Aſhes; and of all the Inſects in the *Caribbees*, this is the moſt dangerous: They get into the Nails of the Toes imperceptibly, and from thence

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run over all the Body; tho' they chiefly fix themselves in the Bottom of the Feet: Which occasions an Itching, follow'd with Holes in the Skin. They make Blisters as big as Peas in the Flesh, where their young ones breeding, cause Ulcers and rotten Flesh, which there is no Remedy for, but to eat away the Parts affected, with *Aqua fortis* and Burnt-Alum. While we lay here, there was a Sword-Fish ran himself ashore, (which was suppos'd to be done in eagerly chasing some other Fish:) It had no Scales, but a dusky Skin, and a white Belly, rough like a Smith's File, a flat Head, two Fins on each Side, two on the Back, and one instead of a Tail. It is a Fish of prodigious Swiftness: The Sword (which is fix'd in the Head) is six, seven, and sometimes eight Foot long: Near his Eyes are two Nostrils, out of which he throws the Water a great Heighth into the Air. This Fish often encounters with the Whale, and proves too hard for him; for with his Sword he rips up the Whale. I bought one of these Swords of a poor Inhabitant, for four Bottles of *English* Beer, (which is a great Rarity with them) that he got in a Piece of Wreck, but thrust in so far, that the End in getting out was broke three Inches.

Next to *Mevis* lies *St. Christophers*, (or, as we generally call it, *St. Kitts*) in seventeen Degrees and twenty-five Minutes, *Northward* of the Equinoctial. It is twenty-five Leagues in Circumference; the Soil light and sandy, and produces Fruit common with us in *England*. In the Middle of this Island rises a high Mountain, from which runs Streams of fresh Water, that sometimes swell so high with sudden Rains, that they drown all the Country near 'em. This Island is inhabited by both *English* and *French*, who even in the Time of War live very friendly together. There was formerly discover'd a Silver Mine here, which the *English* and *French* claim an equal Title to; but neither make any Use of it, by Reason of the Want of Miners. The *English* Liberties are better peopled than

than the *French*, but the *French* have more Conveniencies, and better fortify'd Places than the *Engliſh*. An *Engliſh* Fryar belonging to the *French* Jeſuits, (who gave me this Deſcription) told me, that the *French* had built a Town, call'd *Baſſe Terre*, (in a Harbour of the ſame Name, and Chief in the Iſland) full as big as *Graveſend*, with very handſome Houſes, for the Merchants, and Trades-People, which are many; where there is alſo an Hoſpital to maintain their indigent Sick, together with a handſome Free-School, with large Endowments, for the Children of the Iſland. But what they moſtly brag of, is their Caſtle, which is built about a Furlong from the Sea, at the Foot of a high Mountain, ſhadow'd with great Trees. In the Way thither, ſtand the Houſes of the Governor, and other Officers, for more Security; ſeated in a Walk of Orange and Lemon Trees, from the Brow of the Sea up to the Caſtle; which is three Story high, built with Freeſtone and Brick: The Halls and Chambers are very lightſome and high, and the Walls are adorn'd with Cedar. On the Top is a flat Terrace, which yields a delightful Proſpect all over the Country. The Winds which blows from the Hills, ſo tempers the Heat, that it makes it more pleaſant than any other Iſland of the *Caribbees*. As to the *Engliſh* Plantations, they are not much inferior to the *French*; they have ſix Churches, and two Chapels, for Divine Service. This Iſland was planted jointly by *Engliſh* and *French*, in 1625, Captain *Thomas Warner* for the *Engliſh*, and one *Deſnambuc* for the *French*. The Natives made a vigorous Reſiſtance, but to little Purpoſe. With this Succeſs, they return'd back to their ſeveral Countries, and went again and ſettled there; but the *Engliſh* having more Supplies from *London*, daily encreas'd; when, on the contrary, the Merchants at *Paris* grew weary, ſeeing no Return for all the Charges they had been at. But whilſt this Buſineſs ſeem'd to go on with Succeſs, an Accident happen'd, which ruin'd all at once. The King of *Spain* ſet out a Fleet the

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ſame Year, of thirty-one Galloons, three Galleaſes, and four Pinnaces, with four Thouſand Men, under the Command and Direction of *Frederick de Toledo*, from *Cadiz*, *Antonio*, *Nunnez*, *Barrico*, and *Franciſco de Almeida*, Commander of twenty Galleys, from *Portugal*; theſe join'd with the abovemention'd, with a Reſolution to drive the *Engliſh*, *French*, and *Dutch*, entirely out of the *American* Iſlands. Coming before *Mevis*, they took nine *Engliſh* Veſſels: After that they ſail'd to St. *Chriſtopher*'s, where Captain *Deſnambuc* (altho' not prepar'd for Defence, becauſe their Fortifications were not finiſh'd) drew all his Forces near the Shore, to hinder their Landing: But Captain *Roſſey*, who commanded another Port, ſuffer'd 'em to land without the leaſt Reſiſtance. Whereupon young *Deſnambuc*, Lieutenant of a Company under *Roſſey*, ſally'd out, and fell valiantly on the firſt Company of *Spaniards*, killing many of 'em, and put 'em to the Rout; but the *Spaniards* being ſeconded by another Battalion, he was ſlain, after having made a ſtout Reſiſtance, and forſaken by all his Men. *Roſſey*, upon this, abandons his Intrenchments, and flies to the Hills, and high Grounds: Whereupon the *Spaniards* became Maſters of the Forts, but durſt not follow *Roſſey*, for Fear of an Ambuſcade; which Fear prov'd true: For *Deſnambuc*, undermining the Fort, retir'd on board ſome Veſſel, prepar'd for that Purpoſe, and made off. In the mean Time, the Powder taking Fire, blew up the Fort, and ſix hundred *Spaniards*, into the Air. The *Engliſh* relying upon the League between *Spain* and *England*, made no Reſiſtance, but ſent Agents to *Toledo*, *&c.* to put him in Mind of the League between their Maſters: To which he reply'd, That St. *Chriſtopher*'s, being Part of the *Weſtern* World, was given by the Pope to his Maſter *Phillip*. Nevertheleſs he gave them ſix of the nine Veſſels they took at *Mevis*, to imbark themſelves, on Condition they would ſail immediately for *England*; which they agreed to: But the ſix Veſſels not holding all, the

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reſt were left on the Iſland, for another Opportunity. No ſooner was *Toledo* out of Sight, but the remaining Part of the *Engliſh* Inhabitants took freſh Courage, and rebuilt ſeveral Forts, and made every Thing ready for Defence, if Occaſion ſhould be. In the mean Time *Deſnambuc* ſuffer'd a great deal of Hardſhip, thro' ill Weather, and Want of Proviſion; having been at ſeveral Iſlands, intending to ſettle, with his little Company, but not liking any of 'em, and hearing that the Enemy were gone to the *Havana*, and the *Engliſh* were buſy tilling their Grounds, he return'd to his former Station, where they ſuffer'd many Hardſhips; till ſome Veſſels from the *Netherlands* arriv'd, and furniſh'd 'em with Proviſions, Ammunition, and Cloaths, upon Credit: But in a few Years they paid all, and grew rich, from their plentiful Stock of Tobacco, Sugars, Ginger, and Indico, till they brought it to the rich and flouriſhing State it now remains in.

Having ended our Affairs, we ſet ſail for *Jamaica*, the 21ſt of *Auguſt*, 1699; and, on the 7th of *September*, anchor'd ſafe in *Port Royal* Harbour, in the great and flouriſhing Iſland of *Jamaica*, without any Accident. This was our laſt Station: Here we were to unlade the remaining Part of our Goods, and take in it's Return, Rum, Sugar, and Spice.

This Iſland of *Jamaica* is the only Mart of all *America* for the *Engliſh*, which drive a large Trade here; but Wickedneſs is in its full Perfection: I remember Captain *Waſe* aſk'd one of our Men, that had ſpent ſome Money aſhore, what was his Opinion of the Honeſty of the Women of *Port Royal?* Why truly, ſays *Tarr*, very bluntly, if there's one honeſt Woman ſhould happen to tumble down, I believe there's never another to take her up. Proviſion is prodigious dear here; two or three of us went on Shore to Dinner, one Day, at *Port Royal*, where we had only a roaſted Turkey, wretchedly lean, and nothing nigh ſo well taſted as our *Engliſh* Turkeys, and our Eating came to thirty Shillings; but then, to make

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amends, Money is plenty enough. We had a Sailor on board, that had been a Taylor by Trade; this Fellow got Leave of the Captain to go on Shore for a Month, where he clear'd, by working Journey-Work, twelve Pounds for that Month: But then he had the Ship's Proviſions carry'd on Shore to him two or three Times a Week; had he been to have paid for his Diet, he had ſav'd but a ſmall Matter. I was mightily ſurpriz'd to ſee a Market for Turtle, in the ſame Manner as our Butchers. This is a Meat, or rather Fiſh, of an odd Nature, but of an excellent Taſte; the Lean looks like the Fleſh of Pork, but ſomething of a deeper red: the Fat is a Sort of a light green, but very luſcious; this is the common Diet of the Slaves, or meaner Sort of People; but if Strangers eat too much of it, it's apt to give 'em the Bloody-Flux. This is a very reigning Diſtemper here, and carries off abundance of new Comers. The Iſland of *Jamaica* lies—— Leagues *North* from the *Southern* Continent of *America*, in the Sea call'd *Mare del Nor*; and *South* from the Iſle of *Cuba*, about twelve Leagues; and twenty *Weſt* from *Hiſpaniola*, in eighteen Degrees *Northern* Latitude; and beareth from *Rio de Hach*, *North-Weſt*, an hundred and fifty Leagues; from *Santa Martha*, *N. N. W.* an hundred and thirty five; from *Carthagena*, *N.* an hundred and fourteen; from *Portobello*, *N. E.* and by *N.* an hundred and ninety; from the *Iſthmus* of *Darien*, *N.* and by *E.* an hundred and ſeventy; and from the Bay of *Mexico* an hundred and fifty. Its Form is almoſt oval; being in Length, from *Eaſt* to *Weſt*, about fifty four Leagues; from *North* to *South*, in the broadeſt Part twenty three Leagues, going narrower toward each End, like a Rowling Pin, (a good Compariſon.) In Circumference one hundred and fifty Leagues. The Air of this Iſland is more temperate, and the Heat more tolerable, than any of the other Iſlands, by Reaſon of the cool Breezes which conſtantly blow from the *Eaſt*, with frequent Showers of Rain, and Dews that

that fall in the Night. Theſe Dews are very pernicious to careleſs drunken People, that lie expos'd all Night to 'em. This is alſo the only Iſle of the *Barloventi*, which is not ſubject to violent Storms, and Hurricanes, as the other Iſlands are. And the Diſeaſes that are predominant here, are only bred by Intemperance; as Surfeits, Bloody-Flux, Fevers, and Agues; or occaſion'd by ill Diet, or Slothfulneſs. This Iſland is well-water'd with Springs and Rivulets of freſh Water, (with many handſome Rivers ſtor'd with ſeveral Sorts of Fiſh;) and is all over (eſpecially in the *Weſtern* Parts) full of high Mountains and Hills: It is alſo well wooded; for the *North* and *South* Parts chiefly abound with large and tall Woods. Neither is there wanting Savana's, or Plains. The Commodities of this Iſland are very many; and firſt, for Vegetables, the Sugars are ſo good, that they now out-ſell thoſe of *Barbadoes* 5*s. per Cent.* Tobacco is ſo excellent, that it is bought up faſter than the Planters can cure it: The Indigo is alſo here very good: The Cotton is much the beſt of all the neighbouring Iſlands: Tortoiſeſhell is very plenty here. Here are alſo great Variety of Dyewood, as *Fuſtwick*, *Red wood*, a kind of *Log-wood*, *Cedar*, *Mohogany*, *Lignum Vitæ*, *Ebony*, *Granadille*, and many others. Nay, there's many Mines, both of Silver, Copper, and Gold; but that the Inhabitants think it would be dangerous to break 'em up, for fear of drawing the *Spaniſh* and *French* Buccaniers upon 'em. There are ſeveral Fiſhermen who have found Pieces of Ambergreaſe upon the Surface of the Water, near the Shore. Ginger grows better here than in any other Part of *America*; and Cod-Pepper very plentifully: And alſo, a certain Kind of Spice call'd, *Piemete*, in Form of *Eaſt-India* Pepper, of a very aromatical and curious Taſte, partaking, as it were, of ſeveral Spices together: It grows wild among the Mountains, and is highly valu'd among the Inhabitants. Of Medicinal Plants I have ſeen ſeveral, as *Guaiacum*, *China-Root*, *Caſſia*, *Fiſtula Veuillord*,

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Veuillord, Achiotes, Tamarines, Contrayerva, Ciperas, Adiantum-nigrum, Aloes, Cucumis, Agriſtis, Sumach, Acacia, Miſſelto, with many other Drugs and Balſams. The ingenious Sir *Hans Sloan* has wrote an elaborate Book of the Plants of this Iſland. *Cochineal* is produc'd by a Plant that grows in this Country, but not brought to Perfection without much Care and Induſtry. This Iſland is alſo very well ſtock'd with Cattle, as Horſes, Cows, and Aſſes; there have been many Mules, but the Inhabitants made ſo little Uſe of 'em, that now there are but few. Sheep are large and tall, and their Meat indifferently good, but their Fleece worth nothing. *Goats* (or *Cabirates)* are without Number, being a Beaſt peculiar to the Country. Hogs, both wild and tame in Abundance. I have been hunting the wild Hog in *Porta Morant* Bay, and it gives good Diverſion, tho' ſometimes dangerous: You go with ſome Ten or a Dozen in Company, arm'd with a Muſket and a Cutlaſh; as ſoon as ever (with your Dogs) you have found 'em out, you all take Aim, and fire as quick as you can; but if you don't kill 'em immediately with your Shot, they ſet upon you open mouth'd, ſo that you muſt either hew 'em down with your Cutlaſhes, or club your Muſkets. Generally as ſoon as you have 'em, you flea 'em, as you do Mutton, and *Barbicue* 'em, even in the very Place where you kill 'em; that is, you dig a ſquare Hole in the Earth, then clap four Stakes at each Corner, and on 'em put your Meat, ſo make a Fire under it, and when one Side is done enough, you turn the other. For tame Fowls, they have of all the Kinds that we have in *England*; beſides *Guinea* Hens, *Parrots, Parachites, Machaws,* and *Boobies,* (which are *Boobies* indeed, for they will ſet upon a Tree, or Poſt, till you come and take 'em) They have three Crops a Year, in this Iſland, and the Trees are always green. They have three Sorts of Bread, one of *Engliſh* Corn, another of *Guinea* Wheat, and the third of a Root they call

call *Caſavi*, which is rank Poiſon, till preſs'd and bak'd in an Oven; 'tis very white, but taſteleſs, and the Bread made of it, the Size of our thin Oat-Cakes. But of all the Fruit this Iſland produces, the Pine-Apple is the beſt, which grows very low, with Leaves ſomething like the *Indicus Ficus* that I have ſeen in Gardens here in *England*; the Taſte is ſo excellent, that I know not what to compare it to, it having the Reliſh of all fine flavour'd Fruits. There's a Fruit that grows upon a low Buſh, call'd the Prickle-Pear, the Inſide of which is red, and on the Top is a little thorny Thing like a Star, which if you do not take away before you eat it, may prove pernicious. If you eat but two of this Fruit, it will make your Urine as red as Blood. *Plantins* are a very good Fruit, which is, when bak'd in the Aſhes, us'd by the Slaves inſtead of Bread: 'Tis a Fruit with a Skin on it, like our Beans, which is taken off, and then the Fruit appears about the Size of a *Bologniæ* Sauſage. *Bannanas* is another Fruit ſomething of the ſame Kind, but ſhorter, and more luſcious: Both theſe Fruits are ripe all the Year, for when ſome are fit to gather, others are green, and ſome in Bud. The Oranges and Lemons, are neither of 'em good, in my Opinion: But their Limes are wonderful, they grow upon a Tree full of Thorns, where you muſt be ſure to prick your Fingers, if you'll gather 'em. Theſe, with Spring Water and Sugar, was the chief of my Liquor, while we ſtaid there. The Potatoes are very fine here, exceeding, in my Opinion, even thoſe of *Ireland*. Then there's another Root call'd Yams, ſomething like a *Jeruſalem* Artichoak, but larger and ſtringy. The Onions of *Jamaica* are much milder, and better taſted than our *Engliſh* Onions, and very wholeſome: They us'd to make a great Addition to our Crogick Brewis; that is, Biſket ſoak'd in fair Water, for ſome Time, then the Water thrown away, and the Biſket ſtrew'd over with Salt, Oil, and Lime-Juice, together with Onions; and ſo eaten

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as a dainty Diſh. There is a ſenſitive Plant in this Iſland; the Stalk, ſurrounded with Leaves full of dark red Spots, bears a ſweet ſmelling Violet colour'd Flower; the Leaves, as ſoon as touch'd, cloſe up together, and die; and accordingly, as they are held in the Hand a ſhorter or longer Time, this Alteration continues. Ginger grows plentiful here; the Male Plant (for there's Sexes) hath generally bigger Leaves than the Female: The Stalks, which are without Knots, have more Leaves upwards than downwards, and ſpreads along the Earth, ſtill taking Root anew. When the Leaves wither, then the Ginger is commonly ripe, but it has not that Poinancy whilſt green, as when dry'd. The Cotton of this Place (of which the Cloaths and Hammocks are made, and vended in moſt Parts of the *Weſtern* World) grows on a Tree about the Heighth of a Peach Tree, with a ſtrait Stem, or Body, out of which ſhoot Boughs of an equal Length, and at equal Diſtance: Between the Leaves, which are narrow and long, grow red Flowers, and from 'em, oval Cods, which, when ripe, incloſe the Cotton, and a Seed like Pepper. Of hurtful Creatures, there is the Crocodile, or *Alligator*, which infeſts many Rivers and Ponds; this is a Creature of a monſtrous Size; I have ſeen one twenty ſix Foot long; it moves ſwiftly and ſtrongly forward, but turns ſlow; they are impenetrable every where but in the Eye, or Belly; they have four Feet, or Fins, with which they go, or ſwim; their uſual Courſe of getting their Food is to lie on their Backs as dead, then with a ſudden Onſet, they ſpring upon their Prey, whether Man or Beaſt: But 'tis eaſily avoided by a Man, by Reaſon of an Aromatick Smell that comes from the Body, which may be ſmelt five hundred Yards; but if a Man has got a Cold, and can't ſmell, if he has Eyes they are eaſily avoided; for if they run right forward, it is but ſlipping on one Side, for they are as long in turning as a Coach. The Oil that's made from theſe Creatures, is good for ſeveral Diſtempers.

tempers. They lay their Eggs (about the Size of a Turkeys) and cover 'em with Sand, which heated by the Beams of the Sun, hatches the young ones, who naturally creep into the Water. One of theſe Creatures ſwam after us fifty Yards in *Porto Morant* Bay, and rais'd his Head upon the Edge of our Long-Boat, which was deeply laden with Caſks of Water; our Carpenter, who had been felling of Timber to wood the Ship, ſtruck him a very great Blow on the Noſe with his Hatchet, that I am ſure hurt him, for he gave a ſort of Shriek, which nobody ever heard before, and ſwam to Shore; where I obſerv'd him to run his Head into the Mud, as if it pain'd him, which makes me think that their Heads are not invulnerable, as is reported. The *Guana* is another Creature amphibious as the *Alligator*, but nothing nigh ſo large: There's an Iſland near *Jamaica*, call'd *Guana* Iſland, inhabited by nothing elſe; our Seamen eat of theſe latter, but much Good may it do 'em, for their Fleſh looks like a Piece of a *Black-a-more*'s Arm; but how it taſtes I can't tell, neither do I ever deſign to try. The *Cocoa* Nut is a Fruit that is both Meat, Drink, and Cloathing to the Natives, (I mean the Blacks) the Rind ſerves for weaving of Cloaths, nay and rigging their Canoes, before they knew the *Europeans*; and when you have taken off the Bark, you muſt be beholding to a Saw to cut off the Monkey's Face, which is the Top, with three Marks that makes it ſomething reſemble that Animal; then the Inſide contains, firſt a liquid Subſtance, like Whey, but very ſweet; after you have taken out this Liquor, round the Nut is a Subſtance a quarter of an Inch thick, which you cut out, and that's the Meat, which is very delicious, and grateful to the Taſte, but not wholeſome, if eat of too much: There's another Thing that's very remarkable, and that is the *Phyſick Nut*, much of the Taſte of our Pig-Nuts, but one or two of 'em will do your Buſineſs, upwards or downwards, as well as Dr. *Anodyne*'s *Necklace* Sugar Plumbs. As I was going one

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Day to dine with Captain *Kendal*, (a Gentleman Inhabitant within a Mile of the Bay in *Porto Morant*) attended by a Black, a Servant of his, I ſaw in the Hedge a fair Apple growing on a Buſh, which I readily gather'd, and was conveying to my Mouth, but prevented by the Black's giving me a Blow on the Hand, which ſtruck it from me; I immediately drew my Sword in the Scabbard, fell to belabour the poor Fellow for his Inſolence, for I having been familiar with him, and talk'd to him along the Road, thought he made our old *Engliſh* Proverb true, *if you give an Inch, they'll take an Ell*; but it ſeem'd the Fellow ſav'd my Life by it, for this Fruit, which was call'd a *Mangineel Apple*, was rank Poyſon, but what I never had ſeen or heard of before; I was ſo concern'd for the Blows I had given the poor Fellow, that I gave him a Dollar to make him Amends. I remember I was afterwards waſhing myſelf at a River, in the ſame Bay, and it raining very hard, I went under a Tree, to ſave my Cloaths from being wet, and in placing them together in a Cavity of the Shore, the Drops of Rain fell on a *Mangineel* Tree, and ſo on my Back, but in leſs than half an Hour, my Fleſh burn'd very hot, and white Bliſters appear'd upon my Skin, inſomuch that I was in a high Fever; but a Native of the Place being with me, ran for ſalt Water, and waſh'd me all over, and afterwards got ſome Oil, and dipp'd my Shirt in it, and put it on my Back, which gave me Eaſe immediately; but the Spots remain'd upon my Skin ſeveral Years afterwards. One of our common Sailors, by eating two or three of theſe Apples dy'd in three Days raving mad. This Iſland was firſt diſcover'd by *Columbus*, *Anno Dom.* 1499. After he had conquer'd the Natives, and built a City call d *Sevilla*, (afterwards *St. Jago de le Vega*) conſiſting of about ſeventeen hundred Houſes, two Churches, two Chappels, and an Abbey, he made his Son *Diego Columbus* Governour of the whole Iſland, for his Maſter *Ferdinand* King of *Spain*. The

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firſt Attempt made upon this Iſland by the *Engliſh*, was *A. D.* 1592, under the Command of Mr. *Antony Shirley*, but after vanquiſhing the *Spaniards* they deſerted it, as not thinking it worth their keeping, and return'd home. The *Spaniards* again poſſeſſing it, remain'd unmoleſted, till *Anno Dom.* 1654, when *Oliver Cromwell*, then Lord Protector, fitted out a Fleet of Ships to make a Deſcent on *Hiſpaniola*, under the Command of Colonel *Venables*; but being diſappointed of their Hopes, and meeting with ill Succeſs, ſteer'd away for *Jamaica*, and on the 10th of *May* (after a ſtout Reſiſtance) made themſelves Maſters of it. The Iſland is ſuppos'd to contain two hundred and fifty thouſand Inhabitants, Slaves included. The chief Towns are, 1ſt, *St. Jago*, about ſix Miles up the Country. 2*dly*, *Paſſage Town*, ſix Miles from that. 3*dly*, (And indeed the largeſt, before the Earthquake deſtroy'd it) *Port Royal*, it contained a thouſand Houſes, many of them eminent Buildings; but as it is now built on a ſmall Neck of Land, which forms the Harbour, I take it to be about the Bigneſs of *Deptford*. At both Ends of the Town is a large Fort, known by the Name of the ſquare and round Fort: This ſquare Fort or Caſtle, contains a hundred Pieces of Ordnance, and the other about thirty, beſides ſeveral Cannon on the Platform, which reaches from one Fort to the other; ſo that, without Treachery, they need not fear an Attack either by Land or Sea. About a Mile farther, is another ſmall Fort, call'd *Landward* Fort, which ſecures the Town from any Attempt by Land: Off the Mouth the Harbour, towards the Sea, lie ſeveral ſmall Iſlands, upon the moſt *Weſtern* of which (lying within half a League of the Town, and by which all the Veſſels muſt paſs) they have erected a Fort which contains eight Guns. The chief Harbour, after *Port Royal*, is *Port St. Anthony*, on the *North*; a very ſafe, commodious Land-lock'd Harbour, only the coming in is ſomething difficult, the Channel being narrow'd by a little Iſland

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that lies off the Mouth of the Port. 2*d*. *Porto Morant*, a very capacious Harbour, where Ships do conveniently Wood and Water, and ride safe from all Winds. 3*d*. On the *South*, is *Port Gagway*, which is much the largest of all that has been mention'd, it being five Leagues over in some Places; it is Land-lock'd by a Point of Land that runs *S.W.* from the Main of the Island: The Road is so deep that a Ship of a thousand Tun may lay her Side to the Shore of the Point, and lade or unlade at Pleasure, with Planks afloat.

Now finding our Affairs would detain us half a Year longer, I got leave of the Captain to go in a Sloop, with some of my Acquaintance, to get Logwood, and on *September* the 25th we set Sail for the Bay of *Campeche*, with a fair Wind. The old Manner of getting this Wood is as follows; a Company of desperate Fellows get together in a Sloop, well arm'd, and land by Stealth, but in Case of any Resistance, the whole Crew attends on the Cutters, ready arm'd to defend 'em; indeed there's a Colony of *England* that sell this Logwood, but many chuse the other Way; all this was strange to me, for I knew nothing of the Matter, till we were out at Sea. There was one Fellow there that told me, that about ten Years before he went with a Vessel, and they took the same Method as usual, in getting it, and landed all their Men but six, that they left on board to look after the Vessel; in the mean Time the *Spaniards* having Intelligence of their Descent, sent a hundred Men, in several Canoes to seize their Vessel; which accordingly they did, without any Resistance from the six Men on board. After they had clapp'd these Men under Hatches, they search'd and ransack'd the Vessel, sending every Thing on Shore that was of any Value; then they prepar'd to trepan the Crew, as they came on board, which happened the very next Night, when some of the Men coming on board with a Load of Logwood, the *Spaniards* caus'd the six Men

to

to ſtand upon Deck, and on Pain of Death, not to diſcover the Truth of the Matter, which happen'd as they deſir'd, for the Men coming on board careleſly without their Arms, were all ſeiz'd immediately, and clapp'd in Irons. The reſt that were on Shore, wondering at the Stay of the Boat, ſent a Canoe with ſix Men, to know the Reaſon of their Delay, which were likewiſe taken in the ſame Trap with the former. The Man that told me this Story, was one of theſe laſt Six, who found Means ſecretly in the Middle of the Night to ſlip into the Water, and ſwam aſhore, tho' half a League off, where he happily inform'd the reſt of the Crew (which were forty three) of the Misfortune that had happen'd to the reſt of their Companions: Whereupon they conſulted what they had beſt to do; where it was unanimouſly agreed, to ſeize upon three large Canoes, that lay at the Bottom of the Bay, that belong'd to ſome *French* Hunters that were on Shore; which was done accordingly: On board they immediately got, well arm'd, and ſteer'd away for their Sloop: But as they deſign'd to trick them the ſame Way as the others had done their Companions, they conſulted what to do if they ſhould be diſcover'd before they could get on board, which was probable enough. At length it was agreed to carry on the Plot in order to deceive them, and as ſoon as ever they could get over the Ship's Side, to aſſault the Enemy with all the Vigour imaginable, appointing two or three to releaſe their Companions, and put Arms into their Hands, to be aſſiſtant in recovering their Liberties. Every Thing happen'd as was ſuggeſted, for when they came within half a Furlong of the Veſſel, they were hail'd by ſome of their own Men, as it is uſual in ſuch Caſes; which was anſwer'd by them in the Canoes, with Swearing and Curſing at 'em, for not coming aſhore with their Long-boat, as order'd, but to force 'em to bring their Wood Aboard in Canoes. They aſk'd from on board, how many were come with 'em? All (anſwer'd

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swer'd they in the Boat) but three, that we left ashore to look after our Arms, and a small Remainder of Logwood, which you must go and fetch immediately with the Long-boat, (which they pretended cou'd not go to 'em before, by reason she had a Hole broke in her Bow, against a Piece of Rock, that gave 'em a great deal of Trouble in getting her to the Vessel.) Our People smil'd to themselves to hear they had got their Lesson so ready, in asking and answering these Questions, they had reach'd the Vessel, and getting nimbly up their Side, they drew from under their Watch-Coats, their Pistols and Cutlashes, and first fired upon the *Spaniards*, who were running to seize 'em, half unarm'd, as not suspecting any Resistance: Those whose Office it was to release the Prisoners under Hatches, did it immediately, by killing the two Centinels that watch'd over 'em; and then coming up with this fresh Recruit, soon overcame the *Spaniards*, and made 'em call for Quarter: Which was not granted till they had thrown down their Arms. When they had surrender'd, they chain'd 'em all under Hatches; and so the Conquerors became Prisoners, and the Prisoners Conquerors. After the Action was over, they look'd after the Dead, which was found to be nine *Spaniards*, and one *Englishman*, who was suppos'd to be kill'd by our own Men, in the first Fire.

Upon this good Success, they having Notice that there lay a rich Ship in the Harbour before the Town of *Campeche*, they resolv'd to try their good Fortune farther, which they contriv'd as follows: They hoisted *Spanish* Colours, and sail'd away immediately for the Port of *Campeche*, where they arriv'd by next Morning, saluted the Castle and Town with seven Guns as Friends, and were paid back the Complement. The Shore was fill'd with Numbers of People, to see the *Englishmen* brought ashore Prisoners; but they were mistaken. The Ship which they had a Design upon lay about a League from the Town, as having

ving arriv'd but two Days before, but was to put farther in that very Evening, before the Sea-Breeze fail'd; our Men boarded her on the Starboard Side, which lay from the Town, and took Her, without firing a Gun, cut her Cables, and made out to Sea, before the Town knew what was the Matter: But as ſoon as ever they ſmelt the Trick, a *Spaniſh* Man of War of thirty Guns (being all that was in the Harbour) ſlipp'd her Cables, and crouded all the Sail ſhe cou'd, to come up with us; we finding ſhe gain'd upon us, call'd a Council, and at laſt reſolv'd to bring up moſt of our *Spaniſh* Priſoners bound, and expoſe 'em to the whole Fire of the Enemy. Which ſucceeded accordingly, for the Ship coming cloſe up to us (without any firing on either Side) commanded us to ſtrike. Upon that we order'd the *Spaniſh* Captain to lay before 'em their Condition; which profited little at firſt, but after many Intreaties from them, and Threatnings from us, the others were prevail'd upon to ſteer off, and make towards the Town, while we made the beſt of our Way. But the *Spaniard* making up to the Town again, was met by ſeveral arm'd Boats, with the Governor himſelf in one of them, who gave a ſtrict Command not to regard any Thing, but uſe all poſſible Means to retake the Ship, and the Pyrates (as they term'd us.) When we perceiv'd the Boats making up to the Ship, and obſerv'd her tack about to give us Chace, we gueſs'd at the Matter, and finding ſhe gain'd upon us, we put ourſelves into a Poſture of Defence, and propos'd to engage her in the Prize we took laſt, which carry'd Twenty Guns: We muſter'd our Men, and found we had ſeventy one; but then we had two hundred *Spaniſh* Priſoners, who, we fear'd, if by any Accident they ſhould get looſe, might prove our Ruin; whereupon a Conſult was immediately held to put moſt of them to Death. Upon which the Captain of the firſt Prize ſtood up, and ſaid (in pretty good *Engliſh*) Gentlemen, you have taken us fairly, and done no

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more than we ourſelves did to you; now ſeeing that Ship which purſues us, and gains upon us every Moment, is coming in order to fight you, we ſhall run a more certain Danger by it, by being your Priſoners, if you expoſe us to the Fire of their Cannon, as you did before; and if they do really fire, I may as well take them for an Enemy, as you, ſince we are ſure to receive the moſt Damage. But to make the Matter ſhort, being the Time is ſo, I propoſe to you, that if the Veſſel fires at you, we may reaſonably conclude, they have no Manner of Regard for us, ſo we ſhall not have any for them, and, if you'll give us that Liberty, we will freely fight under your Command, and endeavour, as far as in us lies, to defend your Veſſel, as much as if it was our own. This Speech of the Captain's was approv'd of by the reſt of the Priſoners; ſo that at laſt we agreed to ſet ſixty of them at Liberty, and the reſt faſt bound under Hatches, where we put two Centinels, with two Patareroes fix'd, charg'd with ſmall Shot, with Orders, that if there ſeem'd to be any Thing like Diſturbance, to Fire in upon 'em. The ſixty we choſe out to be aſſiſtant to us, were order'd to the Great Guns, ſo that we had ſtill the Command over 'em becauſe they had no Arms. After we had ſettled every Thing, we lay by, (ſeeing it impoſſible to eſcape without Fighting) in order for their coming up to us, which they did in a ſhort Time, and coming within Hail, they order'd us to ſtrike immediately, and make no Reſiſtance, or elſe they would have no Regard to their Friends on board our Ship, but ſink or take us, and put every Man of us to Death. Upon which the *Spaniſh* Captain that was our Priſoner, made Anſwer, That if they offer'd to fire a Gun, every *Spaniard* on board reſolv'd to fight againſt 'em as Enemies. Which was anſwer'd, They muſt obey the Governor's Orders, who had juſt left 'em, and was return'd on Shore. Upon this they fired a Broadſide upon us, but we return'd it immediately with our ſmall

ſmall Arms, and great Guns, which were well ply'd by our *Spaniſh* Priſoners. The Fight continued half an Hour with all the Fierceneſs imaginable: at laſt the *Spaniard* prepar'd to board us with his Boats at the ſame Time, but were receiv'd ſo briſkly, and ſo damaged by our Hand-Granado's, that they were oblig'd to make to the Ship with great Loſs. The Hand-Granado's ſtood us in great Stead, for we diſpatch'd three or four of our Men into the Main-Top, who from thence diſcharg'd ſeveral Granado's, that by their own Report kill'd and wounded above thirty Men. They attempted to board us once again, and came on briſkly with firing and loud Shouts, to terrify us; but we return'd 'em their Shouts and Firing with Intereſt, for with a lucky Shot we drove away their Main Maſt, which put 'em into ſtrange Confuſion: This Accident (if we would have laid hold on't) might have given us an Opportunity of Outſailing 'em; but that was not once thought of, for Deſire of Revenge made Us fight like Furies. The next Broadſide we gave 'em, ſtruck away their Rudder, which render'd 'em incapable of ſteering their Veſſel, or tacking about: Upon which we perceiving what had happen'd, tack'd about, and with a Broadſide that rak'd her Fore and Aft, kill'd 'em, by their own Confeſſion, ſixteen Men, for it ſplit two of their Guns, whoſe Splinters did moſt of the Execution. Now what we call to *Rake Fore and Aft*, is to lay the Side of our Ship againſt the Enemy's Head or Stern, and fire into 'em, ſo that every Shot goes from one End of the Ship to the other, inſtead of going a-croſs, ſo that of Conſequence one Shot that Way will do more Damage than ten directly Side to Side. The Heat of the *Spaniard* now began to abate, but yet he hector'd as much as ever; at laſt a lucky Shot enter'd her Powder Room, and blew up her Main Deck, with ſeveral *Spaniards*, into the Air; upon which was heard ſuch Groans and Yelling, from wounded and dying Men, that were enough to fright-

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en Men leſs inur'd to ſuch Encounters: With this Succeſs we prepar'd, in the Confuſion, to board them in our Turn, but was prevented, by ſeeing their Veſſel ſinking; whereupon they ſtruck down their Colours, and aſk'd for Quarter and Help; underſtanding their Diſtreſs we immediately gave 'em Aſſiſtance, by putting out our Boats, and ſav'd all the Men they had left, which were ninety-five, out of four hundred and odd.

This Succeſs fluſh'd us mightily with Hopes of ſucceeding in any Enterprize. We loſt out of our *Spaniards* twenty-ſix, and of *Engliſh*, nine kill'd, and two wounded, who dy'd the next Day. The *Spaniards* were of ſignal Service to us, and fought bravely, even to Deſparation; well knowing, if they ſhould be taken (after fighting on our Side) they muſt all inevitably ſuffer Death; Which prov'd happy for us; for it had been impoſſible to have eſcap'd 'em, even if all the *Spaniards* on board us had ſtood neuter.

After we had clear'd our Veſſel of the Blood and dead Men, and refreſh'd ourſelves, we call'd up our *Spaniſh* Priſoners, that they might refreſh themſelves likewiſe, and return'd the others (who had fought ſo bravely in our Defence) our hearty Thanks; and the *Spaniſh* Captain expreſs'd himſelf ſo handſomely, that our Maſter freely offer'd him our Sloop, Victuall'd and ready fitted up, to do what he thought fit with. Upon this kind Offer, the Captain ſmil'd, and told him, he would not take it without buying: And as for Money, I have not a ſingle Dollar, (purſued he) but if you'll liſten to a Stratagem of mine, I'll engage to furniſh you with Money for your Veſſel, and ſomething over and above. With that he propos'd to take ſix of the *Spaniards* that had fought for us, and in our Long-boat to go on Shore to the Governor, and demand a Ranſom for the Priſoners we had taken; which was agreed to: Accordingly they went aſhore, and told the Governor, if he did not immediately ſend fifty Dollars a Man, for two hundred and twenty, they wou'd be every Soul ty'd back to back,

back, and thrown into the Sea. Upon which there was a Gathering made through the Town, and the Money rais'd immediately, and in twelve Hours the Captain return'd with 11000 Dollars, gave our Captain 5000, diſtributed 3000 among the Sailors, and kept the reſt for himſelf. The next Day we ſet the *Spaniards* that were ſav'd from the Man of War on Shore, and as many more that were willing, out of the other Ship, and of our own Sloop; ſo that Captain *Fernando*, our friendly *Spaniard*, took his Leave of us, with eighty of his Countrymen, with Intention for the *South-Sea*; and we ſteer'd our Courſe, in our rich Prize, for *Jamaica*, where we ſhar'd it: Every common Sailor had to his Share 800*l.* Moreover the Captain order'd me in particular 200*l.* more, for the Service I did in Swimming aſhore unperceiv'd, to give 'em Notice.

After ending his Story, I aſk'd him how he had improv'd his Money from that Time? Pſha! (ſaid he) that, and five Times as much, is gone ſince then. And this is no wonder, for Sailors are ſuch Fools, that what they get with the utmoſt Danger, they ſpend as the meaneſt Trifles. We ſail'd before the Wind ſix Days together, towards the Bay, but on the ſeventh, the Clouds darken'd, and the Welkin ſeem'd all on Fire, by Times, with Lightning, and the Thunder roar'd louder than ever I heard it in my Life; in ſhort, a dreadful Hurricane approach'd, which was ſuſpected by a deceitful Calm, and Showers of Rain. Deſcrib'd by the inimitable *Shakeſpear* thus:

We often ſee againſt ſome Storm
A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack ſtand ſtill;
The bold Winds ſpeechleſs, and the Orb below
As huſh as Death.

The Sailors had furl'd their Sails, and lower'd their Top-maſts, waiting for it under a double Reef'd Fore-

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Fore-Sail: Which at laſt came with moſt extreme Violence.

Either Tropick now
'Gan Thunder: At both Ends of Heav'n the Clouds
From many a horrid Rift abortive pour'd
Fierce Rain, with Lightning mix'd, Water with Fire,
In Ruin reconcil'd. Dreadful was the Rack,
As Earth and Sky wou'd mingle. Milton.

In vain the Maſter iſſues out Commands,
In vain the trembling Sailors ply their Hands,
The giddy Ship, between the Winds and Tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a Circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different Blows; then ſhoots amain,
Till counterbuff'd, ſhe ſtops, and ſleeps again.
The Face of Things a frightful Image bear,
And preſent Death in various Forms appear.
Dryden.

The Storm laſted with all its Violence three Hours, and at laſt inſenſibly abated, till it was ſtark Calm, and not one Breath of Wind was ſtirring, nor any Sign of one, but a little Froth on the Surface.

The Tempeſt is o'erblown, the Skies are clear,
And the Sea charm'd into a Calm ſo ſtill,
That not a Wrinkle ruffles her ſmooth Face.
Dryden.

After the Storm was over, we loos'd our Sails, in Expectation of the Wind, which in half an Hour ſtole out again, as frighten'd at the violent Storm, or (if you'll grant me to make a Simile) like a poor Debtor that ſteals out of his Lurking-place, when the bluſtering Bailiffs are gone out of Sight. About ſix in the Evening, we ſaw a Water-Spout: This is an Aerial Engine, or Limbeck, that draws up the Salt Water of the Sea, and diſtills it into freſh Show-

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ers of Rain: This Cloud comes down in Form of a Pipe of Lead of a vaſt Thickneſs, and by the Force of the Sun ſucks up a great Quantity of Water. I ſtood an Hour to obſerve it; after it had continu'd about half an Hour in the Water, it drew up inſenſibly, by degrees, till it was loſt in the Clouds; but in the cloſing of the ſame, it ſhut out ſome of the Water, which fell into the Sea again, with a Noiſe like that of Thunder, and occaſion'd a Smoke in the Water, that laſted for a conſiderable Time. The Sailors inform'd me, that theſe Water-Spouts ſometimes did great Damage to Ships that by Calms were too near 'em when they fell. One Fellow told me, that he ſaw a Bark of ſixty Tun ſuck'd out of the Sea by one of 'em, which caus'd the breaking of the Spout, and ſunk the Veſſel with the Fall of the Waters. In the *Streights*, when Ships approach theſe airy Engines, they fire off a Gun, and that breaks 'em before they come too near. The Perſon told me, that at the Fall of Water, the Sea was curl'd as much as if you had thrown a large Stone into a ſtanding Pond of Water. We have ſometimes at a Diſtance ſeen fourteen or fifteen at a Time at Work, but I never ſaw one ſo large as this.

In the Evening we caught a ſmall Shark, with two ſucking Fiſhes that ſtuck cloſe to her till laid on the Deck, and then dropp'd down of their own Accord. This is allow'd the *Remora* of the Ancients: It is about the Bigneſs of a Mackrel, with a flat Head, and is of a griſtly Subſtance. Theſe ſtick to the Sides of Veſſels very frequently, and ſometimes ſwim upon the Surface of the Water, and are even caught with a naked Hook. I have ſometimes ſeen theſe Fiſhes ſticking to a Log of Wood, in the Water. When we hog'd our Ship (a Hog is an Inſtrument of ſix Foot ſquare, ſomething like a Harrow, and Stumps of old Brooms fix'd cloſe in the middle Part) this is put to the Bottom of the Ship, with a Rope before and another aft, fix'd to the Capſtand, which cleans

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cleans the Veſſel from all Sorts of Filth. I have ſeen many of 'em in the Hog together, with Barnicles and Oyſters, and ſeveral other Shell-fiſh.

October the 6th, we anchor'd at *Triſt Iſland*, in the Bay of *Campeche*, and ſent our Men aſhore at *Logwood-Creek*, to ſeek for the Logwood-Cutters, who immediately came on board. The Bargain was ſoon ſtruck, and in Exchange for our Rum and Sugar, and a little Money, we got in our Lading in eight Days, and ſet Sail for *Jamaica* the 15th Day of *October*.

Now in getting up to *Jamaica* again, generally takes up two Months, becauſe we are oblig'd to ply it all the Way to Windward. One Day it being ſtark Calm, I went into the Water to waſh myſelf, tho' I was diſſuaded by all the Sailors, by reaſon of that Coaſt being infeſted with Sharks, which often aſſault People, and bite off a Limb: But being there had not been any ſeen that Day, I wou'd venture, yet ty'd a Rope about me, for fear of any Accident that might happen, or the Wind ſtriking up of a ſudden. But I had not been long in the Water, before they cry'd from the Gunnel, a Shark! But I thinking they had only banter'd, as ſometimes they do, when any one is in the Water, did not mind 'em, till at laſt they pulled me by main Force, up the Side of the Ship; when looking into the Water, I ſaw a ſwinging large Shark, with his white Belly turn'd up in order to bite at me. Upon which I thank'd God and good Friends that had prevented him, by ſwiftly pulling me up; though the Rope had rubb'd off the Skin, and ſome Part of my Fleſh, with the Force. Now a Shark cannot get his Prey, without firſt turning himſelf upon his Back, becauſe their upper Jaw is much larger and longer than their under: Which often prevents Accidents.

I one Day went down into the Hold, to bottle off a ſmall Parcel of Wine that I had there, for fear it would ſowre, and not being a very cleanly Place,

I was

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I was ſoon in a filthy Pickle: Coming upon Deck again, I wanted to clean myſelf, but did not care to go into the Water, as before, ſo went into the Boat a-ſtern, that we hoiſted overboard in the Morning, to look after a Wreck that we diſcover'd upon the Water: Being in the Boat, I began to waſh myſelf, and when I had dreſs'd myſelf again, I pull'd a Book out of my Pocket, and ſate Reading in the Boat; when, before I was aware, a Storm began to riſe, ſo that I could not get up the Ship's Side as uſual, but call'd for the Ladder of Ropes, that hangs over the Ship's Quarter, in order to get up that Way; but whether it was not faſten'd above, or whether it broke thro' Rottenneſs, as being ſeldom us'd, I can't tell, but down I fell into the Sea; and though the Ship (as they told me afterwards) tack'd about to take me up, if it was poſſible; yet I loſt Sight of 'em, thro' the Duſkineſs of the Evening, and the Storm together. Now I had the moſt diſmal Fears that could ever poſſeſs any one in my Condition: I was forc'd to drive with the Wind, which ſate (by good Fortune) with the Current; and having kept myſelf above Water, as near as I could gueſs in this Fright, four Hours, I felt my Feet every now and then touch Ground; and at laſt, by a great Wave, was thrown and left upon the Sand; yet, it being dark, I knew not what to do; but I got up and walk'd, as well as my tir'd Limbs would let me; and every now and then was overtaken by the Waves, but not high enough to waſh me away.

When I had got far enough, as I thought, to be out of Danger, I could not diſcover any Thing of Land, and I immediately conjectur'd that it was but ſome Bank of Sand, that the Sea wou'd overflow at high Tide: Whereupon I ſate down to reſt my weary Limbs, and fit myſelf for Death, for that was all I could expect, in my own Opinion. Then all my Sins came flying in my Face, which I repented of with all the Sincerity imaginable: I offer'd up my fervent

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fervent Prayers to our Almighty Creator, not for my Safety (becauſe I did not expect any ſuch Thing) but for all my paſt Offences; and I may really ſay, I expected my Diſſolution with a Calmneſs that made me think I had made my Peace with Heaven. At laſt I fell aſleep, (tho' I try'd all I could againſt it, by riſing up and walking, till I was oblig'd thro' Wearineſs to lie down again.) In the Morning when I awak'd, I was amaz'd to find myſelf among four or five very low Sandy Iſlands, but all ſeparated half a Mile or more (as I gueſs'd) by the Sea. With that I began to be a little chearful, and walk'd about to ſee if I could find any thing that was eatable, but to my great Grief I found nothing but a few Eggs, that I was oblig'd to eat raw; this laid my Condition before my Eyes in a moſt horrid Manner, and the Fear of ſtarving ſeem'd to me to be worſe than that of drowning; and oft did I wiſh that the Sea had ſwallow'd me, rather than thrown me on this deſolate Iſland: For I cou'd perceive by the Evenneſs of 'em, that they were not inhabited either by Man, or Beaſt, or any Thing elſe, but Rats, and ſeveral Sorts of Fowl.

Upon this Iſland there was ſome few Buſhes of a Wood they call'd *Burton* Wood, which us'd to be my Shelter at Night; but to compleat my Miſery, there was not to be found one Drop of freſh Water on the Iſland; ſo that I was forc'd to drink my own Urine for two or three Days together; which made my Skin come off like the Peel of a boil'd Codlin. At laſt my Miſery ſo encreas'd, that I was often in the Mind to put an End to my wretched Life, but deſiſted, on the Opinion that I had of ſome Alligator, or other voracious Creature, coming to do it for me. Strange Circumſtances indeed! to wiſh to be devour'd alive, as the leſſer Misfortune.

I had liv'd a Week here upon Eggs only, when, by good Fortune, upon a Buſh I diſcover'd a *Booby* ſitting, I ran immediately, as faſt as I cou'd, and with a Stick knock'd him down: I never conſider'd whether

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whether it was proper to eat or no, but I ſuck'd the Blood, and eat the Fleſh, with ſuch a Pleaſure as none can expreſs, but them that have felt the Pain of Hunger to the ſame Degree as myſelf. After I had devour'd this Banquet, I walk'd about, and diſcover'd many more of theſe Birds, which I ſlew.

Now my Stomach being pretty well appeas'd, I began to conſider, whether I could not, with two Sticks, make a Fire, as I had ſeen *Blacks* in *Jamaica*: I try'd with all the Wood I could get, and at laſt happily did it. This done, I gather'd ſome more Sticks, and made a Fire, pick'd ſeveral of my *Boobies*, and broil'd them as well as I cou'd; and now I reſolv'd to come to an Allowance. This Bird is a Water Fowl, about the Bigneſs of a large Crow; of grey Colour; it has a long ſtrong Bill, and Feet like a Duck, and the Fleſh ſeem'd to me to taſte ſomething like a Duck's, but ſtronger, and a little Fiſhy: And it is ſuch a Booby, that it will not get out of your Way without beating.

At Night I and the reſt of my Fellow-Inhabitants, had a great Storm of Rain and Thunder, with the reddeſt Lightning I had ever ſeen, which well waſh'd us all, I believe; as for myſelf, my Cloaths (which were only a Pair of thin Shoes and Thread Stockings, and a Cotton Waiſtcoat and Breeches) were ſoundly wet; but I had this Happineſs, to find in the Morning ſeveral Cavities of Rain-Water, which put in my Head a Thought of making a deep Well, or hollow Place, that I might have Water continually by me, which I brought to Perfection in this Manner: I took a Piece of Wood I found on the Iſland, and pitch'd upon a Place under a *Burton* Tree, where with my Hands and the Stick together, I dug a Hole, or Well, big enough to contain a Hogſhead of Water, then put in Stones and pav'd it, and got in and ſtamp'd 'em down hard all round, and with my Sticks beat the Sides cloſe, ſo that I made it capable of holding Water for a long Time.

But

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But now the Difficulty was, how to get the Water there, which at laſt I contriv'd very well, for with my Shirt I effected it, by ſoaking it in Water for ſome Time, and then afterwards it wou'd bear it very well; ſo with this Holland Bucket I cou'd carry two Gallons of Water at a Time, which wou'd not leak out above a Pint, in two hundred Yards; ſo in two Days Time I had fill'd my Well.

Now I began to think of Life again for awhile, for I had ready broil'd forty of theſe Boobies, deſigning to allow myſelf half a one a Day. I alſo made myſelf a Cupboard of Earth, by mixing Water with it, which was four Foot in Length, three in Heighth, and two in Breadth, though it laſted but four Days, the Sun drying it ſo faſt, that it crack'd, and afterwards fell in Pieces. What moſt amaz'd me, and pleas'd me together, was, that my Boobies continu'd ſweet without the leaſt Taint. I had a ſmall *Ovid* printed by *Elzevir*, which I had by good Fortune put in my Breeches Pocket, when I was going up the Ladder of Ropes, and by being preſs'd cloſe was not quite ſpoil'd, but only the Cover off, and ſtain'd a little with the Wet. This was a great Mitigation of my Misfortunes, for I could entertain myſelf in this Book, under a *Burton* Buſh, till I fell aſleep. I remain'd always in good Health, only a little troubled with the Head-Ach, for want of a Hat, which I loſt in the Water, in falling down from the Ladder of Ropes. But I remedy'd this as well as I could, by gathering a Parcel of Chicken-Weed (which grows there in Plenty) and ſtrewing it over the *Burton*-Buſhes, under which I ſate. Nay, at laſt, finding my Time might be longer there than I expected, I tore off one of the Sleeves of my Shirt, and lin'd a Wooden Cap, that I had made of green Sprigs, and twiſted with the green Bark that I peel'd off, ſo that if I had been ſeen in this Figure, I ſhould have appear'd like

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like a Madman, with the Basket of a Cudgel upon his Head.

One Day coming from Washing myself (which I used often to do to cool me) I heard a flouncing in the Water, and turning my Head, to see from whence the Noise came, I saw the oddest Fish, I believe, that ever was known. It had (as I suppose) chas'd some other Fish very eagerly, and run itself too far on the Sand, and the Tide being almost at the lowest, it had left it there. It was (as near as I cou'd guess) about fifteen Foot long; it had a Head like a Horse, and out of the Mouth came two Horns curl'd like a Ram's Horn, only twice as large; it had but one Eye, and that was at the Extremity of the Nose; it seem'd, as it flounc'd, to be something of a changeable Ash-Colour, with a Tail that taper'd to the End in a sharp Point: It look'd so terrible to me, that I was afraid to approach it; as it labour'd it seem'd to groan; it lay in this Hole of Water half an Hour, with its Body in, and its Tail out; and as soon as the Tide came up to it, it shaked its Tail to and fro, as a Dog does when he seems pleas'd, all the while it felt the Water; it struggled but now and then, and at last, when the Water was pretty high, it turn'd its Head, and made a Noise something like the Clucking of a Hen with Chickens, but louder; and when it had Water enough to swim away, it lay moving up and down a quarter of an Hour, being as I suppose hurt with its struggling. But when it had recover'd itself, (as I imagin'd) it gave a Spring into deep Water, and I saw it no more.

I had been here now a Month by my Reckoning, and in that Time my Skin look'd as if it had been rubb'd over with Walnut-Shells. I had a Mind several Times to have swam to one of the other Islands; but as they look'd only like Heaps of Sand, I thought I had got the best Birth, so contented myself with my own Station. *Boobies* I could get

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get enough, (who build on the Ground) and another Bird that lays the Eggs which I us'd to eat, but I never ventur'd to taſte of 'em, though as their Eggs were good, we may ſuppoſe their Fleſh was ſo too: But however, I was ſo well ſatisfied with my *Boobies*, that I did not care to try Experiments.

This Iſland, which I was upon, ſeem'd to me to be about two Miles in Circumference, and was almoſt round, and on the *Weſt* Side there is a good Anchoring-place, for the Water is very deep, within two Fathom of the Shore. God forgive me, but I often wiſh'd to have had Companions in my Misfortune, and hop'd every Day either to have ſeen ſome Veſſel come that Way, or a Wreck, where perhaps, I might have found ſome Neceſſaries which I wanted: But I would often check myſelf in theſe Cogitations, as not becoming a Chriſtian, yet they wou'd as often awake in my Mind, in Spite of all my Devotion and other good Thoughts; it being natural to deſire Company. I uſed to fancy, that if I ſhou'd be forced to ſtay there long, I ſhou'd forget my Speech; ſo I uſed to talk aloud, aſk myſelf Queſtions, and anſwer 'em; but if any Body had been by to have heard me, they wou'd certainly have thought me bewitch'd, I uſed to aſk myſelf ſuch odd Queſtions. All this while I cou'd not inform myſelf where I was, or how near any inhabited Place.

One Morning (which I took to be the 8th of *November*) a violent Storm aroſe, which continu'd till Noon; when in the mean time I obſerv'd a Bark labouring with the Waves for ſeveral Hours, and at laſt, with the Violence of the Tempeſt, was perfectly thrown out of the Water upon the Shore, within a Quarter of a Mile from the Place where I obſerv'd 'em. I ran to ſee if there was any Body I cou'd be aſſiſting to, where I found four Men (being all that was in the Veſſel) buſy about ſaving what they could out of her: When I came up with 'em, and hail'd 'em

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em' in *Engliſh*, they ſeem'd mightily ſurpriz'd; they aſk'd me how I came there, and how long I had been there? When I told 'em my Story, they were all mightily concern'd for themſelves, as well as for me, for they found there was no Poſſibility of getting their Bark off the Sands, being the Wind had forc'd her ſo far: With that we began to bemoan one another's Misfortunes; but I muſt confeſs to you, without lying, I never was more rejoic'd in my whole Life; for they had on board plenty of every thing for a Twelvemonth, and not any Thing ſpoil'd. Their lading (which was Logwood) they had thrown over board to lighten the Ship; which was the Occaſion of the Wind forcing her ſo far: Had they kept in their Lading they wou'd have bulg'd in the Sands half a quarter of a Mile from the Place where they did, and the Sea flying over 'em, wou'd not only have ſpoil'd their Proviſions, but perhaps been the Death of 'em all. By theſe Men I underſtood where we were, *viz.* upon one of the Iſles of *Alcranes*, which are five Iſlands, or rather large Banks of Sand; (for there is not a Tree, nor Buſh upon any but that where we were) they lie in the Latitude of twenty-two Degrees *North*, twenty-five Leagues from *Jucatan*, and about ſixty from *Campeche* Town. We work'd as faſt as we cou'd, and got out every Thing that wou'd be uſeful to us before Night. We had ſix Barrels of ſalt Beef, three of Pork, two of Peaſe, and two of Flower, and eleven Barrels of Biſket; a ſmall Copper, and Iron Pot; ſeveral wearing Cloaths, and a ſpare Hat, which I wanted mightily: We had beſides ſeveral Cags of Rum, and one of Brandy, and a Cheſt of Sugar, with many other Things of Uſe: Some Gun-Powder, and one Fowling-Piece. We took off the Sails from the Yards, and with ſome Pieces of Timber erected a Tent big enough to hold twenty Men, under which we put their Beds, that we got from the Bark. 'Tis true we had no Shelter from the Weather, for the

Trees

Trees were ſo low they were of no Uſe to us. now thought myſelf in a Palace, and was as merry, as if I had been at *Jamaica*, or even at home in my own Country: I cou'd joak now and then, and tell a merry Tale. In ſhort, when we had been there ſome time, we began to be very eaſy, and to wait contentedly, till Providence ſhou'd fetch us out of this Iſland. The Bark lay upon the Sands, fifty Yards from the Water when at the higheſt, ſo that I us'd to lie in her Cabin, by reaſon there was no more Beds aſhore, than was for my four Companions, *viz. Thomas Randal*, of *Cork* in *Ireland*, (whoſe Bed was largeſt, which he did me the Favour to ſpare a Part of now and then, when the Wind was high, and I did not care to lie on board) *Richard White*, of *Port-Royal*, *William Muſgrave*, of *Kingſton*, in *Jamaica*, and *Ralph Middleton*, of *Cows* in the *Iſle of White*. Theſe Men, with eight others, ſet out of *Port-Royal* about a Month after us, bound for the ſame Place: But thoſe others lying aſhore, and wandring too far up in the Country, were met, as 'tis ſuppos'd, by ſome *Spaniards* and *Indians*, who ſet upon 'em: Yet by all Appearance, they fought deſperately, for when Mr. *Randal* and Mr. *Middleton* went to ſeek for 'em, he found all the eight dead, with fifteen *Indians*, and two *Spaniards*; all the *Engliſhmen* had ſeveral Cuts in their Heads, Arms, Breaſts, *&c.* that made it very plainly appear, they had ſold their Lives dearly. They were too far up in the Country, to bring down their dead; ſo they were oblig'd to dig a Hole in the Earth, and put 'em in, as they lay in their Cloaths. As for the *Indians* and *Spaniards*, they ſtrip'd 'em and left 'em above Ground, as they found 'em, and made all the Haſte they could to imbark, for fear of any other unlucky Accident that might happen. They ſet ſail as ſoon as ever they came on board, and made the beſt of their Way for *Jamaica*, till they were overtaken by the Storm that ſhipwreck'd 'em on *Make Shift Iſland* (as I had nam'd it.) When I told them

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them of the ſtrange Fiſh I had ſeen, there was not any of 'em, but Mr. *Muſgrave*, that had ever ſeen the like, and he told me, when he was a Priſoner in *Mexico*, he had ſeen one there, and they call'd it the *Ram Fiſh*; but he told me, I was miſtaken concerning the Eyes, for they were on the Top of the Head, but very ſmall not bigger than a Muſket-Ball; and that which I took for an Eye, was a Hole that they ſometimes ſpouted Water through. This that he ſaw at *Mexico*, was carried about for a Shew in a Cart, but it was but eight Foot and a half in Length, and was by Order of the Viceroy, ſent two Leagues into the Bay, to be bury'd, for it ſtunk ſo intolerably, they were afraid it would breed an Infection.

Now we had all Manner of Fiſhing-Tackle with us, but we wanted a Boat to go a little Way from Shore to catch Fiſh, therefore we ſet our Wits to work, in order to make ſome Manner of Engine, and at laſt we pitch'd upon this odd Project: We took ſix Caſks, and tarr'd them all over, then ſtopp'd up the Bungs with Cork, and nail'd them cloſe down with a piece of tarr'd Canvas, theſe ſix Caſks we ty'd together with ſome of the Cords of the Veſſel, and upon them we plac'd the Skuttles of the Deck, and fix'd them, and made it ſo ſtrong, that two Men might eaſily ſet upon them, but for fear a Storm ſhou'd happen, we ty'd to one End of her a Coil or two of ſmall Rope, of five hundred fathom long, which we fix'd to a Stake on the Shore; Then two of them went out, (as for my Part, I was no Fiſherman) in Order to ſee what Succeſs they ſhou'd have, but return'd with only one *Nurſe*, a Fiſh ſo called, about two Foot long, ſomething like a Shark; only its Skin is very rough, and, when dry, will do the ſame Office as a Seal Skin. The ſame boil'd in Lemon Juice, is the only Remedy in the World for the Scurvy, by applying ſome of the Skin to the Calfs of your Legs, and rubbing your Body with ſome of the Lquor, once or twice. We ſent out our

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Fiſhermen the next Day again, and they return'd with two old *Wives*, and a young *Shark*, about two Foot long; which we dreſs'd for Dinner, and they prov'd excellent eating. In the Morning following, we kill'd a young *Seal*, with our Fowling-Piece; but firſt ſhe was ſo kind to give me a Blow on the Forehead, that cut the Skin, and bled very much; which was done with her Fins, for as they run towards the Water, they throw backwards the Gravel, as Horſes do when they gallop hard; this we ſalted, and it eat very well, after lying two or three Days in the Brine.

We paſt our Time in this *Make Shift Iſland*, (for we had given it that Name) as well as we could; we invented ſeveral Games to divert ourſelves: One Day, when we had been merry, Sorrow (as after Gaiety often happens) ſtole inſenſibly on us all. I as being the youngeſt, began to reflect on my ſad Condition, in ſpending my Youth on a barren Land, without Hopes of being ever redeem'd. Whereupon, Mr. *Randal*, being the eldeſt, roſe up and made the following Speech, as nigh as I can remember.

Mr. *Falconer*, and my Fellow-Sufferers; but 'tis to you (pointing at me) that I chiefly addreſs my Speech, being you ſeem to deſpair of a Redemption from this Place, more than any other. Is not the Providence of a Power Supream ſhewn in every Accident in the Life of Man; even you yourſelf, how much better is your Condition now, than you cou'd have imagin'd it wou'd have been a Month ago? There is a Virtue in Manly Suffering, and to repine, ſeems to doubt of the All-ſeeing Power, which regulates our Actions. If you ſeem conſcious of your deſerving (as a Puniſhment for any Crime you have committed) what has happen'd to you, why do you not with a contrite Heart, lift up your Voice to Heaven, and ſincerely aſk Forgiveneſs of all your paſt Offences, and that Way free yourſelf of thoſe groſs Errors that are crept into your weak Faith. Think you

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you that the Divine Providence that caſt *Jonas* from the Bowels of the *Whale*, has not the ſame Power ſtill left, to aid and fetch us from this Place.

Here (purſu'd he) we have every Thing that can be requir'd to ſatisfy Nature; we have Beds to lie on, and a Covering from the Weather; we have Proviſions for a Twelvemonth, and if we ſhould continue here a longer Time, we need not fear ſtarving, the very Iſland producing wherewithal to ſupport Nature, as Eggs and Fowls; and tho' there is no River or Rivulet of freſh Water, yet it rains ſo frequently, we need not fear even that, being we have Veſſels enough to ſave it in: You have the leaſt Reaſon to ſpurn at Providence of any one here, that had only a Hole in the Earth to ſave your Water, which had not laſted two Days longer, before we (very happily for you) were thrown on Shore. Is there not a Providence in being thrown on Land, when you expected drowning before the Morning dawn'd, whſch happen'd otherwiſe? Is there not a Providence in getting Food, when you expected to ſtarve? Is there not a Providence in getting Fire by rubbing two Sticks, which you know you could not effect ſince, tho' we have all endeavour'd at it? Was it not a Providence, that your *Boobies* remain'd ſweet, even till the Day that we came here? And was it not a Providence that we were thrown here, which brought you all Sorts of Proviſions, (I mean all that is neceſſary) with Flint, and Steel, and other Utenſils? And can you then doubt of a farther Providence, that have had all theſe? Beſides, even Company is ſome Allay to Sorrow; you were alone before, and had only yourſelf to talk to. Our Bark is ſtrong and firm, and by degrees, I don't doubt but with Time and much Labour, to get her into the Water again. I have been a board her this Morning when you were all aſleep, and examin'd her carefully inſide and out, and fancy our Liberty may ſoon be effected; I only wonder we have never thought be-

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fore of clearing the Sand from our Veſſel, which once done, I believe we may launch her out into deep Water; we have all our Tacklings, Sails and Maſts entire, without Damage; I don't deſpair of the Mercy of God in working our Delivcrance, whoſe Ways are paſt the Knowledge of us poor inſignificant Mortals. I myſelf have more than once, been in the ſame or worſe Condition.

In a Voyage I made twelve Years ago, I ſuffer'd Shipwreck, and not one Perſon ſav'd but myſelf: I ſet out from the City of *Cork* in *Ireland*, on board a Bark bound for the *Baltick*, we paſs'd the *Straights* of *Elſenor* and *Helſinburgh*, without meeting any Thing material; when one Evening it began to Thunder, Lighten, and Rain prodigiouſly; the Storm was ſo violent, that we expected every Moment, when we ſhould be drove on Shore on the Coaſt of *Sweedland*, or *Norway*, and be daſh'd to Pieces. The Storm continued ſo long, that all our Maſts came by the Board, our Veſſel ſprung a Leak, and the Water gain'd upon us every Moment; at laſt it overpowered us ſo much, that we left Pumping, as believing it impoſſible to ſave ourſelves, and recommended our Souls to the Mercy of the Lord. At laſt our Ship ſunk downright, and moſt of our Men with it; but I and two more had the good Fortune to lay hold of the Main-Maſt, (that had been cut above Deck, being it was ſprung below, and thrown Over-board to prevent any Danger) which was tangled in ſome of the Cordage; but the Ship ſinking downright, with the Rope that was turn'd to the Main-Maſt, gave it ſuch a Tug, that pull'd it under Water; but afterwards looſing, or ſlipping off by good Fortune, it roſe with two of us again, but the third was never ſeen after. The other that ſav'd himſelf upon the Maſt, was the Maſter, a Man about ſixty Years old, who held pretty well for about an Hour, but at laſt thro' Weakneſs and Age (recommending his Soul to God) fell off; but yet call'd for Help, and I being

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being willing to give him what Aſſiſtance I cou'd, laid hold of him, which I had no ſooner done, but he graſp'd at me, and laying faſt hold of the Skirt of my Waiſtcoat, (having never a Coat on) pull'd me off the Maſt; but with his Weight, and ſome Struggling I made to ſave myſelf, my Skirt ripp'd off, and the Maſter ſunk to the Bottom, and I by good Fortune laid hold of the Rigging that hung to the Maſt; ſo once more got on ſtride it, but with little Hopes of Life; yet doing my Endeavour to ſave myſelf, but with a Reſignation to the Will of Heaven. At laſt, after being toſſed about for two or three Hours more, the End of the Maſt ruſh'd with ſuch Violence againſt a Rock, (as I ſuppos'd) that with the Shock I was thrown off; but laid hold of ſome of the Cordage again, and held faſt till it fix'd itſelf in ſome of the craggy Clifts of the Rock.

By this Time the Tempeſt was very much abated, and the Waves not daſhing ſo often, nor ſo fierce, I found that the Maſt hung on the craggy Clifts of the Rock, which I climb'd up as faſt as I could, leſt another Wave ſhould daſh me againſt it, and beat my Brains out. After I had got as high as I could, and out of Danger of the Waves, I kneel'd down and return'd Thanks to the Almighty for my wonderful Deliverance; which was wonderful indeed! For tho' the Maſt beat ſo often againſt the Rock, yet I eſcap'd without being ſo much as bruis'd. When I had pour'd out the Fullneſs of my Soul to the All-ſeeing Power, that had protected me from ſuch an imminent Danger, I compos'd myſelf to Sleep, but with a Calmneſs wonderful, (even to myſelf) wonderful in every Circumſtance, that the Almighty Providence ſhould chuſe me out of thirty poor Souls that periſh'd in the ſtormy Deep, for a Monument of his Mercy. I ſlept, but yet my Dreams were troubled; I thought in my Sleep, I was caſt on Shore upon a barren Rock, where there was not a Creature but myſelf, no Food, nor any Thing to

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ſuſtain Nature; which prov'd too true. I was awak'd by ſomething that lick'd my Face, which in my Fright I laid hold on, but ſoon let it go again upon finding it hairy, which ſtartled me very much; and tho' it was ſtill dark, I could not get to Sleep again for the Concern I was in, for Fear ſome devouring Creature ſhould come and ſeize me. I liſtened, and obſerved the Storm was laid, and the Dawn approaching, I began to compoſe my Mind, and to put my Truſt in him, that had hitherto preſerved me.

When it came to be light enough to perceive any Object, I roſe up and began to view the Place; when to my great Surprize, I found it to be only a large Rock, about half a Mile in Circumference as near as I could gueſs; but the North Part ſo inacceſſible, there was no getting to the Top of it: Looking about me, I ſaw coming fawning towards me, a large Bitch, which was the Creature had awak'd me by licking my Face. I muſt confeſs I was ſurprized and pleas'd, and made much of my new Companion. I hop'd from it I ſhould find ſome humane Creatures; but ſearching about and not meeting with any, I was more grieved than before; yet ſtill I reſign'd myſelf to the Will of him that ſees all Things, and knew it was in his Power to fetch me out of Darkneſs and the Shadow of Death. In walking up and down in a little Cavity of the Rock, I met with ſeven young ſucking Puppies, that I found belong'd to the Bitch my Companion, for ſhe gave them ſuck, which I ſtay'd a little while to obſerve. Then a Thought came into my Head, that this might be ſome Reſort for Fiſhermen, and I ſhould very ſhortly ſee ſome that would take me from this deſolate Place.

I began to ſearch about for ſomething to ſuſtain Nature, but could find nothing but ſome *Perry-winkles*, and other little Shell-fiſh, which I ventur'd to feed upon, for I now began to be very Hungry.

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I wonder'd mightily at my poor Bitch, how ſhe got Food to ſupport herſelf, and her ſeven young ones. I obſerv'd ſhe uſed to leave me two or three Times a Day, but return'd in a quarter of an Hour. One Day I had the Curioſity to watch her, but ſhe went ſo faſt, that I could not come up to her, but ſtill I follow'd, and at laſt came to the Point of a Rock, where ſhe went down, and looking below, ſaw her feeding upon a dead *Seal*; but how it came there I could not ſuppoſe, neither could I go down the Rock to ſee farther, it being ſo dangerous a Place: When ſhe had eat her Fill, ſhe came up again, and went to give her young Ones ſuck. I was mightily put to it for Water, tho' there was good Quantities in ſeveral Cavities of the Rock, but ſo hard to come at, that ſometimes I ventured breaking my Neck to get it; beſides, I could not expect that would always laſt, for the Sun was pretty warm, tho' not intolerable. I had in my Pocket a Knife and Fork, and a Caſe of Lancets, but they were ruſted by being wet, and of no Uſe to me, for I could get nothing to exerciſe 'em on; indeed my Fork ſerv'd me to twiſt out my *Perriwinkles*.

I had been here now fifteen Days, and nothing to feed on but theſe Sort of Shell fiſh; yet ſtill my Strength and Health continued to a Miracle; I ſlept well, tho' my Bed was ſomething hard: It was compos'd of part of the Rigging that came on Shore with the Maſt, which I had untwiſted, and pull'd into *Okum*, and laid it under a hollow Part of the Rock, where no Rain or Wind could hurt me, unleſs it blew hard South, which when it did, would force a little into my Bed-Chamber.

Looking out one Day I ſaw a Boat coming towards my rocky Iſland, the Sight rais'd my Spirits wonderfully, but obſerving her narrowly, I found ſhe was only driven by the Wind and Tide, without any one in her: However, I got down my Rock, and waited for her coming on Shore, which ſhe did within

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twenty Yards of me; I immediately got in her to rummage her, and, ſurprizing Providence! found twenty dry'd Fiſh, a Salt-Box fill'd with Biſket, and about half a Pint of Brandy in a Bottle. After giving God Thanks with great Sincerity of Soul, I fell to, and eat heartily. There were two Oars in the Boat, a Boat-Hook, a ſmall Fiſher-Net, and a Tinder-Box, with a Grapling Iron and Rope for a Cable: Upon this I began to be exceeding eaſy, and thought myſelf to be in a happy Condition: I brought my Fiſh on Shore, and ſtow'd it in my Bed-Chamber, and over it, (for fear of my Bitch,) put ſeveral Pieces of Ropes. I had a Tinder-Box, and could ſtrike a Light, but had no Candle to burn, nor any Proviſion to dreſs.

After I had ſettled every Thing as I would have it, I reſolv'd to take my Boat and go round the Rock, to ſee if I could diſcover any Thing on the other Side of the inacceſſible Part. Whereupon I took two of my dry'd Fiſh, and half a dozen Biſkets, and put myſelf on board; but my poor Bitch came to the Shore Side, and took on ſo mightily, that I went and took her in. I row'd half round, (as near as I could gueſs) the firſt Day; but what made me ſo long was, that in ſome Places, I was oblig'd to row half a League from Shore, to avoid ſome Shallows which lay out towards the North-East Side. I ventured to lie in my Boat all Night, and the next Morning went onward in my Voyage, and at laſt came to that Part of the Rock that I could not get over when I was aſhore. Here I found upon the Ground a Neſt of Eggs, about the Bigneſs of a Duck Egg, yet I could not diſcover what Fowl own'd them; but I took 'em all away, and ventured to ſuck one of them, which I found as pleaſant as a new laid Hen-Egg. Here the Bitch grew very uneaſy, and by her whining and fruitleſs Endeavours to paſs the Rock, (which was perpendicular) let me underſtand ſhe wanted to be with her Puppies. Finding nothing here for my Benefit,

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Benefit, but my Eggs, I got on board, and endeavoured to go round, which I did, till I came to the Place where the *Seal* lay that my Bitch found, but it ſtunk abominably; yet ſhe fell to, and after having eat, ran up the Rock, and ſo (as I ſuppoſe,) to her Puppies. I went on board again; but there aroſe ſuch a Fog of a ſudden, that I could hardly ſee the Length of the Boat, ſo rather choſe to go back again than venture farther out of my Knowledge, which I did in a little Time, the Sea being higher over the Sand, and arrived at my own Habitation.

I pull'd up my Boat as high as I could, and went on Shore, and coming to viſit my young Companions found the weakeſt dead for Want of the Dam, which I immediately took, cut open and flay'd off the Skin, when after being dry'd, I made me a Cap of, by cutting it in form, and ſewing it together with ſome fine Rope Yarn that I twiſted on Purpoſe, and my Fork I us'd inſtead of a Needle. The Fat ſerv'd me to make Candles in this Manner, by pulling to Pieces fine Rope Yarn, and twiſting it hard; then I ſtruck a Light, and with an Egg-Shell heated my Fat, and drew the Rope Yarn thro' it, ſo I provided myſelf with a new Sort of Candle. But then I had but a ſmall Piece of Match, and when that ſhould be gone, I ſhould be at a ſtrange Loſs how to light my Candle.

Finding my Proviſion decreaſe, I came to an Allowance of a Quarter of a Fiſh a Day, and Half a Biſket, and not to touch that, if I could get any Shell-Fiſh, which began to be ſcarce to, for ſome Days I could not find above ten or twelve; and when I came firſt there, I uſed to take them up by Handfuls. Upon this I began to reflect, that Winter was approaching, and conſequently very cold Weather; and then perhaps I ſhould not get any Food; I reſolved within myſelf to venture in my Boat, and ſail which Way the Wind ſhould direct me; but then I was put to it for a Sail, (for we had cut off the Yards and Sails of the Main-Maſt, before

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we threw it overboard) but at laſt I thought of a white dimmity Waiſtcoat that I wore, which was lin'd with Linnen, this I unripp'd and ſow'd together again, ſo pieced the Lining to the Outſides, and made me a tolerable Sail. But in the mean Time the Wind blew ſo high, that I durſt not venture out; and continu'd ſo long, that my Proviſion was diminiſh'd to two Fiſh, which almoſt put me to my Wits End. Shell-fiſh were not to be had. So at laſt I reſolved to kill one of my Bitch's Whelps; which I did, made a Fire with ſome Boards I found at the Bottom of my Boat, and roaſted it; 'twas palatable, and eat wonderfully well, they being not two Months old.

I don't queſtion but you'll all laugh at me, when I ſhall tell you that it went very much againſt me to kill this harmleſs Creature; but my Neceſſity had no Law; beſides, I had obſerved but two Days before, that the *Seal*, which was the Dam's Food, was gnaw'd to the Bones. In ſhort, after ſome Struglings with myſelf, I kill'd five of the ſix, and ſalted two of 'em; for after eating my Biſkets out of the Salt-Box, I found a Handful or two of Salt at the Bottom, which I made Uſe of in that Manner. The Iutrails I boil'd and gave to the Dam and other Puppy, who eat of it heartily, making no Scruple tho' their own Fleſh and Blood. The ſixth and laſt Puppy I reſolv'd not to kill at all if I could help it, it being ſo like the Dam, and wou'd always be with me if it could, when the others would only play about the Hole where they lay.

In ſhort, I began to find the Weather cold, and ſo reſolv'd to ſet Sail in my Boat, with my two Companions, my Bitch and Puppy; and on the 1ſt of *September*, after being on the Rock from *May* the 30th, I ſet Sail with the Wind about N. E. a midling Gale, and ſteering with my other Oar; for you muſt know my Boat-Hook was my Maſt, and a Piece of ſlit Wood that I ſav'd from the Fire was my Yard; ſo that I cou'd make Shift to ply it to Windward:

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upon Occaſion, but was reſolv'd to ſail before the Wind till I diſcover'd Land; for my Boat being pretty large, and my Sail but ſmall, I could not make my Way as I might have done with a Sail fitted to the Boat, ſo that I could not diſcover Land that Night, but ſailed on till about Midnight; then I was fatigu'd, that in Spite of myſelf, I was oblig'd to lie along in the Boat, and fell aſleep, and ſlept till I was awaken'd by a Fiſherman in a Boat, whom I nnderſtood not, but found by his Dialect to be a *Dane*. I gave him to underſtand my Condition, by Speaking and Signs together, which he ſeem'd to be ſorry for, by beating his Breaſt, and ſhaking his Head.

He carry'd me aſhore to a Village, where they made very much of me, and gave me Cloaths; but I would not ſtir without my Dogs. My Boat was ſold, and the Money gave me, for my own Uſe. After I had ſtaid at the Village three Days, I was carry'd to *Copenhagen*, to Mr. *Bridgwater* the Factor for ſeveral *Engliſh* Merchants, who made a Gathering for me, which amounted to twenty ſeven Pound in *Engliſh* Money. The King of *Denmark*, ſent a Perſon to me, who underſtood *Engliſh* very well, and took down the Particulars of my Voyage in the *Daniſh* Language, that I ſaw afterwards printed there; but no one could ever fix upon the Rock that I liv'd on. One ſaid it was ſuch a one, another ſuch a one; and ſome conjectur'd it to be a part of the Main Land of *Sweden*, which I ſhould have found if I had ventured further when hinder'd by the Fog.

But I forgot to tell you, that by printing this Account, a Man came to demand his Boat, that he ſaid he had loſt by the Careleſſneſs of a Boy, to whom he had given it in Charge, who neglecting to faſten it on Shore, it drove out to Sea, and came where I had the good Fortune to meet with it, or rather guided by the Eye of Providence, to be the Means or Inſtrument of ſaving my Life; which

but for that, I muſt have inevitably periſh'd. The Fiſherman that own'd the Boat, had a new one given him in the Room on't, and to the Value of five Pounds for the Things it contain'd.

The Gentleman that was order'd to take the Notes mention'd above, brought me a hundred *Engliſh* Guineas, collected from Merchants and Gentlemen of the City. The King likewiſe order'd me a hundred more from his Privy Purſe; ſo that on *November* the 18th, I went on board an *Engliſh* Ship, call'd the *Happy*, Captain *John Gibſon* Commander. We immediately ſet Sail for *London*, and arrived at *Deptford*, *December* the 25th, being *Chriſtmas Day*, 1688; but finding Things out of Order in *England*, I thonght it was no Place to ſettle in. So *January* the firſt I took Horſe for *Briſtol*, and from thence embark'd for *Cork*, where I had ſome ſmall Effects, and happily arriv'd there, *January* the 14th; where I was welcom'd from Death, by all my Friends.

But I forgot one Thing which happened to me at *Copenhagen*. Dining with the Gentleman that ſpoke *Engliſh* very well, and ſeveral other *Danes*, I happened to drink to him in *Engliſh*, with; *Sir, my humble Service to you*, and aſk'd him if he would *Pledge me*: Upon which, he told me, I muſt never mention Pledging among *Danes*; for, added he, 'tis the greateſt Affront you can put upon 'em. How ſo, Sir, ſaid I? Why, ſaid he, I know it is your Cuſtom in *England*, but if you all knew the Meaning of it, you would ſurely aboliſh it. Whereupon, I preſs'd him to tell me the Foundation of that Cuſtom, according to his Notion. Why, ſaid he, when the *Danes* invaded *England*, and got the Better of the Natives, they us'd often to eat and drink together; but ſtill allowing the *Danes* to be their Maſters: And very often, upon ſome Pique or Intereſt, they us'd even to ſtab 'em, when they were lifting the Cup to their Mouths. Upon the *Engliſh* being frequently mur-

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der'd in this Manner, they contriv'd at laſt when they were at Meals, or drinking with the *Danes*, to ſay to their next Neighbour, *Here's to you:* upon which, the other cry'd, *I'll pledge you:* Which was as much as to ſay, he wou'd be a Surety or Pledge, while the other drank; and accordingly the other would guard him while he drank. When done, the other would drink; and then he that drank before, was to ſtand his Pledge likewiſe. Nay, it came to be ſuch a Cuſtom at laſt, that when one *Engliſhman* came into the Company of ſeveral *Danes*, he wou'd ſay in taking up his Cup, to his next Neighbour, Will you pledge me, with an Emphaſis; upon the other's anſwering he would, he might drink without Fear.

After ſtaying the Winter at *Cork*, I deſign'd to embark with Captain *Clark*, on board the Ship *Gilliflower*, and accordingly we ſet out from *Cork*, *April* the 23d, 1689, for *Boſton* in *New-England*, and ſo for *Virginia*; we arriv'd at *Boſton June* the 3d, having a quick Paſſage. After having done our Buſineſs there, we ſet Sail for *Virginia*. We doubled *Cape-Cod* without any Danger: but one Night a Storm roſe, that flung us on Shore upon the Main, within ſix Leagues of *Cape Charles* where our Men were all ſav'd, but in a poor Condition. Our Ship lying upon the Sands, a Furlong from Shore, fourteen out of twenty of our Men that could ſwim, went into the Long boat, and went on board the Ship, to get ſome Neceſſaries; as ſoon as they had got what they wanted, they came towards the Shore again; but the Boat being deeply laden, could not come nigh enough to Shore to unload, ſo that they reſolv'd to go farther to ſeek for deeper Water, and bid us follow along the Shore, which we did; but they doubling a Point of Land, we loſt Sight of 'em: However, we follow'd on ſtill, when going over a little Swamp, we perceiv'd ſeveral *Indians* in a Wood on our Right Hand. Whereupon we began to be

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in a desperate Fright, but still we march'd on; when coming to the Skirt of the Wood, they let fly their Arrows at us, which kill'd one of our Companions, and wounded two more, one in the Arm, and the other in the Side of his Neck; as for my Part, I still remain'd unhurt, but had an Arrow sticking in the Sleeve of my Waistcoat. After the *Indians* had fired, they ran to us with incredible Swiftness, whereupon (having no Weapons) we kneel'd down to 'em, and implor'd their Mercy. One among 'em spoke *English* pretty well, who said, You *English* White Men, we will kill you to be reveng'd of your Brothers at *Lamestown*, who kill us many *Indians*; we will take you to our *Werowance*, (i. e. *King*,) and he will order us to burn you, where we will drink your Blood, and feed upon your Flesh. They hurry'd us along that Night at least twenty Miles up in the Country, and next Morning brought us to their Village, where was their *Werowance*, sick in his Cabin; but hearing of our coming, he rose up, and with several of his Officers (who are call'd *Cockoroofes*) came towards us. After he had examin'd the *Indians* (as we suppose) how we were taken, he order'd a great Fire to be made, and had us all ty'd to one Stake fix'd in the Earth; but we were no sooner ty'd, and the Signal given for firing the Wood about us, but we were unty'd, and brought back to the Tent, to stay, as we were inform'd, till the next Day, till more *Indians* could come to be Spectators of our Tragedy. They had stripp'd us naked, and in my Breeches Pocket had found my Box of Instruments, which they examin'd very narrowly, and ask'd which of us it belong'd to? When they were inform'd it was mine, I was immediately sent for before the *Werowance*, who ask'd me by his Interpreter, the Name and Use of every Instrument, which I inform'd him: When he came to my Lancets, and being inform'd they were to bleed, he ask'd in a great Passion, if

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I was the Murderer of the *Indians* that were taken by the *Engliſh?* But when I let him know it was to let Blood in many Diſtempers, for Eaſe for the Body, and that we were Strangers to thoſe *Engliſh* that kill'd their *Indians*, he abated of his Anger, and aſk'd me if I could ſhew how I let Blood, which I told him I could, if any one wanted it, and was not well. Whereupon the *Werowance* ſaid he was not very well; but he would have me try upon one of my Companions, before he would let me bleed him. I told his Interpreter that he ſhould tell him I would feel his Pulſe, that I might know whether it was proper to let him Blood or no; Feel his Pulſe! What's that, ſaid the Interpreter, and thought I meant ſomething elſe; whereupon I took him by the Hand, and ſhewed him what I meant. When the Interpreter had ſatisfy'd him with what I ſaid, he beckon'd me to him, and held out his Hand, which I felt, and found he was in a high Fever I told the Interpreter that he muſt be let Blood, for his Indiſpoſition was a Fever, and explain'd his Diſtemper, which he finding to agree with his Condition, ſeem'd to be mightily pleas'd; but he would have me bleed ſome other of my Companions before him. I pitch'd upon one that it would not injure, and bled him upon the Ground till he had bled enough, and then ty'd up his Arm. The *Werowance* and the reſt of the *Indians* were amaz'd to ſee him bleed ſuch a Quantity, and aſk'd me if he muſt bleed as much? I told 'em, yes, or rather more; but that I wou'd have ſomething to ſave the Blood, becauſe I could make a better Judgment of the Cauſe of his Diſtemper, whereupon they brought me a *Callibaſh*, which I ſuppos'd might hold a Quart; and upon this, I ty'd up his Arm, and let him bleed till I had taken about Sixteen Ounces from him, ſo ty'd up his Arm again. When I had done, he wanted to go into his Hammock to ſleep; but I told him he muſt not go to Reſt till Night, which he comply'd with.

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The next Day he was much better, and ſent for me again, from the Place where they had kept us waking all Night, by ſinging and dancing round us; and if any of us offer'd to ſleep, they would jogg us and hinder us. When I came to him I unbound his Arm, and he looked at the Orifice, and finding it clos'd, was more amaz'd than before; then he made his Interpreter aſk me concerning his Blood, which was corrupted; and when I told him if I had not bled him, he would ſoon have died, he got up, and made me ſit down upon a Mat which lay in his Cabbin, and told me by his Interpreter, if I would ſtay with him, he would ſave both me and my Companions, if we would fight againſt the *Whites*, and marry *Indian* Women, that ſhould be allotted us. I told him I would aſk my Companions, who rejoic'd at the Propoſals; and tho' all marry'd before, yet they made no Scruple of having another Wife. As for myſelf, (tho' not marry'd,) I did not much care for ſuch a tawny Rib, therefore told the *Werowance*, none of our Profeſſion ever marry'd; he being well ſatisfy'd with this Anſwer, ſpar'd all our Lives. For my Part I had a Houſe allotted me to myſelf, that is a Place about the Height of one Story with us, and cover'd with the Barks of Trees; the Fire Place is in the Middle of the Houſe, and all the Chimney is the Door. The Country is generally pretty even, and agrees very well with an *Engliſh* Conſtitution. I need not deſcribe the Climate, being I ſuppoſe you all know the Nature of it as well as I. All the *Indians* that ever I ſaw, were well limb'd, and near ſix Foot high.

The Marriages were made the next Day without much Ceremony, they were only join'd by their Prieſts, without any Queſtion on either Side, and ſo carry'd Home to their ſeveral Tents. All the while I was here, they were making Preparations to go againſt the *Engliſh*. One Day I was ſent for, and order'd to feel the Pulſe of the King; after I had

had done, he aſked me if I could tell any Thing of the Affairs of the *Engliſh* by feeling the Pulſe; but I told him, that was impoſſible, without I was with 'em in Perſon. Whereupon, the King aſked me if I would go to the *Engliſh*, and come to him again, and give him a true Account of 'em; but ſaid he, you muſt leave your *Sagamoré* (meaning your Box of Inſtruments) behind you. I told him I would make it my Buſineſs to inform myſelf in every Particular, but that I did not know the Way; he told me I ſhould have a *Canoe* and four *Indians* that ſhould carry me within a League of the *Engliſh*. I muſt confeſs I went with Joy and Sorrow; with Joy to leave ſuch a curſed Place, where Death threatened me every Day, with Sorrow to go without my Companions. We went into our *Canoe*, whch lay about ſix Miles from the Place where the King liv'd, but took no Proviſions with us, becauſe my *Indians* were to provide for me by catching of Fiſh, in which they are very dexterous. We went down the River that the *Indians* call'd *Kuſkarra* River, till we came to *Cheſapeack-Bay*; then we row'd in our *Canoe* paſt *Ruffet*'s Iſlands, and made towards *Cape*, or *Point-Comfort*; but coming about a League or thereabouts near the Iſland, a Boat came down the River, and upon what Account I can't tell; but they fired a Muſquet, which being heard by the *Indians*, they immediately jump'd Over-board, and ſwam back again to Shore. I was not much concern'd I muſt own, for there was no Danger of their being drowned, for moſt *Indians* ſwim like Fiſhes. I took the Paddles, and made the beſt of my Way to *Point-Comfort*, which I paſs'd, and enter'd *Powhattan* River, (being directed by my *Indians* ſo to do,) and directed my Way to *Lameſtown*, where I arriv'd very late, and was mightily rejoic'd to find my Companions all well in Health, and ready to embark the next Day for *Boſton*, in a Veſſel bound for that Place. After refreſhing myſelf, and ſelling my *Canoe*, I with

with the reſt of the Company, ſet Sail the next Day, and after various Adventures, am arriv'd where you ſee me.

Now think with yourſelf, Mr. *Falconer*, whether we need doubt the Providence of God in helping us from this Iſland? There's nothing here like the Hardſhips I have undergone, and yet have been happily freed from; and therefore you need not deſpair. Deſpair is the Frenzy of the Mind, and ought to be avoided, by having a true Notion of the Power we ſerve. Upon this I happen'd to ſmile, but was mightily check'd by Mr. *Randal*, who aſked me with a cloudy Countenance, what I ſmil'd at? I reply'd his Story might have had the ſame Effect upon ſome old Women, (if it were in Print) that the Sufferings of our Saviour had upon a Perſon in Years. What mean you by that, ſaid Mr. *Randal?* Why, I'll tell you, but I would not have you angry at it, for I really believe every thing you have ſaid to me: But a Reverend Divine once at *Stamford*, in *Lincolnſhire*, was preaching a Sermon upon Chriſt's Paſſion, where he expatiated upon the many Sufferings, and what our Saviour underwent to redeem us Mortals from the Curſe that was laid upon us: An old Woman (one of the Auditors) took the Parſon by the Sleeve as he went out of the Church, and ſaid to him, Indeed, Sir, you have made a very feeling Sermon, which has mov'd me very much, and more eſpecially to aſk you a Queſtion, or two. Say on, good Woman, ſaid the Parſon. Pray then, Sir, (ſaid ſhe) how long is it ago ſince this Matter happen'd? Almoſt ſeventeen hundred Years ago. And how far off? (added the old Gentlewoman) A great Way off, ſome three or four thouſand Miles from hence. Alack-a-day! cry'd the old Woman, I'm glad on't; Why ſo, ſaid the Parſon? Becauſe (added ſhe) 'tis ſo long ago, and ſo far off, I hope in God it is not true. As to your own Belief, (Mr. *Falconer*, ſaid he,) I leave it to yourſelf, but I don't like jeſting with Sacred Things:

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Things: The old Woman's Ignorance was Compaſſion; your Knowledge ſeems to be prophane. I have known a great many airy young Fellows that have talk'd idly on ſuch Things, to make People have an Opinion of their Wit; but yet, I believe, even in the very Time of their Utterance, their Conſcience told 'em, they were doing what was not pleaſing to God or Man. I really took Mr. *Randal*'s Way of expreſſing himſelf very kindly, and as I ought; for there appear'd ſo much Sincerity and Candour in all that he ſaid, that it would move any one that had a Senſe of Heaven or humane Nature. Therefore I begg'd his Pardon, and was heartily ſorry if I had ſaid ought that might any Ways offend him; which he freely forgave. After we had ſpent the Night in Reflection of what had paſs'd, the next Morning, we (after imploring the Aſſiſtance of the Almighty) went to work to clear the Sand from our Veſſel, which we continu'd working on for 16 Days together, reſting only on *Sunday*, which at laſt we effected. We had thrown up the Sand on each Side, down from the Veſſel, quite to the Surface of the Water when it was loweſt. Now the next Thing we had to do, was to get Poles to put under our Veſſel to launch her out, which we got from the *Burton* Wood, but with much Difficulty, being we were forc'd to cut a great many before we could get them that were fit for our Purpoſe. After we had done this, we returned God Thanks for our Succeſs hitherto, and on the Day following, reſolved (God willing) to thruſt off our Veſſel into the Water, but were prevented by Mr. *Randal*'s being taken ill of a Fever, occaſioned (as we ſuppoſe) by his great Fatigue in working to free our Ship from the Sand, wherein he ſpared no Pains for to encourage us as much by his Actions, as his Words, even beyond his Strength. The Concern we were all in upon this, occaſion'd our Delay in not getting our Veſſel out, beſides, one Hand out of five was a weakning

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ning our Strength. Mr. *Randal* never thought of his Inſtruments, till now, which he wanted to let himſelf Blood, but not feeling them about his Cloaths, we ſuppos'd they might have been overlook'd in the Veſſel; ſo I ran immediately to ſee if I could find them, and getting up the Side, my very Weight pull'd her down to the Sand, which had certainly bruis'd me to Death, if I had not by the Appointment of divine Providence ſunk into the Hollow that we had made by throwing the Sand from the Ship. I crept out in a great Fright, and ran to my Companions, who with much ado got her upright, and afterwards we fix'd ſome ſpare Oars on each Side to keep her up from falling again: For the Pieces of Wood that were plac'd under her, were greas'd to facilitate her ſlipping into the Water, and we had digg'd the Sand ſo entirely from her, that ſhe reſted only on 'em, which occaſion'd her leaning to one Side with my Weight only, which had not happen'd, I believe, if I had endeavour'd to have got on board on the other Side, which was higheſt, but chuſing the loweſt for my more eaſy Entrance, was the Cauſe of the Accident that happened to me. When we were enter'd into the Veſſel, and found our Endeavours to find the Box of Inſtruments fruitleſs, we were all mightily concerned, for we verily believed that bleeding would have cured him; nay, even he himſelf ſaid, that if he could be let Blood, he was certain his Fever would abate, and he ſhould be eaſier: yet to ſee with what a perfect Reſignation he ſubmitted to the Will of Heaven, it would have inſpired one with a true Knowledge of the Being good Men enjoy after a Diſſolution after this painful Life. He was ſtill worſe and worſe; but yet ſo patient in his Sufferings, that perfectly amaz'd us all. He continued in this Manner a whole Week, without taſting any Thing but Water-gruel ill made, for what little Oatmeal we had, was ſower. When we ſaw by the Courſe of Nature, it was impoſſible

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he ſhould laſt long, we all were very much griev'd; as for my own Part, I could not forbear ſhedding Tears, for I had taken ſuch an Affection to him, that almoſt equall'd a Child's Love to a Parent. He ſeeing me weep, call'd me with a faint Voice towards him; and when I was near him, he made me ſit down by him. After ſeveral kind Expreſſions, which made my Tears flow more plentifully, he ſaid to me, Mr. *Falconer*, if you grieve for me, dry your Tears, I deſire nothing but your Prayers. I am going to pay a Debt incumbent on me by Nature, and a Debt that muſt be paid, which was contracted at my Birth, and Death will not admit of any Evaſion; all Mortals owe the ſame Acknowledgment, but ſome ſquander away that Subſtance which ſhould be freely paid when call'd for. How happy are they that provide againſt ſuch a Creditor, that may come at any Hour of Day or Night, and lawfully demand his Due? Here is no Shuffling, as in worldly Matters, no putting off the important Viſitor; therefore as we are ſure he will call upon us, 'tis good to be always provided againſt the Time. How happy are honeſt Minds, when they have provided to ſatisfy their worldly Creditors; they then live in a Contentment of Mind, peculiar to an honeſt Heart: But what muſt be ſaid for the laſt Debt, upon which depends the Welfare of the Soul, our doing well or ill hereafter, is it not of the utmoſt Importance? Therefore as I am endeavouring to pay that Debt, whoſe utmoſt Limit will ſoon expire, help me by your Prayers to finiſh what I hope I have well begun, and, as a Friend's Advice, prepare to make up your Accounts to Heaven; for you know not how ſoon they may be call'd for; beſides you will have one leſs to eat of the Proviſion that is left. After this, being tir'd with ſpeaking ſo much together, he turn'd to reſt himſelf; but his Fever was ſo violent, he could take no Eaſe in Body, tho' tranquil in Mind. So finding we could not expect his Life,

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Life, we pray'd for a ſpeedy and a painleſs Releaſe from it. After this we gave him ſome Water (which he often begg'd for in vain) to cool his Mouth. When he had drank it, he ſaid he found himſelf a little eaſier, and the Pain and Burning ſomething abated, which we took as a Lightning before Death, or as the Spirits collected together to make their laſt fruitleſs Effort.

When he found himſelf juſt upon the Point of expiring, he made this ſhort Prayer, which was ſo imprinted in my Memory, that I ſhall never forget it: O Almighty Creator of Heaven and Earth, whoſe All-ſeeing Eye looks into the inmoſt Corner of the Heart! Pardon my Offences, which I heartily repent of, and rely upon the infinite Grace of thy wonted Mercy to abſolve me of all my paſt Crimes, through the Merits of my Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. Then lifting up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven expired, with the Happineſs of continuing in his right Senſes in ſuch a Fever, which is almoſt always attended with a Frenzy.

After our Sorrow for his Death was ſomething abated, we conſulted how to bury him. Mr. *Middleton* and Mr. *Muſgrave* were for ſewing him in his Hammock, and throwing him into the Sea; but Mr. *White* and myſelf were for burying him on the Land, which they agreed to; ſo we digg'd the Hole, which I deſign'd for my Well, ſeven Foot long, and ſeven deep, and return'd him to Earth, from whence he came. Upon the Bark of the Tree that ſhaded his Grave, I wrote this Epitaph.

'Under this Tree lies the Body of *Thomas Randal*, Gent. born in the City of *Cork*, *Anno Domini* 1641. who was thrown aſhore with *Richard White*, *William Muſgrave*, and *Ralph Middleton*, both of *Jamaica*, to the Conſolation of *Richard Falconer* of *Bruton* in *Somerſetſhire*, who was unfortunately caſt on Shore before them on the 18th of *September* 1699, yet received from their Converſation a Mi-

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'tigation of his own Misfortune. Whoſe Chance 'it is ever to read theſe Lines, pay a Tear to the 'Memory of *Thomas Randal*, and endeavour to 'make as good an End as he did, who died a na-'tural Death, on *Friday*, *December* the 21ſt, 1699, 'in his perfect Mind, and a true Notion of the Power 'of God to pardon all his Faults, whoſe Failings 'were corrected by a ſincere Penitence, dying every 'Day he lived.'

This took me up a whole Tree. Mr. *Randal* made no Will; yet I claimed his Dog, being the Whelp of the Bitch he found upon the Rock, which he was thrown upon in the *Baltick*, the Bitch being dead ſome Years before. We were forced to tie him up after we had buried Mr. *Randal*, for with his Feet he would ſcrape Holes in the Grave two Foot deep, and howl prodigiouſly.

After this we prepar'd once more to launch our Veſſel; but firſt we put on board what Proviſion we had left, and all the Things that we took from thence. Mr. *Randal*'s Death gave me (with the others Permiſſion) a Title to a Bed, which I wanted before. So that I took up the Cabin which was allotted me, and laid on board every Night. And now we bent our Thoughts entirely on our Veſſel, and on *Monday* the 31ſt of *December* launch'd her out into the Sea, and deſign'd to ſet Sail the next Day. After we had fix'd her faſt with two Anchors, and a Halſer on Shore, we went on board to dine and make ourſelves merry, which we did very heartily, and to add to our Mirth, we made a large Cann of Punch, which we never attempted to do before, being we had but one Bottle of Lime-Juice in all, and was what (indeed) we deſign'd for this Occaſion; in ſhort the Punch ran down ſo merrily, that we were all in a drunken Condition; but when it was all gone, we reſolved to go to Reſt: But all I could do, could not perſwade 'em to lie on board that Night in their Cabins, (yet without a Bed;) but they would venture,

venture, tho' they were oblig'd to ſwim a hundred Yards before they could wade to Shore; but however they got ſafe, which I knew by their hallowing and rejoycing.

Having brought my Bed on board, I went to Reſt very contentedly, which I did till next Morning: But oh! Horror! when I had dreſs'd myſelf, and going on Deck, to call my Companions to come on board to dine, which was intended over Night, and afterwards to go on Shore, and bring our Sails and Yards on board, and make to Sea as faſt as we could, I could not ſee any Land, which ſo overcame me on the ſudden, that I ſunk down on the Deck, without Senſe or Motion: How long I continu'd ſo I can't tell, but I awak'd full of the Senſe of my lamentable Condition, and ten thouſand Times (ſpight of my Reſolution to forbear) curs'd my unhappy Stars, that had brought me to that deplorable State. O Wretch that I am! what will my unhappy Fate do with me, is any one's Condition equal to mine? (I would cry.) But 'tis a juſt Puniſhment, in not rendering to GOD the Tribute due for his Mercies, that we had hitherto known. Inſtead of coming on board to be Frolickſome and Merry, we ſhould have given Thanks to him, that gave us the Bleſſing of thinking we were no longer ſubject to ſuch Hardſhips, that we might probably have undergone, if we had been detain'd longer on that Iſland. If poor Mr. *Randal* had remain'd among us, this Misfortune had not happened. He by his wiſe and prudent Care and Conduct, would have prevented this unlucky Accident. What muſt my poor Companions think that are left in a more miſerable Condition than myſelf, if it be poſſible. I have no Compaſs, neither am I of myſelf capable of ruling the Veſſel in a Calm, much leſs if there ſhould a Storm happen, which are too frequent in this Climate.

After I had vented my Grief in a Torrent of Words and Tears, I began to think how the Veſſel ſhould

ſhould have gone to Sea without my Knowledge; and by Remembrance of the Matter the Night before, found by our Eagernefs and fatal Careleſſneſs, we had forgot to faſten our Cables to the Geers, and pulling up the Halſer that we had faſten'd to one of the *Burton* Trees on Shore, perceiv'd that the Force of the Veſſel had pull'd the Tree out of the Earth. Then I too late found that a Hurricane had roſe when I was found aſleep, and ſtupify'd by too much Liquor, and carry'd off the Veſſel. This Reflection wounded me deeper than before, which I follow'd with Curſes on that Liquor that ſteals away our Senſes, and makes worſe than Beaſts of humane Creatures.

Now I began to call upon him that hears us in the Time of Trouble; even when the Wind blows loudeſt, whoſe Nod can ſhake the Frame of Earth from off its Baſis; and with a Heart ſincere, and vicious Thoughts corrected, I ſent my Soul in Penitential Words and Tears before his Throne of Mercy, imploring a ſpeedy Ending of my Life or Troubles; when I began to be ſomething better contented in my Mind, and thought of ſuſtaining Nature, almoſt ſpent with the Fatigue and Grieving; one great Comfort I had of my Side, which my poor (former) wretched Companions wanted, that was Proviſion in Plenty, and freſh Water; ſo that when I began to conſider coolly, I found I had not that Cauſe to complain which they had, who were left on a barren Iſland, without any other Proviſion than that very ſame Diet which I was forced to take up with, when firſt thrown on Shore; that is, the *Boobies*, whoſe Numbers were mightily diminiſh'd, before we deſign'd to leave the Iſland.

What made me moſt uneaſy, was to think what my Companions could judge of me, whether they ſhould take it for Deſign or Chance; but then I ſtill'd that Thought, by knowing they muſt needs ſee that the Tree was forc'd away with Violence

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beyond the Strength of Man. Beſide, I had another ſmall Comfort, that was the Company of my Dog, which lay on board with me, which I us'd to talk to as if he were a rational Creature; and the poor Beaſt would ſtand and ſtare me in the Face, as if he were ſenſible of what I ſaid to him. It was a very handſome Creature of the *Daniſh* Kind, but very good natured, and would often go to the Cabbin where I lay, which was that of his old Maſter's, and whine mightily.

I remain'd toſs'd upon the Sea for a Fortnight without diſcovering Land; for the Weather continued very calm, but yet ſo hazy that I could not perceive the Sun for ſeveral Days. One Day ſearching for ſome Linnen that I had dropt under the Sacking of my Bed, (for I did not lye in a Hammock) I found an old Glove with 75 Pieces of Eight in it, which I took and ſew'd in the Waſt Band of my Breeches, for fear I ſhould want it ſome Time or other. I made no Scruple of taking it, for I was well aſſured it did belong to poor Mr. *Randal*. Beſide, I had heard the other People ſay, that they were ſure he had Money ſomewhere; and after his Death we ſearch'd for it, but could not find any.

January the 20th I diſcover'd a Sail to Leeward of me, but ſhe bore away ſo faſt, that there was not any Hope of Succour from her, and I had not any Thing to diſtinguiſh me; and I ſuppos'd, tho' I could ſee them, yet they could not ſee me by Reaſon of my want of Sail, which would have made me the more conſpicuous. The next Day I diſcovered Land, about ſix Leagues to the *S. W.* of me, which I obſerv'd my Veſſel did not come nigh, but coaſted along Shore; but I was well aſſured it was the Province of *Jucatan* belonging to the *Spaniards*, and was the Place we came from. Now all my Fear was that I ſhould fall into their Hands, who would make me do the Work of a Slave, but even that I thought

thought was better than to live in continual Fear of Storms and Tempeſts, or Shipwreck.

I coaſted along in this Maanner for two or three Days, and at laſt diſcover'd Land right a head, which I was very glad of; but yet mix'd with ſome Fear, in not knowing what Treatment I ſhould have. I began now to think of ſome Evaſion, and not to tell 'em the Truth of belonging to the *Log-wood* Veſſel, but reſolv'd to tell 'em that we were taken by a *French* Privateer, and after being rummag'd were turn'd off as uſeleſs.

January the 30th, I made the Bay and Town of *Franciſco di Campeche*, as it prov'd afterwards, and was almoſt upon it before I was met by any Thing of a Ship, or a Boat; but at laſt two Canoes came on board with one *Spaniard* and ſix *Indians*, who were much ſurpriz'd when they underſtood my Condition by ſpeaking broken *French*, which the *Spaniard* underſtood. They immediately carry'd me on Shore, and from thence to the Governor, who was at Dinner; they would have had me ſtaid till he had din'd; but he hearing of me, commanded me to come in where he was at Dinner, with ſeveral Gentlemen, and two Ladies; and tho' 'tis very rare any one ſees the Women, yet they did not offer to veil themſelves. I was ordered to ſit down by myſelf at a little Table placed for that Purpoſe, where I had ſent me of what compoſed their Dinner, which was ſome Fiſh, and Fowls, and excellent Wine of ſeveral Sorts.

The chief Town of the Province of *Jucatan*, lies twelve Leagues from the Sea on either Side, which is a Biſhop's See, and the Reſidence of the Governor of this Province. *Valladolul* is the ſecond City; and *Campeche* the third; yet tho' but the third reckon'd, it far exceeds the reſt, for Riches and Magnificence. It is a well ſituated neat built Town, and by Computation contains near two thouſand Houſes. It is well fortified both by Art and Nature. By the former in a ſtrong well built neat

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Caſtle, that contains a hundred Braſs Cannon and ſeveral Mortars; and the latter by a Ridge of Hills, that runs all along the Side of the City. There is in the Caſtle, a very neat Piazza, conſiſting of about thirty high Arches. This Town has the chiefeſt Trade; for from this Place, the other Cities and Towns are furniſhed with all Neceſſaries that come from the *Havanna* and other Places in *America*; and likewiſe from *Old Spain*. Yet for all their Power, Riches and Strength, Capt. *Parker*, an *Engliſhman*, with one Ship, and a ſmall Bark, and whoſe whole Crew contain'd but a Hundred and Forty Men, landed in the Middle of the Day, and in Spite of all their Forces, which were two hundred Horſe, and five hundred Foot, took the Place, with the Governor and ſeveral other Perſons of Quality, together with a rich Ship laden with Ingots and ſeveral other valuable Ladings, before they knew of the City's being taken. This Province of *Jucatan* contains in Compaſs nine hundred Miles, and is ſituated between eighteen and twenty Degrees Northern Latitude. The Air is very hot, and not altogether ſo wholeſome as ſome other Parts of *America* are. The Diſtempers that reign here, are moſtly Fluxes and Fevers, which carry off Abundance of new Comers. This Province was firſt diſcover'd by *Ferdinando Cortez*, among his Conqueſts of *New Spain*; and tho' not altogether ſo fruitful, yet by the Induſtry of the Inhabitants, 'tis as rich as any of the other Provinces of *New-Spain*; for they are moſt either Merchants or Tradeſmen: And it is the vulgar Opinion, that theſe People are more hard and barbarous than any other Part of the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*; yet, for my own Part, I receiv d more Civility from them than if I had been among my own Friends in *England*.

There is a Tradition here among the Inhabitants, that they us'd a Ceremony much like our Baptiſm, and which had in their Language, the Term of Regenera-

Regeneration, or Second Birth, which they thought to be the Seed or Groundwork of all good and juſt Things; and after being initiated, they were certain it was not in the Power of the Evil Spirit to hurt 'em in Body or Goods: Neither were they permitted to marry, without firſt taking that Order upon 'em, which they uſed to diſtinguiſh by an *Oſtridge*'s Feather, larger and longer than any other they uſed to wear for Ornaments upon their Heads.

They have another Tradition, that this Province of *Jucatan* was firſt inhabited, and cultivated by a white-bearded People, that came from the Eaſt; after being toſs'd many Moons upon the Sea, and ſuffering many Hardſhips for want of Food and freſh Water, and other Neceſſaries; yet reliev'd from Want and their Enemies through the Power of the Deity they worſhipp'd, who even commanded the Sun to ſhine, or not ſhine; who made it rain, or dry Weather; who could heal Sickneſs, or ſend Diſtempers; in ſhort, a God that kept all the other petty Deities in Awe.

This Story, if true, ſeems to confirm an old Tradition of our *Welch* Chronicles, that tell us of one *Madoc ap Owen*, Son to *Guineth*, a Prince of that Country, who was drove, by ſome Diſguſt, from his own Country, with ſeveral Companions; who, after various Adventures at Sea, were driven on an unknown Land to the Weſt, many hundred Leagues, where they had Communication in a friendly Manner with the *Indians*, and made a Settlement. Whereupon *Madoc ap Owen* return'd for *Britain* again, and got to the Number of Two thouſand Men and Women, beſides Children, which mix'd with the Natives, and left among 'em ſeveral of their Opinions and Manners, which they retain'd till the laſt, when *Cortez* ſubdu'd 'em; but now, by the Cruelty of the *Spaniards*, the Natives are almoſt extinguiſhed.

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After they had feasted me for two or three Days, they sent me about with several Officers appointed by the Governor, to make a Gathering, which we did with Success; for in three Days we had got seven hundred and odd Pieces of Eight: And two Merchants there were at the Charge of fitting up my Bark, in order to send it for my poor Companions. When it was finish'd, they gave me several Necessaries for myself and Companions, to hearten us up, as some Bottles of fine Wines; two Bottles of Citron Water, for a Cordial; Chocolate, and several other useful Things: But the Difficulty was to get Seamen to go with me: At last they remembered they had five *Englishmen* that were Prisoners there, and taken in the Bay of *Campeche*, upon Suspicion of Piracy, but nothing could be prov'd against 'em; which they freed without any Ransom: This did not look like Barbarity or Ill Nature; for I receiv'd as much Humanity among 'em, as could be expected from any of the most civiliz'd Nations: But they have a greater Kindness for the *English*, than they have for their Neighbours the *French*, being the *English* are more open and generous (they say) and don't use Stratagems to deceive 'em, as the *French* do frequently; tho' they only pay 'em in their own Coin, for there is no Nation under the Sun more fruitful than the *Spaniards* in Plottings and Ambuscades (as they call 'em) to deceive their Enemies; which yet they think lawful.

On *February* the 15th, 1700, we set Sail from *Campeche* Bay, after paying my Acknowledgment to the generous Governor, *&c.* but having nothing to present him with worth Acceptance, but my *Ovid*, I gave him that, which he took very kindly, and said he would prize it mightily, not only in the Esteem he had for that Author, but in Remembrance of me and my Misfortunes.

We ply'd it to Windward very briskly, and in fifteen Days discover'd the Isles of the *Alcrans*; but we

we durſt not go in within the Shoals, becauſe we were all ignorant of the Channel. So we caſt Anchor, and hoiſted out our Boat, with two Men and myſelf, and made to Shore, where we found my three Companions, but in a miſerable Condition, and Mr. *Muſgrave* ſo faint and weak, that they expected he could not live long.

When they awak'd the next Day, after I was drove off in the Dark, they were all in Deſpair, to find the Veſſel gone, which they perceiv'd was occaſion'd by a Hurricane, that they were aſſured was violent, becauſe it had blown down their Tent, tho' without awaking 'em. But when they began to conſider they had no Food, nor but very little freſh Water, which was left in a Barrel without a Head in the Tent, their Deſpair increas'd; but as no Paſſion can laſt long that's violent, it wore off with their Care for Suſtenance, which they diligently ſearch'd for; but not finding any Quantity of Eggs, or *Boobies*, the dreadful Fear of Starving came into their Minds, with all its horrid Attendants. Now they imagin'd that all that happen'd to 'em, was, as I had thought, a Judgment of Divine Providence for the vile Sin of Drunkenneſs, when they ſhould have rather implor'd Heav'n's Aſſiſtance, in furthering 'em in their Delivery from the Place where they were.

They had now been five Days without Eating or Drinking, not for want of Stomachs, but Food, which they endeavour'd to get, but all to no Purpoſe; for the *Boobies* were retir'd, either out of Fear, or Cuſtom, to ſome other Place. Neither could they find one Egg more, and Weakneſs came ſo faſt upon 'em, with Hunger and Drought, that they were hardly able to crawl; ſo they thought of nothing but dying; when at laſt they remember'd the Body of good Mr. *Randal*, that had been buried a Week, which they dug up, without being putrify'd; and that poor Wretch that help'd to ſupport our Misfortunes when

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alive with his ſage Advice, now was a Means of preſerving their Lives, tho' dead. They had by good Fortune left 'em a Tinder Box in the Tent, (we having two) with which they ſtruck a Light, and made a Fire, then cut off ſeveral Pieces of Fleſh of the Brawn of his Arms and Thighs, broil'd 'em on the Coals, tho' with a great deal of Reluctance; which was the Means of keeping Life and Soul together, till we came to relieve them from that deplorable Condition. Mr. *Muſgrave* we brought to a little Life and Strength, by giving him ſome Citron Water in ſmall Quantities. When I ſaw the Carcaſe of my poor good Monitor lie for Food for humane Creatures, my Horror at the Sight overcame my Reaſon, and I believe I ſaid Things ſhocking enough; however, when I had calmly conſidered their Condition, I was very ſorry for what I had ſaid, and begg'd their Pardon. After we had refreſhed ourſelves, we once more laid him in the Earth, having ſew'd his poor Bones in one of the Hammocks.

I muſt confeſs, I never think of that good Man, but Tears come into my Eyes, and Melancholy clouds all my Thoughts: For he was one whoſe Character came up to all we could deſire in frail Man. Honeſt, without Intereſt; Friendly, without Deſign; Religious, attended with Reaſon, and not ſwadled up ſo tight as to make it deform'd: Pleaſant in Converſation, Courteous to All, Hating nothing but Vice; Gentle in Reproving; Bold in all Dangers, in being arm'd with an Innocence, that inſpir'd him with Succeſs: In ſhort, he was a Miracle of a Man, when we conſider his Life had been always at Sea, among a Crew prone to all Manner of Vices, and where it was not poſſible to find a Pattern to follow of any Goodneſs.

He was a ſingle Man, or rather indeed, a Batchelor; for he had often told me, he cou'd not bear to marry a Woman, to put her into Frights and Fears when the Wind blew hard, as every good Wife muſt

muſt certainly be concern'd for the Danger of her Huſband. Beſides, as it was his Fortune to lead a Seafaring Life, he cou'd not think of Marrying, to be abſent from his other ſelf ſo long, (as he term'd it) not but if he had had a ſufficient Competency, he ſaid, he believ'd he ſhould have enter'd into the Marriage State in the latter Part of Life, that he might have ſettled his Mind, and free from the Hazard and Turmoils of the Sea, ſlipp'd into his Shrowd with Content, among his Friends and Acquaintance at Home.

He was an excellent Sailor, and knew moſt Parts of the World perfectly well; underſtood *French* and *Spaniſh*, and ſeem'd to have a pretty good Knowledge in the *Latin* Tongue. His Journals were moſtly taken in Short-Hand: But he had one ſmall Manuſcript, containing about twenty Leaves, *Spaniſh* on the one Side, and *Engliſh* on the other, all in his own Hand; which I ſuppoſe he had tranſlated for his Diverſion, and to paſs away his Leiſure Hours. It was a Treatiſe of Herbs and Flowers, with other Rarities, to be found in the *Weſt-Indies*: On the Flat of his Book, he had writ in a large Hand theſe Words: *This Manuſcript, in* Spaniſh, *I have Tranſcrib'd from the Original of the Reverend Father* Pedro di Riberia, *of the Order of* Jeſus, *when I was Pilot in* Mexico. *The Tranſlation I have made at my Leiſure Hours; and the Cures by the Simples,* &c. *mention'd in the ſaid Book, I have been an Eye-Witneſs to many of, and ſome were practis'd on myſelf.*

We now were got on board once again, in order to ſail as ſoon as the Wind would riſe, it being ſtark Calm, and continued ſo two Days; but at laſt it blew a little, and we weigh'd Anchor, and ſtood out to Sea; but made but little Way. I now was Maſter, or Captain of a Ship, and began to take upon me; we were in all nine Men, all *Engliſh*; that is, myſelf firſt, *Richard White*, *W. Muſgrave*,

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and *Ralph Middleton*, my old Companions; *John Stone*, *W. Keatir*, *Francis Hood*, *W. Warren*, and *Joseph Meadows* (all of *England*) the five Men given me by Don *Antonio*; who, as I said before, were taken on Suspicion of Piracy; whereupon a Thought came into my Head, that had escap'd me before: I consider'd if these were really Pirates, being five to four, they might be too powerful for us, and perhaps murder us. *Franc. Hood* we had made our Cook, to dress our Provision, which he understood a little. One Day we all dined together upon Deck, under our Awning, it being very calm Weather; an *Awning* is only a Sail fix'd at the Quarter-Deck, and carry'd over the *Booms* (that is, spare Masts that lie along from Quarter to Forecastle) to the Forecastle, to keep the Sun from our Heads: In Men of War, and great Ships, they have one made of several Kinds of handsome Stuff, for the Officers on the Quarter Deck; besides another on the Main-Deck, for the common Sailors. One Day, as I said before, being at Dinner, for we all eat together, I ask'd the five Men what was the Reason they were taken by the *Spaniards* for Pirates? Upon this they seem'd Nonplus'd, but *Warren* soon recover'd himself, as well as the rest, and spake for the others, in this Manner: We embark'd on board the Ship *Bonaventure*, in the *Thames*, bound for *Jamaica*, where we made a prosperous Voyage; but after taking in our Lading, in our way Home, we were overtaken by a Storm, in which our Ship was lost, and all the Men perish'd but myself and four Companions, who were sav'd in the Long-Boat: But the Reason we were taken for Pirates was, that making to Shore to save ourselves, we saw a Bark riding at Anchor, without the Port of *Campeche*, which we made to, in order to enquire whereabouts we were, and to beg some provisions, our own being gone, and entring the Vessel, found but two People in it; the third, jumping

ing into the Water, ſwam on Shore, and brought three Boats fill'd with *Spaniſh* Soldiers, which enter'd the Veſſel before we could make off. Make off! ſaid I, what did you deſign to run away with the Veſſel? No; anſwer'd *Warren*, with ſome Confuſion, but we did deſign to weigh Anchor, and go farther in Shore, that we might land in the Morning, (it being late at Night:) But we were prevented by their coming on board us, where we were found, being arm'd, which we had taken Care of, when we were in our Boat, to defend ourſelves, if we were obliged to land among the *Savages*: And indeed they had their Arms reſtor'd them, when they were freed and ſent on board with me.

I muſt confeſs, I did not like the Fellow being Nonplus'd now and then, in not knowing what to ſay; but upon Conſideration, thought it might be for want of Words to expreſs himſelf better, which is the Occaſion very often of People of common Underſtanding Stammering, and Humming, and Hawing, to put their Words in better Order; ſo for that Time I took no more Notice, not weighing it in my Mind: But in the Evening Mr. *Middleton* came to me, with a Face of Concern, and told me he did not like theſe Fellows Tale. Why ſo? ſaid I; Becauſe I obſerve they herd together, anſwer'd he, and are always Whiſpering, and Speaking low to one another. Oh! ſaid I, there cannot be any Danger in 'em; for if they had any Inclination to run away with our Veſſel, they might have done it when they were five to one, before we took you in. I know not, reply'd *Middleton*, I have a Heart forebodes ſomething. Pſhaw, old Womens Fears; (ſaid I) for, as I ſaid before, they would have done it when they had more Power, before I landed on *Deſpair Iſland*, (as I call'd it) if they had any ſuch Intentions. There is a Providence that rules o'er all our Actions, (anſwer'd *Middleton*) that we can no more

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ſee into, than the Book of Fate; but if a foreboding Heart may ſpeak, I am ſure ſomething we ſhall ſuffer from theſe Fellows, that will be of Danger to us. If ſo, reply'd I, there's no reſiſting the Will of Providence; for what will come, will come, and there's no Fending againſt it: But, added he, this ſeems ſomething like Foreknowledge; and to reſiſt againſt that, ſeems like ſtruggling againſt the Will of Heav'n, that warns us by theſe Forebodings to prevent theſe Accidents of Life. I believe GOD, purſu'd he, has fix'd a Period to our Breath; but Accidents that happen in this Pilgrimage of Life, may be avoided by a timely Notice: As we are all Partakers of Free Will, and from that, forming our own Happineſs, or Miſery, it cannot be ſaid but that the Actions of Life may be regulated by that Free Will. Our Maker never form'd a Villain! Neither do their external Parts differ from a virtuous Man's; if they did, they were to be eaſily avoided: But as an old Poet ſays, *There's no Art to find the Mind's Conſtruction in the Face.*

Upon this Diſcourſe, I began to ſtagger in my Opinion of their Honeſty, and therefore we reſolv'd to ſtand upon our Guard. We took no Notice of our Conference then to our two other Companions, but reſolv'd to ſtay till Night, we having a better Opportunity, being we lay together in the Cabbin Aft; (which is as much as to ſay in the Stern, or behind) when we were to go to Supper, we call'd one another to come, but five of the Sailors excus'd themſelves, by ſaying, they had din'd ſo lately, that they had no Stomach as yet; whereupon we had an Opportunity ſooner to converſe together than we deſign'd. For being at Supper, we open'd the Matter to our other two Companions, and they agreed immediately that we were in ſome Danger; ſo we reſolv'd in the Middle Watch of the Night, to ſeize 'em in their Sleep. We were to have the firſt Watch, which we ſet at Eight of the Clock; then

then they were to watch till Twelve; and then in their third Watch, between One and Two, we had concluded to ſeize upon them as they ſlept; that is, four of 'em, for one of them watch'd with us, which was *Franc. Hood*, the Cook; whom we agreed to ſeize and bind faſt, towards the latter End of the Watch, and to threaten him with Death if he offer'd to make the leaſt Noiſe.

As ſoon as ever our firſt Watch was ſet, we ſent Mr. *Muſgrave* to prepare our Arms; in about Half an Hour, or thereabouts, *Warren* call'd to *Hood* upon Deck, (they lying below) to get him a little Water for he was bloody dry, he ſaid: Whereupon the other went down immediately with ſome Water in a Cann to him. As ſoon as he was gone down, I had the Curioſity to draw as near the Scuttle as I could to hear the Diſcourſe. Now you muſt know *Hood*, our Cook, had been employ'd that Day about ſearching our Proviſions, our Beef Caſks, and Pork, to ſee what Quantity we had, that we might know how long it would laſt; ſo that the others had not an Opportunity to diſcloſe the Deſign to him. As ſoon as he was got down, I cou'd hear *Will. Warren* ſay to him, G—d D——n ye, *Franc*, we had like to have been ſmoak'd to Day; and tho' we had contriv'd the Story that I told 'em, yet I was a little ſurpriz'd at their aſking me, becauſe then I did not expect it; but we deſign to be even with 'em in a very little Time: For, hark ye, ſaid he, and ſpoke ſo low that I could not hear him; upon which, the other ſaid there's no Difficulty in the Matter; but we need not be in ſuch Haſte, for you know, as we ply it to Windward, a Day or two can break no Squares, and we can ſoon (after the effecting our Deſign) bear down to Leeward to our Comrades that we left on Shore; for I fancy, added he, that they have ſome ſmall Suſpicion of you now, (which in Time will ſleep) and may be on their Guard; therefore 'tis better to wait a Day

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or two: No, G—d Z——ds, we'll do it to Night, when they are asleep, reply'd *Warren*; whereupon there were many Arguments, *Pro* and *Con*; (as I fancy'd) but they spoke so low, that I cou'd only hear a G—d D——n ye, now and then, and something of that Kind.

A little while after, *Hood* came up again, and after walking up and down, and fixing his Eyes often upon me, who in the mean Time was provided with a Couple of Pistols under my Watch-Coat, and indeed were their own, that we hung up ready charg'd in our Cabbin; which was one Reason of their Design to attack us in our Sleep, being they had no Arms till they cou'd seize on 'em where they hung; or else they were such desperate Fellows, they wou'd have done it in the open Day. *Hood*, as I said before, seem'd to fix his Eyes frequently upon me, for till now I never watch'd in the Night; at last, said he very softly, if you please, Mr. *Falconer*, I have a Word or two to say to you, that much concerns you All. What is it? said I. Why, answer'd he, I wou'd have the rest of your Companions Ear Witnesses too; with that I call'd 'em together; but, said he, let's retire as far from the Scuttle as we can, that we may not be heard by any below Deck; so we went into the Cabbin, and open'd the Scuttle above, that Mr. *Musgrave*, who steer'd, might hear what was said. When we were sat downupon the Floor, Mr. *Hood* began as follows: My four Companions below have a wicked Design upon you; that is, to seize you, and put you into the Boat, and run away with your Vessel: But I, thinking it an inhumane Action, not only to any one, but to you in particular, that have been the Means of their Freedom; therefore, I hope, appointed by Providence, I come to let you know it, that we may think of some Means to prevent it. Upon this (finding his Sincerity) I told him that we were provided against it already; and with the Consent of my Companions,

panions, told him our Design of seizing 'em in the third Watch; but, said he, they intend to put their Project in Practice, their next Watch; therefore I think 'twill be more proper for us to counter-plot 'em, and seize 'em this; but as they have no Arms, said I, and we have, we need not fear 'em.

We had several Debates about this, which took up too much Time to our Sorrow; for *Warren* mistrusting *Hood*, it seems, got up and listen'd, and when he found that we retir'd all of us to the Cabbin, he got upon Deck, and stealing softly, came so close, that he over heard every thing we said; which as soon as he understood, he went immediately to his Companions, who waited impatiently, (as they told us afterwards) and let 'em know all our Discourse; whereupon, without pausing, they resolv'd to attack us immediately, in the midst of our Consultation; which was no sooner resolv'd upon, but done: For we were immediately surpriz'd with their seizing us, which they did with that Quickness, and so unperceivably, that we were all confounded and amaz'd; they had whipp'd off two Pistols in our Consternation, which they clapp'd to our Breasts. In this Confusion, I had forgot mine that were at my Girdle, (or else we might have been hard enough for 'em;) neither did I remember 'em till they found 'em about me. They had shut the Cabbin Door on the Inside, till they had bound us, and never minded Mr. *Musgrave* knocking and making a Noise, till they had secur'd us. Which done, they open'd the Door, and seiz'd him, who came to know what the Matter was, for we had no Candle in the Cabbin, and he hearing a Noise amongst us, thought we were seizing *Hood*, and call'd to us to forbear, (as he said afterwards) and make Haste, for he was going to tack about, tho' we did not hear him; on which he clapp'd the Helm a Lee, and came down to fetch us out, to haul off the Sheets, *&c.* and was seiz'd, and bound with us; for they left us immediately,

diately, being the Sails flutter'd in the Wind, by Reaſon ſhe was veering round, when the Helm was a Lee.

After they had fix'd the Veſſel, and it was broad Day, they came and unbound our Legs, and gave us Leave to walk upon Deck; whereupon I began to expoſtulate with 'em, particularly Mr. *Warren*, being he ſeem'd to have a Sort of Command over the others. Pray, ſaid I to him, for what Reaſon have you ſeiz'd upon us, and bound us in this Manner? Have we done you any Injury? Why, ſaid he, Self-Preſervation; I found you were a going to do the like by us, therefore you are but ſerv'd in your Kind. And what do you deſign to do with us now you have your Deſire? Do with you! Why, by and by we deſign to put you in the Boat, and turn you a-drift; but for that Son of a B—ch, *Hood*, we'll murder him without Mercy; a Dog, to betray us! How, betray you! reply'd I? Yes! For I overheard All; then related the Manner of it, as mention'd above. But as you have not ſo much injur'd us, we'll put you immediately in the Boat with a Week's Proviſion, and a ſmall Sail, and you ſhall ſeek your Fortune, as I ſuppoſe you wou'd have done by us. No, anſwer'd I, we only deſign'd to confine you till we came to *Jamaica*, and there to have given you your Liberty to go where you had thought fit. Ay, ay, ſaid *Warren*, ſhaking his Head, that is eaſily ſaid, nor are we bound to believe you. Why, 'tis plain, ſaid I, that our conſulting to ſeize you, was but to prevent what has happen'd. We are not to enquire into the Matter, anſwer'd *Warren*, and now we have you in our Power, we'll do as we think fit. Why then, ſaid I, put us aſhore at any Land that belongs to the *Engliſh*, and we ſhall think you have not done us any Injury. No, ſaid he, we muſt go to meet our Captain and fifty Men upon the Main Land of *Jucatan*, where our Veſſel was ſtranded not to be gotten off. Our

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firſt Deſign when we were taken in our Boat, was to get us a Veſſel to go a *Buccaneering*, which we had done at *Campeche*, if it had not been for the *Indian* that ſwam on Shore unknown to us, and brought Succours too ſoon; which we cou'd not avoid, the Sea Breeze blowing very ſtrong all Night; ſo we ſeeing our Danger, were forc'd to form the Lie we told the Governour, which had ſome Appearance of Truth, for we did not uſe any Violence to the two old *Spaniards*, being by good Words we thought to make 'em aſſiſting to work our Bark back again to our Men. Now, purſu'd he, if you will all reſolve to go a *Buccaneering* with us, we'll venture to carry you to our Captain and Men; if not, we'll do as we have propos'd. We looking one upon another, as if we were to know each other's Reſolutions; he cry'd, nay, if you pauſe, you ſhan't have that Grace, if you deſire it: Therefore prepare every Thing, purſu'd he, to one of his Companions, that they may be going, they won't be long before they come to their Journey's End.

When they had got every Thing ready, that is to ſay, a Barrel of Biſket, another of Water, about half a Dozen Pieces of Beef, and as much Pork, a ſmall Kettle, and a Tinder Box; we were better provided than we expected, by much. Beſides, they granted us four Cutlaſhes, and a Fowling-Piece, with about four Pound of Powder, and a ſufficient Quantity of Shot; together with all poor Mr. *Randal*'s Journals, after their peruſing 'em, and finding 'em of no Uſe to them: When this was done, he ordered 'em to tie *Hood* to the Maſt of the Veſſel, and was charging a Piſtol to ſhoot him thro' the Head, not conſidering it was charg'd before, for it was one of them I had at my Girdle, and which they took from me; but in his Eagerneſs and Heat of Paſſion did not mind it. We all intreated for the poor Fellow, and he himſelf fell upon his Knees, and begg'd with all the Eloquence he had, to ſpare him, and let him

him go with us; but *Warren* swore bitterly, nothing should save him. Said I, Mr. *Warren*, if you believe there is a Power, that form'd this Globe, and sees every Action of Mankind, think what a Crime you commit by wounding of him, by murdering his Image: But if you are an *Atheist*, and believe in no Power Supernatural, yet consider what a Conquest you will have gain'd over yourself, by overcoming this Headstrong Passion, it may be your own Case another Time; and Murder you know is punish'd with Death. What the Devil have we got here, a preaching Puppy? Why, dost think that I mind thy ridiculous Cant! prithee mind thy own Business, and get thee gone, or perhaps I may begin with you, and send you to the Devil before your Time. With that, he cock'd his Pistol, and levell'd it at *Hood*; but firing, it split into several Pieces, and one struck *Warren* into the Skull so deep, that he was breathing his last upon Deck; one of the Bullets graz'd upon the Side of my Temple, and did but just break the Skin; as for *Hood*, he was not hurt; but with the Fright and Noise of the Pistol, (as we suppos'd) laboured with such an Agony of Spirit, that he broke the Cords that ty'd him by the Arms, tho' as thick as a middle Finger, and fell down; but rose immediately; and not finding himself hurt, ran to us, and unbound our Arms, not perceiv'd by the other two, who were busy about unfortunate *Warren*; and tho' they were call'd to by him that steer'd, (who ran immediately to prevent it) yet they did not mind it, they were so concern'd about *Warren*. And before he that steer'd came, *Hood* had unbound me, and stopp'd the Fellow *(Meadows)* by giving him a Blow with his Fist that knock'd him down. In the mean Time, I had unbound *White*, *Musgrave*, and *Middleton*; and we went and seiz'd upon the other two *Pyrates*, for now we call them nothing else. After we had bound them in our Turn, we went to see what Assistance could be given to *Warren*, where we

we found that a Piece of the Barrel of the Piſtol had ſunk into his Skull, and that he was juſt expiring; but yet he ſat upon his Breech with great Reſolution; ſaid he, you ſee you have overpower'd us, and I likewiſe ſee the Hand of Heaven is in it. I now with Horror find (added he) that what you intimated to me about Heav'n, to be true; I ſee it more in this one Accident, than in all the Preachings of the Fathers. I was bred a *Roman*, had good honeſt Parents, *Romans*, whoſe Steps, if I had follow'd, wou'd have made my Conſcience eaſy to me at this Time; but I forſook all Religion in general, and now too late, I find that to dally with Heav'n is fooling one's ſelf; but yet in this one Moment of my Life, that's left, I heartily repent of all my paſt Crimes, and rely upon the Saviour of the World, that dy'd for our Sins, to pardon mine. With that, he croſs'd himſelf, and expir'd.

I muſt confeſs I was very ſorry for the unhappy Accident of his Death; but yet, glad that we were at Liberty; and were ſomething eaſy that the poor Soul repented before his Expiration; not doubting but the piercing Eye of Providence ſaw, that if he had ſurviv'd, he would have liv'd a good Chriſtian. And ſure the Almighty's infinite Stock of Bounty, has enough Mercy to ſave the repenting Soul, tho' late before his Repentance comes.

After we had ſecur'd our *Tartars*, we threw Mr. *Warren* Over-board, and bore to the Wind; for after our firſt tacking about in the Morning, when the Buſtle happen'd, they bore away with Tack at Cat-head, as being for their Purpoſe. The three Men that were left, deſir'd us to let 'em have the Boat, and go ſeek their Companions; which we refus'd, as not having Hands enough to carry our Veſſel to *Jamaica*. But we promis'd 'em, if they wou'd freely work in the Voyage, they ſhou'd have their intire Liberty to go where they thought fit, without any Complaints againſt them. Upon this, we began

gan to be a little ſociable as before, and they all declar'd, that what they did was by the Inſtigation of *Warren*.

The next Day we diſcover'd a Ship to Windward of us, that bore down upon us with crowded Sails. We fill'd all the Sails we had, and endeavour'd to get away from her as faſt as we cou'd, but all to no Purpoſe; we ſaw they gain'd upon us every Moment, and therefore ſeeing it was not poſſible for us to eſcape, we back'd our Sails, and lay by for 'em, that they might be more civil if they were Enemies. As ſoon as ever they came up with us, they hail'd us, and order'd us to come on board, which we durſt not deny; when Mr. *Muſgrave* and I, with *Hood* and *White* for Rowers, went on board 'em. We found by *Hood*'s knowing 'em, that they were his Captain and Comrades. Now, as *Hood* ſaid, we did not know how we ſhou'd behave ourſelves, or what we ſhou'd ſay about *Warren*; but we only told the Captain how we met with his Men, and that they were redeem'd upon my Account. He never aſk'd particularly for *Warren*, but how they all did; but when they ſent on board to ſearch our Veſſel, they ſoon came to the Truth on't; for the other three told 'em the Story, tho' not with aggravating Circumſtances: Upon which poor *Hood* was ty'd to their Main maſt, laſh'd with a Cat of Nine-Tails moſt abominably; and after that pickled in Brine, which was more Pain than the Whipping; but it kept his Back from Feſtering, which it might otherwiſe have done; becauſe they flea the Skin off at every Stroke, and to prevent it they waſh it with Brine; which is call'd *Whipping* and *Pickling*. After this they wou'd not keep him among 'em; but ſent for the other three Men from our Veſſel, and order'd us all on board, with another of their Men that was ill of a dangerous Fever, which they fear'd might prove infectious. They did not take any thing from us, as we expected at

at firſt, only gave us the Sick Man to look after, which we were very well contented with. So we parted with 'em very well ſatisfy'd, but much better when we were out of Sight, fearing they had forgot themſelves, and wou'd ſend for us back, and take our Proviſion from us, or one Miſchief or another; for Pirates do not often uſe to be ſo courteous.

Our ſick Man mended apace, for we took great Care of him, and by keeping him low, only with Water-Gruel, his Fever left him; when I began to keep up his Spirits by my Cordials that I had by me, and in a Week's Time he was pretty hoddy, (as we call it at Sea.) Now we began to converſe with him, and he ſeem'd to be a ſenſible good humour'd Fellow.

Among other Diſcourſe, we aſk'd him how Captain *M——ll* and his Crew got a Ship? Said he, I can only tell the Story as I had heard it (for I was ſick on Shore): which is as follows:

Sixteen of our Men got a *Paragua* from the *Indians*, who hate the *Spaniards*, being under their Subjection, and love the *French* and *Engliſh* very well; theſe ſet out to ſeize upon the firſt Ship that they thought they cou'd compaſs; when after being five Days cruiſing along Shore, they ſpy'd a large Ship weathering *Cape Catoch*; but believing it to be too ſtrong for 'em, they reſolv'd to work by Stratagem, thus: Twelve Men laid down in the Boat as if very faint and weak, and made a Signal to the Ship, as if in Diſtreſs, who very charitably brought too; now they had no Arms with 'em, for when they reſolv'd to uſe this Stratagem, they left 'em a Shore, as making the Pretence more feaſible; ſo that when they arriv'd at the Ship, they all went feebly up, as if not able to ſtand; nay, ſome were oblig'd to be led, forſooth, to colour the Matter the better. They then told 'em, that their Ship was caſt away upon *Logerhead*'s *Key*, about three Leagues from *Cape Catoch*, and ſaving themſelves in their Boats,

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Boats, they got safe into the *Cape*; but that wandering up in the Country, they were met by the *Indians*, who us'd 'em barbarously, killing eleven of their Number; and wou'd have serv'd the rest so, if they had not made their Escape in that *Paragua*; that they were so harrass'd for want of Food, having been without eating two Days, that they fear'd some of their Companions wou'd never recover.

The poor *Spaniards* swallow'd the Bait, and their Captain being a very good Man, resolv'd to relieve 'em, and ask'd 'em what they wou'd have him to do for 'em? They begg'd him to land 'em on the first *English* Colony, or Island in their Way. He answer'd, he was bound for St. *Domingo* in *Hispaniola*; but that he wou'd put in at *Jamaica*, tho' something out of his Way; yet, said he, I don't care for going to any of the noted Ports, because there is a War talk'd of between *England* and *Spain*, and tho' it was not proclaim'd, they might meet with some Trouble. They were mightily oblig'd to him, they said, but they did not know how to return the Obligation, but by praying for him and his.

They sail'd very lovingly with 'em for three or four Days, till at last Fortune gave them an Opportunity to put their Enterprize in Execution. They had Notice that the Ship leak'd mightily, and that the Water came into the Bread Room; upon which, the *Spaniards* went down to remove the Bread to get at the Leak, and did not leave more than five Men and the Captain above, whom they instantly seiz'd, and clapp'd down the Hatches upon the rest. When they had secur'd them, they arm'd themselves with Pistols and Launces, which were plac'd in the Steerage of the Ship, and so capitulated with 'em; but first, they steer'd their Course back again, that they might not lose any Time. As they came up, one by one, they bound them, till they were all so, but the Captain and the Pilot: The Cap-

tain

tain they confin'd to his Cabbin, with a Centry to guard him; but they let the Pilot go looſe, that he might ſteer the Ship. O inhuman! cry'd I! thus the Snake in the Friendly Boſom warm'd, turns and ſtings his kind Protector: Thus was their generous *Hoſt* (if I may call him ſo) betray'd by his too much good Nature.

After they had brought the Ship ſafe to us, we embark'd, and put the *Spaniards* on Shore without a Morſel to help themſelves; nay, if the *Indians* cou'd conveniently meet with 'em, they wou'd not leave one alive. I muſt confeſs, purſu'd the Man, that the barbarous Story ſhock'd my very Nature, and made me hate their Society; and I really believe the Abhorrence of this curs'd Action brought my Diſtemper upon me,

How much are ſome Beaſts Acknowledgments of Kindneſs more than Man? A poor Cur, fed but with a Cruſt a Day, will follow the bounteous Hand that gives it. Ingratitude is the Fountain of all other Crimes, for from thence flow all the reſt. But all the Knowledge ſome Men are endow'd with, is but to find the beſt Way to deceive. How happy it wou'd be if ſuch Creatures cou'd ſhake off their Humanity, and become Beaſts in Form as well as Mind; then we ſhou'd have a Mark to ſhun 'em by. Our Creator has form'd all kind of Beaſts in Shapes that tell us what they are; but Men differ in their Natures more than Beaſts, or are indeed under their Human Form, the very Natures of the Brute Creation. How many Villains, under a ſmooth Face and Tongue, betray their Brothers? The Father cheats the Son, the Son the Father; Mothers ſquander the Dowry of their Daughters, and then proſtitute 'em to gain 'em Bread; which is not Gain but Puniſhment: But Ingratitude, like Murder, meets with its Puniſhment on Earth, as well as in the other World; and an ungrateful Man ſhou'd have a Mark that all human Society may ſhun him. I think the

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the *Lacedemonians* us'd to punish Ingratitude with Death, as a Crime equal to Sacrilege or Parricide.

After having taken all their Men on board, (and leaving Directions on the Bark of a Tree for the five Men that were gone upon the same Design another Way) we set Sail, and had not been out two Days before we met with you. Pray, said I, how came you among 'em if you lik'd not their Design? Why, Sir, answer'd he by Accident; embarking for *Bermudas*, bound for St. *Catherines*, or the Isle of *Providence*, we were met by this Pyrate in a Ship of twenty Guns, and a hundred and twenty Men, who took us, and rummaging us, threaten'd to turn us a-drift without Provision, if we wou'd not embrace his Designs, which was Piracy. We, rather than undergo what he threaten'd us withal, consented with our Tongues; but our Inclinations were far from it. And from our first being with him, we were plotting to make our Escape the next Opportunity. But the other four (being but five in all in our Vessel) were unfortunately kill'd in that Engagement, where they lost their Ship. What Ship was it they fought with? Why, Sir, a Man of War of twenty six Guns; sent out on Purpose to take her; for the Captain had committed such Disorders wherever he came, that he oblig'd the Governour of *Jamaica* to send out the Ship call'd the *Experiment*, to cruize till she met with him; which she did about five Weeks ago. Our Captain, as soon as he saw her, guess'd at her Design, and resolv'd to fight her to the last; well knowing if he could take or sink her; he might be pretty secure to range where he pleas'd, there being never another Ship of War nearer than *Barbadoes*; who never came so far West. After he had made a Speech to his Men to encourage 'em to fight it out, and told 'em their Advantage, they consented to hoist the Bloody Flag, and neither to give or take Quarter. As soon as ever

ever the Man of War saw our Bloody Flag out, they hoisted theirs, and there ensu'd a dreadful Fight. We began about Two o'Clock, and fought till dark Night, without perceiving any Advantage on either Side; and then by Consent lay by till Morning without Fighting; which we did so nigh, it being Calm, that we cou'd talk to one another; but we did it only in threatning Language. As soon as the Morning dawn'd, we went to it again, with more Fury than before, for our People fought like desperate Madmen, well knowing if they shou'd be taken, they must all die. The other Ship fought with a Bravery uncommon; but I believe the Advantage was on our Side, tho' we had kill'd on board us thirty six Men.

We fought on till Noon, when we discover'd a Ship about three Leagues to Windward of us, which bore down upon us with all the Sail they cou'd. We soon conjectur'd they cou'd be no Friends to us, so without much Consultation, we resolv'd to run it before the Wind, with all the Sail we cou'd make; as for the *Experiment* we fought with, we had put it out of their Power to follow us, being we had shot their Main-Mast by the Board, so that if the other overtook us we shou'd have but one to deal with. We by good Fortune had all our Masts firm, and we out-sail'd the other Vessel; but as soon as she came up with the *Experiment*, (who never offer'd to follow us) she laid by, as we suppose, to assist her, and we observ'd thro' our Telescopes that she had *Spanish* Colours out.

We soon lost Sight of 'em, and then we design'd to change our Course, but were prevented by the Men discovering two Foot Water in the Hold; who cou'd not find out the Leak, tho' they search'd with all the Diligence they cou'd: So we were oblig'd to pump, but all that we cou'd do, the Water still gain'd upon us; we resolv'd to bear away to *Jucatan*, a Province belonging to the *Spaniards*, and seek

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out some convenient Place unfrequented by them, where we might find out our Leak, and ſtop it.

Notwithſtanding our Labour in Pumping, the Water gain'd upon us; ſo we put out our Long-Boat, and our Pinnace, in order to put in our Proviſion; which by Morning we effected, and very happily for us; for it was agreed upon all Hands, the Ship could not ſwim above eight Hours; and tho' we diſcover'd Land, and were not above ſix Leagues off Shore, yet we were afraid we cou'd not reach it, being the Ship was ſo heavy with Water. So all that cou'd not ſwim were order'd into the two Boats, with their Arms; which held in 'em thirty ſeven Men with Officers. They that were left on board, had Orders to pump as long as they cou'd, and run directly into Shore to the Leeward of *Cape Catoch*; but within half a League of the Place the Ship ſunk, and the Men betook themſelves to ſwimming, whom we met with our Pinnace, and took up.

I cannot omit one barbarous Action of the Captain's. There was five Men wounded, who begg'd to be taken into the Boat, but the Captain refus'd 'em; and this was his Reaſon, as he gave to us in the Boat: Said he, thoſe five that are wounded, will take up too much Room, becauſe they can't ſit as we do, but muſt lie along; and another Thing is, they will take more Time in looking after, than we can well ſpare. Beſides, as I believe they won't recover, they will be ſooner out of their Pain; and if they ſhou'd recover, added he, they wou'd help us to devour our Proviſion, which we muſt take particular Care of, for we know not when we ſhall get more. I muſt confeſs, this Uſage ſtruck me to the Heart almoſt, eſpecially as to one of 'em, who ſeem'd to have a Senſe of his Condition, and repented of all his paſt Crimes.

After we came on Shore, we found that we had kill'd on board us forty three Men, beſides the five

that

that our Captain barbarously murder'd, by leaving 'em in the Ship when she sunk. Two of their Bodies were drove on Shore the next Day, but were order'd by the Captain to have Stones ty'd to their Feet, and carry'd off Shore and sunk. As soon as we had made us two Tents with Sails that were put in the Boat for that Purpose, they began to consult in what Manner they shou'd get a Ship; when one *Warren* propos'd to take the Boat, and four Men beside himself, with Arms, and a Week's Provision, for he wou'd not have any more, and go to the Bay of *Campeche*, or *Campeche* Town, where he did not fear getting a Vessel for their Purpose, being he said he had done so upon the like Occasion before. Whereupon the Boat and four Men were order'd for him; but he staying longer than the appointed Time, they thought some Mischance had happen'd to him, so took off their Thoughts of having any Vessel from him. One Day they spy'd a large *Paragua* coming towards Shore with nine *Indians*, and two *Spaniards* in it, and finding it come so near, that they must of Course see 'em, they immediately resolv'd either to take or kill 'em all, for fear they wou'd discover them to the *Spaniards*, before they had got a Vessel to go off again.

Tho' I must confess there was some Reason, yet I thought it barbarous to see how they murder'd the two *Spaniards* and nine *Indians*. They put out their Pinnace and ten Men well arm'd, to go and take this *Paragua*; as soon as ever they were discover'd by the *Indians*, they jump'd Over-board, and made towards Shore; but were shot by our Men, or knock'd on the Head with the Butt End of their Musquets. The two *Spaniards* had a new kind of Death; they ty'd 'em Breast to Breast, and their Hands behind 'em, and threw 'em Over-board, where they struggled for some Time, and at last were drown'd. I thought this was a Cruelty exceeding all the Tyrants in the World, and if I had

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had a Boat, and our People never a one, I wou'd have run any Hazard to have sav'd 'em. Their *Paragua* was laden with Flower, and dry'd Fish, with several Sides of dry'd Pork, or Bacon; which was too good for the People that had it. As for my own Part, but little of it came to my Share, for I was taken ill the second Day after we came there, and so weak and feeble, that I did not expect to overcome it; and if it had not been for a Black, that was Trumpeter to the Captain, I shou'd have perish'd for Want of Sustenance; but the poor Fellow wou'd frequently bring me something or other to nourish me; and it is to him, unto God, that I owe my Life. He wou'd often tell me that he did not love that Sort of Life, and wish'd he cou'd get rid of his Master; but said he, if he did but know I had so much as a Thought that Way, he wou'd be the Death of me. I believe this was the only poor Fellow that pray'd in the whole Crew. He was christen'd at *Plymouth* in *England*, (and had very good Notions of Religion) where he was given to his present Master, who had made several Voyages into the *West Indies*, for a *Plymouth* Merchant; but at last finding Matters on Shore go but indifferently, and having kill'd a *French* Officer there, seiz'd upon the Ship he us'd to command, and with a Crew of desperate Fellows made off to Sea, and steer'd his old Course for the *West-Indies*, and there commenc'd Pyrate; but had met with no other Success than what has been related to you.

Said I, this Fellow's too wicked to have Success in any Thing, especially when Success must be an Addition to his Crimes. If it were possible to know his Fate, we shou'd find that he wou'd have some desperate End: For Men when abandon'd by Providence Divine, tho' perhaps they may meet with some Success at first; at last find an End that's fitted for such Wretches, who deny a superior Being; and even Atheists, notwithstanding their human

man Form, are no better than Brutes; nay, I take an *Atheiſt* to have far leſs Right to Salvation, than thoſe *Indians* that pray to the Devil; for they do it thro' Ignorance, and worſhip him with a more ſincere Devotion, becauſe they know 'tis in his Power to do them Harm. With what a fervent Zeal would they ſerve the true GOD, if they knew, (as all who profeſs Chriſtianity do) that it is in his Power to beſtow Bleſſings, even after this Life. With what Devotion they worſhip the Sun, who they take to be the ſuperior Deity, becauſe it makes the Earth green, and is the ſecond Cauſe of all the Good they enjoy? Then, with how much more Reverence ought we to give Praiſe to that Power that lends Light and genial Heat to that Planet? If an *Atheiſt* wou'd conſider the Works of Nature juſtly, he would find it an Impoſſibility to be ſo any longer; and to fancy this World was form'd by Chance, or Accident, is to allow Beaſts the Privilege of Nature and Reaſon, to as great a Degree as we that pretend to Humanity.

John Rouſe was the Name of this Sailor we took on board, born at *Bermudas*. He offer'd us ſome Propoſals, if we would go along with him thither, but I declin'd it, as wanting to be with my old Ship's Crew, and thought of ſeeing my own Country again, as I believe all Travellers have, who bring nothing Home but Misfortunes, or the Vices of the Places they have travell'd through. From this Man, ſaid *Rouſe*, I had the following ſhort Deſcription of *Bermudas*, or the *Summer Iſlands*.

Bermudas (the Place of my Birth) or the *Summer Iſlands*, is ſuppoſed by ſome, to take its Name of *Bermudas* from certain Black Hogs that came out of a *Spaniſh* Ship that was caſt away on thoſe Shores. And by others, from one *John Bermudas*, a *Spaniard*, the firſt Diſcoverer of the Iſlands. The Name *Summer Iſlands*, is deriv'd from *George Summers*, an *Engliſhman*, who ſuffer'd Shipwreck there. They

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are situated in thirty-two Degrees, and twenty five Minutes of Northern Latitude; sixteen hundred Leagues from *England*; twelve hundred from *Madera*; four hundred from *Hispaniola*; and about three hundred from *Boston* in *New England*. The *Spaniards* had it first, and after them the *French*; but the Supplies that were sent 'em from *France*, miscarrying by Shipwreck, they were obliged to abandon the Islands. After this, one *Wingfield*, a Merchant in *London*, sent in two Ships, Captains *Gosnel* and *Smith*, with People to settle there; but there was not much done till 1612, when a Company was establish'd at *London* by Letters Patents, given by King *James* the First, who immediately sent Captain *Moor* with sixty five Men, where he was two Years in fortifying the Islands against the Attempts of any Invasion from either *French*, *Spaniards*, or *Indians*. In the mean time, a Sort of Rats so increas'd, that they devour'd every Thing that was green in the whole Island, and had like to have starv'd the Inhabitants, if Providence had not timely sent a Disease among 'em that consum'd 'em all. In about three Years after the first Plantation by Captain *Moor*, there was sent 'em another Supply of Men and Provision, by Captain *Bartlet*, who return'd with a hundred Weight of Ambergreece. The next Year, there arriv'd Five hundred Men and Women, with Tradesmen of all Sorts. In 1616, one *Tuckard* succeeded in the Government, and was very serviceable to the Plantation, in bringing and planting several Trees and Tobacco. He also divided the Country into Acres, and parcell'd it out to the Tenants. It encreas'd daily in Culture and Inhabitants. The Form of the Islands as they lie, resembles something of a Lobster with its Claws off. The chief of the Islands is call'd *George Island*, and is divided into eight Parts, besides the general Land. 1. *Hamilton Tribe*; 2. *Smith's Tribe*; 3. *Devonshire Tribe*; 4. *Pembroke Tribe*; 5. *Paget's Tribe*; 6. *Warwick*

wick Tribe; 7. *Southampton Tribe*; 8. *Sandy's Tribe*. The Iſlands are all ſurrounded by Rocks, that at High-Water are dangerous to Strangers. The chief Harbours are *Southampton*, *Harrington*, and the *Great Sound*. Upon St. *George's Iſland*, they have built ſeveral large and ſtrong Forts, whoſe Chief are *Warwick* and *Dover* Forts. The Soil in ſome Places is Sandy or Clayey; and in other Places Aſh-colour'd, White, and Black; about two Foot deep under the Aſh, is found great Slates, which the Inhabitants make uſe of ſeveral Ways; and under that Black is found a ſtony Subſtance, ſomething like a Spunge, or Pumice-Stone. The Wells and Pits, ebb and flow with the Sea, yet produce excellent freſh Water. The Sky is generally ſerene; but when 'tis overcaſt, they have dreadful Thunder and Lightning. The Air is much the ſame as with you in *England*. They have two Harveſts in the Year: They ſow in *March*, and reap in *June*; then they ſow in *Auguſt*, and gather in *January*: And from that Month till *May*, the Whales frequently ſwim by them. They often find great Quantities of Ambergreaſe, and ſometime Pearl Oyſters. No venomous Creature will live in any of the ſaid Iſlands. The yellow large Spiders have not the leaſt Venom in 'em. There's Plenty of all Sorts of Cattle, both wild and tame, eſpecially Hogs, who have mightily encreas'd ſince their firſt Landing; but they are not altogether ſo fat as we could wiſh, feeding only on Berries that fall from the Palmeto Trees, which are very ſweet. There's Plenty of Mulberries, both White and Red, which produce prodigious Numbers of Silk-Worms; who ſpin Silk of the Colour of the Berry. The Trees are here of different Kinds; the Cedar is reckon'd the largeſt in the Univerſe. The Leaves are downy, and prickly at the End: The Berries that it produceth are of a pale Red, which incloſe four white Kernels; the outermoſt Skin is ſweet; the innermoſt, that contains the Kernel, is

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ſharp; and the Pulp is tartiſh. The Tree is always flouriſhing, being at the ſame Time full of Bloſſoms, green, and ripe Fruit. The Berries when ripe begin to gape, and fall off in rainy Weather; leaving a round Stalk on the Boughs, which loſes not its Rind till that Time two Years after. The Berry requires one Year before it comes to its full Ripeneſs, which happens about *December*. The Boughs ſhoot upwards, and in a little Time are ſo heavy, that they weigh down the Body of the Tree. There are many Plants, as the *Prickle Pear*, *Poyſon Weed*, *Red Weed*, *Purging Bean*, *Red Pepper*, *and the Coſtive Tree*, *and the Sea Feather*, which grows on the Brink of the Sea. There is another Plant call'd *Nuchtly*, which grows in the Niches of the Rocks, waſh'd by the Waves of the Sea, and produces a Fruit like a Pear, which they call the *Speckled Pear*, from its Spots. For Fowls, we have all Sorts that *England* produces, beſides a great Number of Cranes, larger than any I have ſeen elſewhere; with a Sort of Fowl that lives in Holes in the Rocks, like Rabbits. As for Tortoiſes, they are as good there as any where. They catch them in this Manner; they watch for 'em at Night, when they come on Shore to dig Holes to bury their Eggs in; while they are doing of it, they turn 'em on their Backs, and not being able to get upon their Legs again, they are eaſily taken. Some will have a hundred Eggs in 'em about as big as a common Tennis-Ball, and very round; but a thin Skin, and the Yolk lies on the Side of the Skin, or Shell, and may be ſeen on the Out-ſide: Theſe hidden in the Sand, are nouriſh'd by the Sun, and never minded by the Tortoiſe that lays 'em; and as ſoon as ever they have broke the Shell, they all run into the Sea. Some ſay, they are full ſix Years a hatching. They are excellent Meat, (for I can't call 'em Fiſh) and very nouriſhing, and we uſe the Oyl inſtead of Butter, which will keep longer, and is reckon'd much wholeſomer for many Uſes. Beſides,

ſides, it is good to bathe the Place that is ſtung by a little Inſect, call'd *Muſketo*. The largeſt of theſe Iſlands, is *Long Iſland*; the next, *St. George's Iſland*; after that, *Somerſet*, and *St. David's*; next, *Hibernia*, or *Ireland Iſland*; then *Longberd*, *Cooper's*, and *Smith's Iſland*; *Nonſuch Gates*; and the *Brothers Iſland*; with many others as well inhabited, and provided with every thing for the Life of Man; which is elegantly deſcrib'd by your *Engliſh* Poet, Mr. *Edmund Waller*.

Bermudas, *wall'd with Rocks, who does not know*
That happy Iſland where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange Trees, which golden Fruit do bear?
Th' Heſperian Garden *boaſts of none ſo fair.*
Where ſhining Pearl, Coral, and many a Pound,
On the rich Shore, of Ambergreaſe, is found.
The lofty Cedar, which to Heav'n aſpires,
The Prince of Trees is Fewel for their Fires:
The Smoak, by which their loaded Spits do turn,
For Incenſe might on Sacred Altars burn:
Their private Roofs, on Od'rous Timber born,
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn.
The ſweet Palmetos, a new Bacchus *yield,*
With Leaves as ample as the broadeſt Shield:
Under the Shadow of whoſe friendly Boughs,
They ſit Carouſing where the Liquor grows.
Figs there unplanted thro' the Fields do grow,
Such as fierce Cato *did the* Romans *ſhow;*
With the rare Fruit inviting 'em to ſpoil
Carthage, *the Miſtreſs of ſo rare a Soil.*
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at ſome conſtant Seaſons ev'ry Year,
Their barren Tops with luſcious Food abound,
And with the Eggs of various Fowls are crown'd.
Tobacco is the worſt of Things, which they
To Engliſh *Landlords as their Tribute pay:*
Such is the Mould, that the bleſt Tenant feeds
On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds:

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With candy'd Plantanes, and the juicy Pine,
On choicest Melons, and sweet Grapes they dine,
And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine.
Nature these Cates with such a lavish Hand
Pours out among 'em, that our coarser Land
Tastes of their Bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for Warmth, but Ornament, is worn:
For the kind Spring, which but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the Year;
Ripe Fruits and Blossoms on the same Trees live,
At once they promise, what at once they give.
So sweet the Air, so moderate the Clime,
None sickly lives, or dies before his Time.
Heav'n sure has kept this Spot of Earth uncurst,
To shew how all Things were created first.
The tardy Plants in our cold Orchard plac'd,
Reserve their Fruit for the next Age's Taste:
There a small Grain in some few Months will be
A firm, a lofty, and a spacious Tree:
The Palma Christi, *and the fair* Papah,
Now but a Seed, (preventing Nature's Law)
In Half the Circle of the hasty Year
Project a Shade, and lovely Fruits do wear.
And as the Trees in our dull Region set,
But faintly grow, and no Perfection get;
So in this Northern Tract, our hoarser Throats,
Utter unripe, and ill constrained Notes:
While the Supporter of the Poet's Stile,
Phœbus *on them eternally does smile.*
O! how I long my careless Limbs to lay
Under the Plantane's Shade ——

There is now in the Islands of *Bermudas*, near forty thousand Inhabitants, most *English*. The Laws are the same as in *England*. The Religion and divine Worship the same. There are three and twenty Parish Churches, besides Chapels. In the Year 1616, five Seamen set Sail from thence in an open Vessel of about three Ton, and after having suffer'd several

Storms

Storms and Tempeſts, were ſafely landed at *Kingſale* in *Ireland*. The *French* and *Spaniards* have made ſeveral Attempts upon thoſe Iſlands, but always were drove away with conſiderable Loſs.

About a Month before I embark'd for this unfortunate Voyage, we took a *French* Pirate, who was ſo inſolent as to come into *Harrington*'s *Sound*, even at Noon-Day, and cut the Cables of a Merchant-Man, richly laden, bound for *England*; but by good Fortune run upon the Flats in the Mouth of the *Sound*, in going out again: So we had Time to man ſome Boats with ſome of the Soldiers of the Garriſon, and ſend to their Relief, where there happen'd a deſperate Fight for ſome Time; but more Forces going to the Aſſiſtance of the others, they took 'em after an obſtinate Reſiſtance, killing twenty-ſeven of their Men, and loſing eleven of our own. The Captain made his Eſcape in his Boat, in the latter End of the Engagement, when he perceiv'd his Danger; but was oblig'd to go on Shore on *Ireland Iſland* for ſome Proviſion, where he, and four Men that were with him, were ſecur'd, and ſent to *Tucker*'s *Town*; where they were to be try'd the Day I came away.

Two Nights after we had parted with the Pirate, we were encounter'd with a dreadful Storm, that laſted two Days without abating; and our poor Bark, which was none of the beſt, was tumbled and toſs'd like a Tennis Ball, yet we receiv'd no Damage, but that ſhe wou'd not anſwer the Helm; ſo that we were oblig'd to let her go before the Tempeſt, and truſt to the Mercy of Heav'n for Relief. This Storm, and the Danger we had eſcap'd from the Pirate, put me in Mind of theſe four Lines of the forementioned Poet, the celebrated *Waller*.

Bold were the Men, which on the Ocean firſt
Spread their new Sails, when Shipwreck was the worſt.

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More Danger now from Man alone we find,
Than from the Rocks, the Billows, or the Wind.

We, in the Middle of the Storm diſcover'd Land right a-head, which put us all into our Pannicks, we endeavour'd to bring our Veſſel to bear up to the Wind, but all to no Purpoſe; for ſhe ſtill drove nearer the Shore, where we diſcover'd ſeveral Tokens of a Shipwreck, as Pieces of broken Maſts, and Barrels ſwimming on the Water, and a little farther Mens Hats; then we began to think we ſhou'd certainly run the ſame Fate, when as ſoon as Thought our Bark was drove on Shore, in a ſmooth ſandy Bay, but where we had an Opportunity to quit her, which was happy for us; for the Sea waſh'd over her with ſuch Violence, we had not any Hopes of her eſcaping the Storm, but thought of Courſe we ſhould be torn to Pieces.

When we were aſhore, we all concluded it cou'd be no other Part but the South of *Cuba Iſland*, belonging to the *Spaniards*. We were then in a terrible Fright, leſt we were near any Part that belong'd to the *Indians*; for Mr. *Muſgrave* aſſur'd me, that there were ſome Parts of the South Side of *Cuba*, that *Indians* dwelt in, in Spite of the *Spaniards*, and maſſacred them where-ever they met 'em, or any other Whites. We lay all Night in terrible Fear, and tho' we found the Storm abated, or rather a Calm ſucceeded, yet we durſt not ſtir till the Moon roſe, and then we all walk'd towards our Veſſel, which we found all on one Side; but by good Fortune moſt of our Proviſions was dry, which mightily rejoic'd us; but all the Veſſel's Rigging and Maſts were ſhatter'd and torn to Pieces, and ſome Part of her Quarter wrung off, that ſhe cou'd not be of any Uſe to us if we cou'd have got her upright. But we took out all our Proviſion, and our Arms, with two Barrels of Gunpowder that was dry, the reſt being damag'd with Water and Sand that had got in. We had

had Arms enough, as having them that belong'd to the three Sailors that were taken in the Pirate, which we ſuppos'd they had forgot; ſo we were ſix Men well arm'd, with each a Muſquet, a Caſe of Piſtols, and a Bayonet; beſides two Cutlaſſes, if Need were.

By that Time we had taken every Thing out, Day approach'd, and then we deſign'd all together, well arm'd, to go and view the Country. *John Rouſe* was very well recover'd of his Fever, but a little weak, yet his Heart was as good as the beſt of us. So we reſolv'd, if we were ſet upon by *Indians*, to defend ourſelves to the laſt Drop of Blood; chuſing rather to die by their Hands in Fight, than to be tortur'd after the Manner as they inflict upon all the *Whites* they get into their Hands. But ſtill we had ſome Hopes that we were too far towards the Northward for 'em.

When we had plac'd our Proviſion and other Neceſſaries ſafe behind a Tuft of Trees that grew cloſe by the Water Side, we fix'd our Arms, and ventur'd to walk up in the Country, which we did almoſt every Way that Day, four or five Miles; but cou'd not diſcover any living Creature, nor any Sign of Inhabitants, only in one Place the Graſs ſeem'd to be lately trodden, but whether by Man or Beaſt we cou'd not diſcover; ſo being pretty well tir'd, we went back again to our Station, where we eat heartily, and at Night we laid ourſelves upon the Graſs, and fell aſleep, for we durſt not lie upon the Sails we had got for that Purpoſe, being they were not dry, tho' ſpread all Day along.

I was awaken'd the next Morning by a Company of *Lizards* creeping over me; which is an Animal frightful enough to look at, but very harmleſs, and great Lovers of Mankind; they ſay that theſe Creatures, if any Perſon lies aſleep, and any voracious Beaſt, or the *Alligator*, which comes on Shore often, is approaching the Place where you lie, will crawl

crawl to you as fast as they can, and with their forked Tongues tickle you till you awake, that you may avoid by their timely Notice the coming Danger. I got up, being rous'd by these Animals, and look'd about me, but saw nothing but an odd kind of a Snake about two Foot long, having a Head something like a Weasel, and Eyes fiery like a Cat's; as soon as it spy'd me it run away, and my Dog after it; but he did not kill it; but I believe put it in a terrible Fright, for it made a Noise something like a Weasel, but louder, which awaken'd my Companions. When I told Mr. *Musgrave* what I had seen, he said it was a small Serpent, but not very hurtful, call'd the *Guabiniquinaze Serpent*, from eating a little Creature of that Name, something resembling a small Mole; and the *Indians* and *Spaniards* eat of 'em, and reckon 'em dainty Food.

We now resolv'd for another Walk, to discover what Inhabitants were our Neighbours, whether *Indians* or *Spaniards*; if *Indians*, we design'd to patch up our Boat, which had several Holes in it, and make off as fast as we cou'd, and row Northward, till we came to some Place inhabited by *Spaniards*. But if we found the latter, to beg Protection, and some Means to get to *Jamaica*; whereupon we ventur'd out with these Resolutions. We met with several fine large Cedar Trees, and one particularly so large, that Mr. *Musgrave* and I cou'd but just fathom it with our Hands joyn'd.

We had not gone far before my Dog began to bark, when turning my Head on one Side, I beheld a Black approaching towards us, and, being startled at the Sight, I cock'd my Piece, and resolv'd to fire at him; but he call'd to me in *English*, and told me he did not come to do me any Harm, but was a poor distress'd *Englishman*, that wanted Food, and was almost starv'd, having eat nothing but wild Fruit for four Days. Upon that I let him come ar, where he was soon known by Mr. *Rouse* to be

William

William Plymouth, the Black, that was Trumpeter to the Captain that commanded the Pirate Ship. Upon his knowing him, we ſat down and gave him ſome Proviſion, which we had brought with us, becauſe we deſign'd to be out all Day.

After he had refreſh'd himſelf a little, we aſk'd him how he came into this Iſland? Why, anſwer'd he, we were cruiſing about *Cuba*, in Hopes of ſome *Spaniſh* Prize, when a Storm aroſe and drove us upon a Rock, where our Ship was beat to Pieces, and not above eighteen Men ſav'd beſide the Captain. And did that wicked Wretch eſcape the Shipwreck, ſaid I? Yes, anſwer'd *Plymouth*, but to undergo a more violent Death. For, ſaid he, as ſoon as ever we landed, we wander'd up in the Country to ſee for ſome Food, without any Weapons but a few Cutlaſſes, having loſt our Fire Arms; but however, we all got ſomething or other to defend ourſelves on Shore, as long Clubs, which we got from the Trees we found in our Walks; our Captain reſolv'd if he met with any *Indians* or *Spaniards* Huts, that he wou'd murder all that he found in 'em, for fear they ſhou'd make their Eſcape, and bring more upon us. Thus he encourag'd his Men to follow him with their Clubs; ſaid he, we will walk till we find ſome beaten Path, and there lie hid till Night, when we may go on to ſome Houſes, and come upon 'em undiſcover'd; by which Means we may get Proviſion and other Arms: For the *Indians* of *Cuba* uſe Fire-Arms as well as the *Spaniards*, and are full as dextrous in uſing them as any *Europeans*, &c. After Travelling about ten Miles to the N. W. we diſcover'd a Path, upon which a Halt was commanded, and to retire into the Woods again till Night; which we did, and din'd upon what Fruits we cou'd get upon the Trees.

About two Hours before Night a Dog ſmell'd us out, and running away from us, bark'd moſt furiouſly; upon that we were afraid of being diſcover'd, which

which Fear prov'd true; for in Half an Hour, or thereabouts, after the Dog left us, we were saluted with several Arrows and Musquet-Shot, that kill'd us three Men, and wounded me in the Foot, but it prov'd the Means of saving my Life: For as soon as our Men perceiv'd what had happen'd, they ran as hard as they cou'd to meet the Danger, as knowing they could do no good till they came to Handy-Blows; I, in endeavouring to follow them, found my Hurt, which prevented my keeping up with the rest; but I cou'd hear and see 'em at it: There was about two hundred *Indians* set upon our Men, and in about Half an Hour kill'd 'em every one. I saw the Captain lay about him desperately, but at last fell, being run thro' the Throat with a wooden Stake. As soon as ever they had conquer'd 'em, or rather murder'd 'em; they fell to stripping of 'em as fast as they cou'd, and carried 'em off, together with their own Dead, which were many, for the *English* sold their Lives very dearly.

After they were gone, which I found by their Screaming and Noise at a Distance, I ventur'd to steal out from behind a Row of Bushes, where I had plac'd myself to see what had happen'd; I went to the Place of Battle, where I found two of our Men that they had left, with all their Arms, and some of their own; so I took up one of their best Musquets, and a Cutlass, and made farther into the Wood, for fear of being caught; which I had certainly been, if I had staid a Quarter of an Hour longer, for I soon heard them come Hooping, Screaming, and Hollowing back, to fetch the other two Bodies, and their Arms, as I conjectur'd.

I walk'd as far as my hurt Foot would let me that Night, and out of the Danger of the *Indians*, as I thought, and then laid me down to sleep as well as I cou'd, being very hungry, and sadly tir'd, and slept pretty well till Morning, when I proceeded forward in my painful Journey, and directed my Course

Course N. E. thinking that was the best Way to avoid the *Indians*, and probably to meet with some *Spaniards*, whom I knew inhabited towards the North; the *Havanna*, the capital City of the whole Island being seated there. I wander'd for four Days, eating nothing but Fruit in the Woods; but laying myself down about an Hour ago, to rest myself a little, I thought I heard the Tongues of *Englishmen*, which to my great Joy prov'd true. I left my Musquet behind the Bushes, for fear of alarming you; but now after returning God and you Thanks for this timely Nourishment, I'll go and fetch it, which he did; and we might easily know it to be an *Indian* Piece, for they had rudely carv'd it all over with several Figures of Birds and Beasts.

Now, said I to my Companions, you see the Reward of Wickedness. He was not suffer'd by Providence to go on long in his Crimes, tho' some are that are inur'd to Ills; yet they are overtaken at last, when their Crimes are full blown; for tho' Justice has Leaden Feet, yet they always find she has Iron Hands: And we too often see that he who kills his Adversary in a Duel, tho' he escape the Law, one Time or other meets the same Fate himself.

After poor *Plymouth* had refresh'd himself, we set forward, and walk'd along till we came to a Road that seem'd to be the Main Road of the Island, by the Largeness. Here we consulted what we shou'd do, whether we shou'd go on, or return for more Provision; but we resolv'd to go a little Distance from the Road, for fear we shou'd meet with more of the *Indians*, and run the same Fate with the other *Englishmen*. But *Plymouth* told us, we were a great way from that Place where his Countrymen were kill'd; (for *Plymouth*, tho' born in *Guinea*, would always call himself an *Englishman*, as being brought over very young,) so we resolved one and all to venture.

We

We ſent up our Prayers to the Almighty for our Safety, and went on with a Faith that we ſhould come off with Succeſs; but we had not gone far when we heard the Reports of ſeveral Muſquets, and ſhouting in a barbarous Manner, behind us. Looking that Way, we ſaw a *Mulatto* riding as faſt as ever his Mule could carry him; when he came up to us, he ſtopp'd, and cry'd in *Spaniſh*, Make Haſte, run, for the *Indians* are coming upon you, they have kill'd ſeveral *Spaniards* already, and they are Fighting with them. Mr. *Muſgrave*, who underſtood *Spaniſh* very well, interpreted what he ſaid to us; he aſk'd him how far they were off? He anſwer'd, juſt by, and hearing another Shout, put Spurs to his Mule, and left us in an Inſtant. We found by the Shouting and the Firing, that they wou'd be immediately upon us, ſo we retir'd out of the Road to let 'em paſs, and laid down upon our Bellies that they might not diſcover us. Immediately came by about twenty *Spaniards* on Horſeback, purſu'd by near a hundred *Indians:* Juſt as they came by us one *Spaniard* dropp'd, and crept into a Buſh on the other Side of the Road; and preſently the *Indians* follow'd, ſhouting in a horrid Manner, and overtook the *Spaniards* again, who being very ſwift on Foot, out-run an ordinary Horſe; and they had thrown away their Fire Arms, to make them the lighter to run, as we ſuppos'd. The *Spaniards* knew they would ſoon overtake 'em, ſo only run to charge their Piſtols, and ſtand till they came up; then diſcharg'd 'em, to put 'em in Confuſion; and run again, to prolong the Time, in Hopes of ſome Aid. All this we underſtood by the *Spaniard*, that crept into the Buſh undiſcover'd by the *Indians*, by Reaſon of the Horſes Feet and the Duſt together, he being the Foremoſt in Flight. He told us moreover, that about three Leagues farther, there was a Fort belonging to the *Spaniards* to ſtop the *Indians*, they uſing to make Inroads before that Fort was built, even to the Gates of

of the City *Havanna*. Upon this we conſulted and reſolv'd to follow upon the Edge of the Road, to ſee how we cou'd be aſſiſting; we ſoon came even with 'em, for they were in a narrow Place, and the *Spaniards* kept 'em at Bay pretty well; by good Fortune there was a high Hedge made by Trees all along as we went which hinder'd us from being diſcover'd. Here we reſolv'd to fire upon 'em all together, and then run further up, and if poſſible get out into the Road and face 'em. Accordingly we agreed to fire four, and three, and the firſt four to charge again immediately. Mr. *Muſgrave*, Mr. *Middleton*, Mr. *White*, and myſelf, agreed to fire firſt; then *Hood*, *Rouſe*, and *Plymouth*; which as ſoon as we had taken good Aim, we did, and firing at their Backs, kill'd four downright, and wounded ſeveral, for I had order'd 'em to put two Bullets into each Piece. As ſoon as ever we had fired our Muſquets, we let fly one Piſtol each, and then the other three fired their Guns. As ſoon as *Plymouth* had fired, he ran and charg'd our four Guns, (he having never a Piſtol) and then we let fly our other Piſtols. With theſe Diſcharges we had kill'd at leaſt fifteen *Indians*, and put the reſt into ſuch Frights that they began to run; (for with the Duſt and Buſtle they made, they cou'd hardly diſtinguiſh from whence the Fire came) neither did they ſtop till they met with the poor wounded *Spaniard*, who had crept out, hearing the Diſcharge of our Pieces, (as we ſuppos'd) they fell upon the poor Fellow with Shouts and Outcries, and tore him to Pieces, never minding the *Spaniards* purſuing 'em; who cry'd, *Miraculo! Miraculo!* a Miracle! a Miracle! By this Time we got within twenty Yards of the End of the Edge, where we ſeven fired our Muſquets, and left 'em to *Plymouth* to charge; then we ran in upon 'em with our Piſtols, and diſcharg'd 'em cloſe upon 'em. With this laſt Fire we dropp'd 'em twelve Men, and they ſcream'd out, and ran away as faſt as they could. We did not think fit to follow

follow 'em, for it was not to any Purpoſe, being they were ſoon out of Sight. We charg'd our Guns and Piſtols again, and the twelve *Spaniards* did the like, they having nine in the laſt Conflict kill'd, and two deſperately wounded. They gave us Thanks for our Reſcue, and ſaid we were ſurely ſent from Heaven to their Relief; they let us know they were Tax-gatherers for the King of *Spain*, and were oblig'd to go in Numbers, and well arm'd, for fear of theſe deſperate *Indians*; who, about nine Years ago, ſet upon 'em, and kill'd eighteen of 'em, and but two eſcaped; but never met with any Moleſtation from that Time till now; ſo that this Time thinking the Danger over) we leſſen'd our Number from fifty to thirty, which I ſuppoſe the *Indians* having Notice of, was the Occaſion of their ſetting upon us. They ſaid it was to no Purpoſe for to go back, for the reſt of their Companions that were kill'd, which being a Mile off, they had taken with 'em.

We had not gone above half a League onward, but we heard dreadful Shoutings as before, and looking behind us, it being a ſtrait Road, we cou'd perceive a Cloud of Duſt, and the *Indians* running full ſpeed towards us. Upon which, we put down our two wounded Men that were on Horſeback, and mounted upon the *Spaniards* ſpare Horſes. Now we being nineteen Horſemen, reſolv'd to ſtand it: We divided into Ranks; four in a Rank, which made five Ranks; only there was but three in the laſt Rank. So we reſolv'd to keep directly one behind the other, and when the firſt File had fired, to fall in the Rear, and charge again. The *Spaniards* would make up the three firſt Ranks, as they ſaid they could not in Honour expoſe us to the firſt Onſet, being we ventured our Lives in coming to their Aſſiſtance. We had no Time to diſpute, for now they were juſt upon us, and to our Surprize had ſeveral Fire-Arms among 'em. As ſoon as they got within

within a hundred Paces of us they fired, but not above two of their Pieces went off, the reſt were clogg'd with Duſt in running, that very happily for us hinder'd their Diſcharging. The Shot miſs'd us by Providence, and we would not give 'em time to charge again, but we mov'd forward and fired in upon 'em, and did great Execution; when it came to our Turn to Fire, we in the Heat forgot our Orders, but after we had diſcharg'd our Guns and Piſtols, we fell in with 'em with our Cutlaſhes, and being rais'd above 'em by being on Horſeback, did great Execution; and that with the *Spaniards* charging and firing again, put 'em to the Rout; but now we follow'd 'em being on Horſeback, and diſpers'd 'em ſo that it was impoſſible for 'em to rally any more that Night. However, we took four of 'em Priſoners, and tying their Hands behind 'em, faſten'd 'em to two of our foremoſt Horſes, the reſt following after, that they might not get Looſe.

We were met in the Road by twenty *Spaniſh* Horſe, with each a Foot-Soldier behind 'em, who were upon the full Gallop to our Aſſiſtance, being allarm'd by the *Mulatto* that rode by; but I believe ſome were glad they came too late. The Officer and the reſt ſaluted us very courteouſly, when they heard how luckily we came to their Aſſiſtance; but fell a Whipping the poor naked *Indians* ſo barbarouſly, that tho' they deſerv'd it, I cou'd not bear to ſee it done in cool Blood, and tho' the Blood follow'd every Laſh, yet they never cry'd out. This is the chief Cauſe of the Hatred of the *Indians*, when ever the *Spaniards* get any of 'em in their Power, they put 'em to all Manner of Torture; but if, on the contrary, they wou'd uſe 'em civilly, and diſcharge 'em now and then, I am ſure they might live in perfect Friendſhip with 'em: For the *Indians* are good natur'd, loving and affable, till they are incens'd, and then they are implacable.

We

We arriv'd at the Fort about Evening, and were very well entertain'd. The Officer did not doubt but to procure us a Ship to transport us to *Jamaica*, tho' he had Orders from *Havanna* to secure all *English* Vessels, there being a War talk'd of between the *Spaniſh*, and *French*, and *Engliſh*, and *Dutch*. The next Day the Officer mightily bragg'd of being an old *Spaniard*, that is, born in *Spain*, and of an ancient Family; and Mr. *Muſgrave* made us very merry upon the Road, in interpreting the Don's Speeches. We found all along from the Fort, a great many Gentlemens Houſes pleaſantly ſituated, and the Country all along yielding delightful Proſpects.

We were well entertain'd at a Gentleman's Houſe at Dinner, with Proviſions dreſs'd after the *Engliſh* Way, and all Manner of Sweetmeats and cool Wines. The Gentleman had a Vault or Cellar thirty Foot deep under Ground. He ſpoke pretty good *Engliſh*, and had been a Factor ſeveral Years in *London*, and knew our Cuſtoms and Manners very well, and preferr'd our Way of dreſſing Victuals before their own. He had an *Engliſh* Cook from a *Tavern* behind the *Royal Exchange*, that he brought with him into *Spain*, and from thence to *Cuba*, where he had a vaſt Eſtate left him. His Cook's Name was *Hodges*, a good underſtanding Fellow, and made very much of us, and would fain have had us to ſtay with his Maſter longer. But as ſoon as we had din'd, we were oblig'd to get on Horſeback, and away for the *Havanna*, which we reach'd about ſix o'Clock in the Evening. We had Rooms allotted us, and ſeveral *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* Men came to ſee us, that liv'd there.

Havanna is the Capital City of the whole Iſland of *Cuba*, and has as great a Trade as any Place belonging to the *Spaniards* in the *Weſt-Indies*. It has one of the fineſt Harbours in the Univerſe, not for its Greatneſs, but its Security, yet able to contain five

five hundred Ships of the greateſt Burthen. The Mouth of the Harbour is commanded by a Platform; and a ſquare Fort, faſten'd together by a ſtrong Boom, or Iron Chain, that no Ship can enter. The moſt ſhallow Part of the whole Harbour, is eight Fathom Water, and all its Banks is pav'd round with flat Stone, ſo that a Veſſel of a thouſand Ton may lay her Side to it and unlade. Juſt between the two Forts there ſtands a round Watch Tower, where they diſcover to the Town how Veſſels are coming towards the Harbour by putting out a Flag for every Ship. This Place is the beſt fortify'd and garriſon'd in all the *Indies*, to ſecure the Plate Fleet, and all other Ships that meet here, to ſet Sail together for *Spain*. The City is very large, near as big as *Briſtol* in *England*, and the Houſes are handſomely built, but after the *Spaniſh* Faſhion. There are two handſome Churches, fine, and well built, with Spires, and an Organ in each, beſides ſeveral Chappels; and a Foundation laid for a third Church while we were there. This City almoſt as ſoon as it was built, was ſack'd by a *French* Pirate in the Year 1536, who was driven thither by a Tempeſt, and landing his Men, well arm'd, took the City in Spite of all their Reſiſtance, and burnt many of the Houſes, they being moſt part Wood; and had conſum'd them all, had not the *Spaniards* redeem'd the reſt, by paying 'em a thouſand Ducats. Upon the receiving the Money they made out to Sea, and the ſame Evening came into the *Havanna* three Ships from *Spain*, who hearing of what had chanc'd, prepar'd to follow 'em, taking ſeveral Soldiers on board them; the Admiral, who ſail'd beſt, got the firſt Sight of the *Frenchman*; but being fearful to attack him before the other Ships came up, lay by. The *Frenchman* ſeeing that, boldly ſet upon the firſt Ship, and took her without Fighting; the ſecond ſeeing that, tack'd about, and ran aſhore, which was taken by the Ship's Boat; the third alſo

run

run the same Fate. Flush'd with this Success, they return'd to the *Havanna* the second Time, and exacted a thousand *Ducats* more, or else they threaten'd to level the City with the Ground, which was paid 'em immediately. Then they took their last Leave, with this rich Booty, and sail'd for *Rochel* in *France*, where they shar'd their Prizes. After this they built their Houses with Stone, as they are now, which nevertheless the *English* took about twelve Years after.

There are many fair Harbours besides the *Havanna*, in *Cuba*, as that of St. *Jago* City and Harbour, which is a handsome Place, seated on the South of the Island, and is also a Bishop's See under the Archbishoprick of St. *Domingo*. Three Leagues from St. *Jago* lies those famous Copper Mountains, call'd by the *Spaniards*, *Sierra de Cobre*. There's another Town and Harbour situated on the Eastern Part of *Cuba*, call'd *Baracoa*, where they gather the best Ebony of all the *Indies*. There's many other good ones, as St. *Salvador*, *Trinedal*, *Puerto del Principe*, which has a Fountain near it, that some Times of the Year produces liquid Pitch.

Cuba was formerly divided into eight Provinces and Governments, and better peopled than any other Island in *America*, before the *Spaniards* invaded 'em; but now there are but few *Indians*, which inhabit several Parts of the Island unmolested by the *Spaniards*; but the Natives can never forget their Barbarity, which they have by Tradition from Father to Son. Nay, I have been inform'd, that they keep a solemn Festival once a Year, which was the Time that the Massacre of the *Indians* happen'd; and if they can get any *Spaniards*, they sacrifice them to satisfy the *Manes* of their dead Ancestors.

Hugh Linscoten, the *French* Voyager, relates, that a *Cassick*, or one of the Lords of a Province, caught a *Spaniard* at their first Landing, and threw him into a River, to see if he wou'd drown, which he did

did, and that ſatisfy'd him they were not immortal. Whereupon he encourag'd his Men, and repuls'd the *Spaniards* ſeveral Times with great Loſs; but at laſt run the ſame Fate with the reſt of the Natives. 'Tis reported that the *Spaniards* firſt and laſt had maſſacred ſixty thouſand *Indians* in the Iſland of *Cuba*.

La Caſas, a Biſhop in *New Spain*, that wrote the Hiſtory of the *Indies*, tells us this Story of another *Caſſick*, that was taken by the *Spaniards* in *Cuba*, and condemn'd to be burnt alive with green Wood, that his Torture might be the longer and more exquiſite. While he was ty'd to the Stake, before the Fire was lighted, a Fryar that was preſent preach'd to him the Truth of the Chriſtian Religion, and that all who dy'd in that Faith, and truſted in God that form'd the Earth, and all the Creatures therein, ſhould immediately after their Purgation, aſcend into Heaven, the Reſidence of our Creator, there to converſe with Angels, and ſuch as dy'd in that Faith; but on the contrary, if they perſiſted in Ignorance, and dy'd in a contrary Opinion, they ſhould deſcend into Hell, and live in an Eternity of Torments. Upon this the *Caſſick* aſk'd him if there were any *Spaniards* in Heaven? And being anſwer'd there were many; Then ſaid the *Caſſick*, let me go to Hell, for I would rather converſe with thoſe you call *Devils*, than you *Spaniards* in Heaven; for I am ſure you are the worſt of Devils, and take Delight in nothing but tormenting us. Tho' the Fryar's preaching was certainly true, yet Men of any Reaſon muſt conclude, that no Religion can be propagated by Cruelty and the Sword, which was always the *Spaniards* Method with the *Indians*, where ever they came; and all their Excuſe was, that if they had not us'd them in that Manner, they cou'd never have made their Conqueſts, being they were forc'd to leſſen 'em, for fear their Numbers might overpower 'em; ſo that in ſhort, as *Dryden*

says in his Conquest of *Mexico* by the *Spaniards*, *You threaten Peace, but you invite a War.*

I met there with a Priest, that I am sure harbour'd nothing of Cruelty in his Breast, for he came to see us every Day, and in such a friendly Manner, that charm'd us all. He was always sending us one good thing or other, and wou'd take us to divert us Abroad. He understood *Latin* very well, and some *English*. On the *Sunday* he preach'd an excellent Sermon in *Spanish*, as Mr. *Musgrave* inform'd us, whose chief Heads ran upon us, and to excite Charity in the Auditors, to let us have what was necessary in carrying us to *Jamaica*. The next Day he brought us to the Value of fifty Pounds in *Spanish* Dollars, which were collected at the Church Doors for us. There was a small Vessel of about forty Ton upon the Stocks that was bought of the Owners for us, and a Collection made in the Town for Money to pay for it. We told 'em of the Provision we had left on Shore, which by our Computation cou'd not be above twenty Leagues off; but they told us it would be difficult to find it. One Day a *Spaniard* met us walking with Father *Antonio* in one of the Cloisters of the Convent, and reprimanded him for favouring *Hereticks* (as he call'd us) so much. He thought none of us understood *Spanish*, so was more free in his Conversation. Said Father *Antonio*, we ought to use Charity even to brute Beasts, and much more to our Fellow Creatures, who wear with us our Creator's Image; I would not be thought to make a Schism in our Religion, which I am sure is the holiest and most pure; but yet I cannot consent in my Thoughts, that All who are out of the Pale of our Church must suffer Damnation; it would be horrid to think it, and would take away from the Lustre of our Opinion, which shines so brightly. If they are in any Errors concerning their Belief, God, in whose Breast it lies, can open their Eyes when he thinks fit, that they

they may see those Errors. Then added the *Spaniard*, with the same Reason you may say the *Indians* and Natives may still remain in Ignorance, till Heaven shall think fit to open their Eyes, as you say; and if so, the *Missionary* Fathers may spare their Trouble. No, reply'd the Father, We are there appointed by Providence to bring 'em out of the Cloud that dims their Sight. But of People that own Christ, and serve the same God with us, who differ but in a few outward Forms of Worship, it is very hard to believe that those instructed in that Worship, must inevitably sink into Damnation. I can't tell what the *Spaniard*'s Thoughts were upon this Discourse, but I am sure he was more charitable than before, for he pull'd out of his Purse a *Moidore*, and gave Father *Antonio* for our Use, which it seems he had refus'd to do, when he went about collecting for us. After he was gone he told us his Discourse *Pro* and *Con*, and what he could not make out in *English*, Mr. *Musgrave* clear'd to us from the other's telling him in *Spanish* what he meant.

We were told our Vessel was ready, and therefore might be going when we pleas'd. It was a very neat one as ever was built by the *Spaniards*, and carried between thirteen and fourteen Ton.

We had all Sorts of Provision sent on board for half a Year, or more, so that we only stay'd for the Wind to rise, it being quite calm.

While we staid there, the four unfortunate *Indians* were to be executed in the Midst of the *Parade*. They were first to be dragg'd by four Horses, naked, along the great Street to the *Parade*, and then to be chain'd to a Post, fix'd for that Purpose, and burnt to Death: I must confess, when I saw with what barbarous Cruelty they design'd to use 'em, I repented my being an Instrument in the taking of 'em. This Execution was order'd to be between seven and eight in the Evening, being then it was coolest. All the *Indian* Slaves that serv'd *Spanish* Masters in

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the Town were order'd to go and be Spectators of the Tragedy, that they might see what they must expect, if ever they offer'd to rebel in the like Manner. When the Time came, the whole Street was crowded with a vast Number of People of all Conditions. But such a Sight I never desire to see again, each *Indian* was ty'd by the Feet to the Harness of the Horse, and so dragg'd from the Prison to the Place of Execution upon the bare Stones naked, their Arms tied upon their Breasts, and fasten'd upon their Backs, that they might not lift 'em up to save themselves as they were dragg'd along the Stones; but by that Time the poor Creatures came to the *Parade*, the Skin of their Legs, Thighs, and Back, were almost stripp'd off, yet without the least Complaint; as soon as they were tied fast to the Stake, they took from a Pot of liquid Pitch, boiling hot, a Stick with something fasten'd to the End on't, and rubb'd over their naked Bodies. One of them then, I observ'd, began to faint, but was rated by another of his Fellow Sufferers in their own Language, which none understood but *Indians*, and the Fellow seem'd to bear it much better. Before the Fire was put to the Pile, a Fryar stepp'd up to them, and in *Spanish* spoke to the *Indian* that was ready to faint before, who had been Servant in the Town, but run away from his Master, and understood *Spanish*. The Fryar desir'd 'em, if they would be happy in the other World, to acknowledge themselves Christians, and go out of the World in that Faith. Upon this the *Indian* answer'd, 'When I lived among you (said 'he) and was taught to worship your God, you 'told me he was an upright God, and a just God 'to them that serv'd him faithfully, but an aveng-'ing Power to those that once offended him: If 'so, how comes it to pass that he has not punish'd 'you for all your Crimes. You have taught me 'that Whoring and Adultery were Sins not to be 'pardon'd, and yet you commit those Sins, as if

'you

'you were in no Fear of any Puniſhment. Murder 'is one of your Commandments not to be forgiven, 'when at the ſame Time you'll hire a Bravo to 'kill a Stranger that looks but wantonly on your 'Wives. In ſhort, I know not any one Thing that 'I have heard preach'd to us poor *Indians*, that 'you practiſe yourſelves. Therefore if your *Spaniſh* 'God be as you deſcrib'd him to us, the Curſe muſt 'fall upon you if we can't believe in him, being 'we are deterr'd by the Cruelties you inflict upon 'us in ſerving him as you would have us, when 'we find your Actions and Words differ more than 'our Complexions. You preach up Holineſs, and 'Righteouſneſs, but you practiſe Debauchery and 'Lewdneſs.'

He ſaid more, which was to excite the *Indians* to rebel, but they put a Stop to it, by putting Fire to the Wood, which being compos'd of ſeveral combuſtible Matters, ſoon conſumed the poor Wretches.

When all was over, Father *Antonio* took us Home to his Lodgings, to give us a ſmall Collation for the laſt Time; being the next Day we did all deſign to lie on board, in Expectation of the Winds riſing. We told him by Mr. *Muſgrave*, That we thought it a great Weakneſs in them to preach in that Manner, to *Indians* in their Condition; and it would be apt to make others deſpiſe their Religion; ſaid Mr. *Muſgrave*, it is like courting a Woman to Love by Stripes: (pardon the Compariſon) Why, ſaid Father *Antonio*, I muſt confeſs it is not what any of our Fathers like, but it is what we are ordered to do, and therefore muſt not be denied. Beſides, at firſt, it was a Piece of barbarous Policy in the firſt Conquerors of the *Indies*, they would order the Miſſionaries to preach to all *Indian* Criminals, but out of hearing of any Spectators; ſo as ſoon as they were executed, they would declare to all the *Indians* that they died Chriſtians, and were happy. Mr. *Muſgrave* aſked him, What made them uſe 'em ſo inhumanly, was it not enough that they

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they suffered Death, but must be tortured in that barbarous Manner? He replied, it was done to terrify the other *Indians* from any Violence. Mr. *Musgrave* answered, That was certainly wrong; for as they are an implacable Sort of People, and have handed down to them from Father to Son, the first Massacre, tho' almost two hundred Years ago, they must needs remember these Cruelties of so fresh a Date, which revive in their Memories the former, if they had any Mind to forget 'em: He could not say much to it, he said, but evaded the Discourse, by bidding us be merry, that is, innocently and inoffensively so, for he did not allow of Disorders in any one; so we refreshed ourselves, and took our Leaves of the good Father, who blessed, and embraced us, and said he would pray to Heaven for our prosperous Voyage. So on the next Day, we paid our hearty Acknowledgments to all our Benefactors, and went on board; where we had not been a Quarter of an Hour, before an extraordinary Message came from the Governor for *Plymouth*, our Black, who went with them without any Hesitation, and return'd with a Present from the Governor, of several Bottles of Rack, *Spanish* Wines, Fowls, Rice, and Brandy, with twenty Pieces of *Spanish* Gold, as the Messenger told us, in Recompense for the Loss of one of our Companions; for the Governor had sent for *Plymouth*, to know if he would serve him in quality of his Trumpeter, and he would settle a Pension upon him for Life. *Plymouth* thought fit to accept of it, as having no Master, nor knowing when he should have one: But he got Leave to come on board to bid us Farewel, which he did in a very affectionate Manner: I bid him have a Care to please the *Governor*, and then he need not fear doing well; so we parted with *Plymouth*, with our hearty Thanks recommended to Father *Antonio* for all his Favours. *Plymouth* had a Trumpet given him by the Governor, as soon as he came on Shore, which he brought with him, and sounded

founded all the Way in the Boat, as he went back again, to oblige us; for really he founded extraordinary well, and had learn'd on several other Inſtruments, having a tolerable Underſtanding in Muſick. We were ſorry to part with *Plymouth*, as being a faithful honeſt Fellow, yet glad he had got ſo good a Maſter. The Wind riſing, we weigh'd Anchor, and left the Port with three Huzza's and a Volley of Small Arms, (we having no Cannon) and in two Days loſt Sight of the Iſland *Cuba*.

This famous Iſland *Cuba*, which was firſt call'd *Joanna* by *Columbus* the firſt Diſcoverer, afterwards *Ferdinanda*, then *Alpha* and *Omega*, as being the Firſt and Laſt Iſland the *Spaniards* touch'd at: But afterwards was call'd *Cuba*, and ſtill retains that Name. This is reckon'd one of the four Iſlands of the *Barlovento*: The others are *Hiſpaniola*, *Jamaica*, and *Porto-Rico*. The North Side of *Cuba* is fortified with a vaſt Number of ſmall Iſlands, called the *Lucaies*, which ſome Geographers have taken for a Part of the main Land. The Chief is *Bahama*, which forms the Gulph of *Florida*, the Paſſage that all Ships go through, when they come out of the *Weſt-Indies* into *Europe*.

Cuba has on the North, *Jacatan*, a Province on the Main Land, diſtant about 50 Leagues, and on the South, *Jamaica*, about 40 Leagues: In Length 220, and in the broadeſt Part about 56. The Soil in moſt Parts, that are inhabited by *Spaniards*, is fruitful, and much more healthy than *Hiſpaniola*. The Tobacco is reckon'd the beſt in the *Spaniſh Weſt-Indies*. I have ſeen very large Vines there, which bear excellent Grapes, but not fit to make Wine; many have tried, but it turns ſour in a few Days. And for Birds, Beaſts, and Fiſhes, it comes up to, if not exceeds any of the other Iſlands. The Bird *Flamingo* is a Fowl ſomething bigger than our ordinary Geeſe, but Legs and Neck twice as long, and all over red, and generally go in a Body. At a

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Distance they look like a Company of Soldiers marching. The *Spaniards* have a Proverb here, That the Time will come that *Englishmen* will walk as freely in their Streets, as the *Spaniards* do now; if it were so, it would be of a prodigious Advantage to the *English*, being the *Havanna* is a Strait that commands all the Ships that come out of the *Indies* for *Europe*; and I really think, from what I have seen, that it would be in the Power of ten thousand Men, with a Fleet proportionable, to overcome the whole Island in a little Time. Besides it is observ'd, that there are more Prizes brought into the *Havanna*, than any four Havens in the *Indies*.

While we were at the *Havanna*, a *Spaniard* carried two strange Beasts about the Streets for a Show, that he brought from *Brazil*; the one was call'd *Ai*, with a Head something resembling that of a Man's, and cover'd with rough short gray Hair: Each Foot has three Claws close together, about a Finger long, very sharp Teeth, with a smooth high black Nose, very small sleepy Eyes, and no Ears, with a Tail small above and broad at the Bottom, with Hair all over the Body of an Ash-Colour. This Beast is about the Size of a large Fox, but so lazy a Creature, that when it gets up a Tree, it never comes down till it has devour'd every Leaf; and when it has done, it will sit there twenty Days together without eating, and almost starv'd, before it will take the Pains to go down to feed. It can't travel or creep in a whole Day not above a Quarter of a Mile. This that was shown to us, never would stir till rouz'd with a Stick, and it would be asleep again in an Instant.

The other Creature was something like a *Baboon*, but considerably larger, with a Face and long Beard, like an old Man's, and hairy like a Goat, all over the Body; his Ears bald, his Eyes black, large, and sparkling. He that show'd it to us, call'd it a *Cayon*; its Tail is about four or five Foot long, which they twist round

round a Tree, and ſo fling themſelves to the next. They are very fierce and ſubtile, and when wounded, will ſet upon their Adverſary without any Fear; and if forc'd to climb the Trees, they carry their Mouth and Hands full of Stones to throw at Travellers as they paſs by; and when wounded, they ſet up a Shriek, that immediately brings all of their Kind, within hearing, to their Succour, who ſtop the Wound with Leaves and Moſs, which will ſoon be heal'd. This that we ſaw was brought up very young by the Perſon that had him, and would play many comical Tricks; as he was ſhewn to us, he urin'd in his Paw, and threw it in our Faces, before we were aware; and while I was wiping mine, he gave me ſuch a Salute with his Tail, that made me ſtand farther off, which ſeem'd to pleaſe him mightily, for he look'd at me and chatter'd, as much as to ſay, I have given it you. The *Spaniard* told us, they uſed to play at a certain Game with the Natives for Money, and would often win, and then go ſpend what they had got, upon a Liquor that made them drunk; and as ſoon as they found themſelves ſo, they would retire very decently and take a Nap, by which they were very often caught.

Joſeph de Acoſta, that wrote the Hiſtory of the *Weſt-Indies* in *Spaniſh*, tells us a Story of one of theſe Sort of Creatures, going to a Tavern, with a Pot, and Money to pay for his Wine, yet would not part with his Money, till they had fill'd his Pot with the Wine; but, in the mean time, beat four or five Boys, that did their Endeavour to take it from him, and carried it ſafe to them that ſent him.

Peter Martyr relates another Story of one of them, that ſeeing a *Spaniard* going to fire a Gun at him, ſnatch'd up a little Child that was there, and held it before him as a Buckler, and would not let it go before the *Spaniard* was retir'd; then he laid the Child gently down, and run away, after having firſt urin'd upon it.

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The Fellow that shew'd them, sold 'em to the Governor of *Havanna* for two hundred Dollars, and would have gone with us to *Jamaica* or any where; but we durst not take him without an Order from the Governor, who does not suffer any one to go out of the Island without a Pass from him, which costs a Dollar, and brings into his Purse a great deal of Money in the Year, having no other Revenue from the King of *Spain*, only so much a Year for a Table, and a Palace ready furnish'd with every thing that is necessary, besides Servants. Every Ship that comes in pays two Dollars, and at going out four more, so that the Government of this Island exceeds in its Profit any other Government (except the Vice-Roy of *Mexico*) in the *Spanish West-Indies*.

The Weather continued favourable, so that we arriv'd at *Jamaica* without meeting any thing remarkable in our Passage: As soon as we had cast Anchor, I order'd the Boat to be made ready to carry me on board my own Ship, which I saw ride there. But when I got up the Ship's Side, I found my Cloaths selling at the Mast, at, *Who bids more?* Which is the Method, as soon as a Person is dead, or kill'd; the first Harbour they anchor in, the Cloaths of the Deceas'd are brought upon Deck, and sold by Auction, the Money to be paid when they come to *England*; for it generally happens that Sailors have not any till they come Home again.

They were at the last Article when I came up the Ship-side; which was a Pair of black worsted Stockings that cost I believe about Four Shillings, which went at Twelve and Six-pence, tho' they had been worn. As soon as I was seen by 'em some cry'd out a Ghost! a Ghost! and others ran away to secure the Cloaths they had bought, suspecting that now I would have 'em again. When they were satisfy'd of my being alive, and were told my Story, they were all rejoyc'd at my good Fortune, but none would be prevail'd upon to let me have my Cloaths again.

again. So I took up the Slop-Book, and caſt up what they were ſold for, and found, that what coſt me about twenty Pound, were ſold for four Times the Money: When I was ſatisfied in that, I called every Perſon, one by one, that had bought any of my Cloaths, and ſtruck a Bargain with them for ready Money, and bought them for about ten Pound; but the ready Money pleas'd them mightily.

Captain *Waſe* being ſick aſhore, I went to pay him a Viſit, where he was mighty glad to ſee me, as believing I had periſh'd; he told me that the Veſſel hung Lights out for ſeveral Hours, that I might know where to ſwim, and laid by as long as the Wind would permit, as the Crew acquainted him when they came into Harbour. The Captain told me, That he did not think he ſhould live long, therefore was mighty glad I was come to take Charge of the Ship, which had ſail'd before, if he had been in a Condition to bear the Sea. From thence I went on board my new Bark, and ſettled my Affairs there with my Companions, who were mighty ſorry to think of parting with me, *Hood* and *Rouſe* deſired they might be receiv'd on board as Sailors, and go for *England* with us; for *Hood* was an *Engliſhman*, I mean born in *England*, and *Rouſe* had Friends there. Beſides, it was as eaſy to go from *England* to *Bermudas*, as from *Jamaica*. So I ſpoke to the Captain, who was very well pleas'd to receive them, being he had loſt five Men by the Diſtemper of the Country. The poor Captain died in a Week after my coming, and left me Executor for his Wife, who liv'd at *Briſtol*.

As ſoon as we had buried him, I went on board with my two Men, and did deſign to ſail in three Days at fartheſt, which I would have done before, but that I was hinder'd by wanting a Chapman for our Bark, being we had Shares to diſpoſe of; when I came on board the Maſter told me he had no Occaſion for the two Men to add to their Charge;

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ſaid I, that's as I ſhall think fit, for the Power is in my Hands now; and who put that Power into your Hands? (ſaid the Maſter) he that had Power ſo to do (ſaid I) the Captain, whereupon I ſhew'd him in Writing. He told me it did not ſignify any Thing, and that I would find no one of the Sailors would obey a Boy, uncapable to ſteer a Veſſel. Said I, I don't deſire to have any Command over you, but only to repreſent the Captain that's deceas'd: We have no want of any Repreſentatives (replied the Maſter) and you ſhall go in your own Station, or not at all. It would be a pretty Thing, added he, for my Mate to become my Captain, and as I was deſign'd by the Captain to have the Command of the Veſſel before you came, ſo I intend to keep it. But ſaid I, this Paper ſign'd by his own Hand, is but of two Days Date, and you can't ſhew any thing for the Command, as you pretend to: Therefore (ſaid I) Ill make my Complaint to the Governor, and he ſhall right me. Ay, ay, do ſo! (ſaid he) I'll ſtand to any Thing he ſhall command. Whereupon *Rouſe*, *Hood*, and myſelf went into the Boat again, and row'd immediately on Shore; but the Governor was ſix Miles up in the Country, and it being pretty late, we deſign'd to wait for his coming Home, which we were told would be in the Morning early. So I went on board the Bark, and laid all Night, the Ship lying beyond the Keys two Leagues from the Harbour, in order to ſail. The next Morning getting up, with an Intent to wait upon the Governor, and looking towards the Place where the Ship lay over Night, found ſhe was gone, and caſting my Eyes towards Sea, ſaw a Ship four or five Leagues diſtant from us, which we ſuppos'd to be ours. I immediately went on Shore, and found the Governor juſt come to Town, and made my Complaint. He told me there was no Remedy, but to ſend immediately to *Blewfield's Bay*, where he ſuppoſed they would ſtop to get Wood, which was

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Whereupon there was a Meſſenger order'd for *Blewfields*, which I accompanied, to give Inſtructions to the Officer that commanded at the Fort, to ſeize the Maſter of the Ship, and order him before the Governor at *Port Royal*: So we got on Horſeback, and reach'd it in three Days, it being almoſt a hundred Miles. When we came there, we found ſeveral Ships in the Harbour, but none that we wanted: So we waited a Week, but all to no Purpoſe, for ſhe paſt the Bay, as miſtruſting our Deſign; upon this we were oblig'd to return with a heavy Heart, and tell the Governor of our ill Succeſs. Who pitied me, and told me he would ſee me ſhipp'd in the firſt Veſſel bound for *England*: So I went on board my own Bark, where they were all glad to ſee me, tho' ſorry I was ſo diſappointed. Now I was very glad that I had not diſpos'd of my Bark, for I thought now it might be of Uſe to me. We conſulted together, to know what was beſt to do; at laſt I made a Bargain with them, if they would venture with me in our Bark to *England*, I would give them not only my Share of her, but as much Money as came to the other two Shares, if they would be willing to part with them: Upon this we agreed, and with what Money I had, I began to lade my Veſſel with Things to traffick with. I bought a good Quantity of Indigo, ſome Cotton, Sugar, and Rum. In ſhort, I laid out the beſt Part of my Money; and on *June* the 1ſt, 1700, ſet Sail, and ſteered our Courſe for *England*.

Before I leave *Jamaica*, I think it will not be amiſs to give ſome Account of the dreadful Earthquake that happen'd there in 1692. I am ſure it is a true Account of it, being it was wrote by the Rector of *Port Royal*'s own Hand, who was upon the Place, when the Accident happen'd. You ſhall have it in his own Words.

June

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June 22, 1692.

Dear Friend,

'FROM on board the *Granado* Merchant in *Port-Royal* Harbour, I doubt not but you will hear both from *Garret*'s and *Bris*'s Coffee-House, of the great Calamity that hath befallen this Island by a terrible Earthquake on the 7th Instant. Which have thrown down almost all the Houses, Churches, Sugar Works, Mills and Bridges, thro' the whole Country; it tore the Rocks and Mountains, and destroy'd some whole Plantations, and threw them into the Sea; but *Port Royal* had much the greater Share in this terrible Judgment of God. I will therefore be more particular in giving you an Account of its Proceeding, that you may know what my Danger was, and how unexpected my Preservation. On *Tuesday* the 7th of *June*, I had been at Church reading Prayers, (which I did every Day) since I was *Rector* of PORT-ROYAL, to keep up some *Shew* of Religion among a most ungodly, and debauch'd People. When Prayers being ended, I went to a Place hard by the Church, (where Merchants use to meet) where the President of the new Council, who acts in Chief till we have a new Governor, came into my Company, and engag'd me to take a Glass of Wormwood-Wine with him, as a Whet before Dinner. He being my very good Friend, I staid with him; upon which, he lighted a Pipe of Tobacco, which he was pretty long taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, I was detain'd from going to one Captain *Rudders*'s, where I was to dine; whose House upon the first Concussion sunk into the Earth, then into the Sea, with his Wife and Family, and some others that came to

' Dinner

'Dinner with him. But to return to the *Preſident* 'and his Pipe of Tobacco; before it was out, I found 'the Ground rolling and moving underneath my 'Feet; upon which I ſaid to him, Lord, Sir! What's 'this? He reply'd very compoſedly, being a very 'grave Man; it is an Earthquake, be not afraid, it 'will be ſoon over; but it did encreaſe every Mi-'nute, and we heard the *Church* and *Tower* fall, 'upon which we ran to ſave ourſelves. I quickly 'loſt him, and made towards *Morgan's-Fort*, which 'being a wide open Place, I thought to be there 'more ſecure from the falling Houſes; but as I 'made towards it, I ſaw the Earth open and ſwal-'low up a Multitude of People, and the Sea mount-'ing in upon us over the Fortifications. I then laid 'aſide all Hopes of eſcaping, and reſolv'd to make 'towards my own Lodging, and there to meet 'Death in as good a Poſture as I could, but I was 'forc'd to croſs and run thro' two or three narrow 'Streets, the *Houſes* and *Walls* fell on each Side me, 'ſome *Bricks* came rolling over my *Shoes*, but none 'hurt me: When I came to my Lodging I found 'all Things in the ſame Order I left them in, not a 'Picture (of which there were ſeveral fair ones in 'my Chamber) being out of its Place. I went to 'the *Balcony* to view the Street in which our Houſe 'ſtood, I ſaw never a Houſe down, nor the Ground 'ſo much as crack'd. The People ſeeing me there 'cry'd out to me to come and pray with 'em. When 'I was come into the Street every one laid hold on 'my Cloaths and embrac'd me, that with their Fear 'and Kindneſs I was almoſt ſtifled. I perſuaded 'em at laſt to kneel down, and make a large Ring, 'which they did; I pray'd with them near an Hour, 'when I was almoſt ſpent with the Exerciſe, they 'brought me a Chair; the Earth working all the 'while with new Motions, and trembling like the 'rolling of the Sea; inſomuch, that ſometimes whilſt 'I was at Prayer, I cou'd hardly keep myſelf upon

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my Knees. By that Time I had been half an Hour longer, setting before 'em their many and heinous Sins; some Merchants came to me, who desir'd me to go Aboard some Ship in the Harbour, and refresh myself; they told me they had gotten me a Boat to carry me off. Coming to the Sea, which had entirely swallow'd up the *Wharf*, with all those goodly Houses on it, most of 'em as fine as those in *Cheapside*, and two entire Houses beyond it. I upon the Tops of some Houses that lay level with the Water, got first into a *Canoe*, and then in a Long Boat which put me Aboard a Ship, call'd the *Siam* Merchant, where I found the President safe, who was overjoy'd to see me: I continu'd there that Night, but could not sleep for the Returns of the Earthquake almost every Hour, which made all the Guns in the Ship to jar and rattle. The next Day I went from Ship to Ship to visit those that were taken up in Boats bruised, and dying, and to pray with 'em, also to do the last Office to them in saying the Form of Prayer that is us'd at the Burial of the Dead, which hath been my sorrowful Employment ever since I came Aboard this Ship, with Design to come for *England*: We have nothing but shaking of the Earth, Thunder, Lightning, and foul Weather ever since. And the People being so desperately wicked, it makes me afraid to stay in the Place; for that very Time this terrible Earthquake was, as soon as it was Night, a Crew of lewd Rogues which they call Privateers, fell to breaking open Warehouses, with Intent to rob and rifle their Neighbours, whilst the Earth trembled under them, and some of the Houses fell on 'em in the Act, and those that remain still in the Place, are as impudent and drunken as ever. I have been twice ashore to pray with the bruis'd and dying Persons, and to christen their Children, where I met too many drunk and swearing. I did not spare 'em,

'em, nor the Magiſtrates who have ſuffer'd Wick-
'edneſs to grow to ſo great a Height. I have, I
'bleſs God, to the beſt of my Skill and Power, diſ-
'charg'd my Duty in that Place, which you will
'hear from moſt Perſons that come from hence: I
'have preach'd ſo ſeaſonable to them, and ſo plain,
'in the laſt Sermon I preach'd in the Church, by
'ſetting before them what would be the Iſſue of
'their Impenitence, that they have ſince confeſs'd it
'look'd more like a Prophecy than a Sermon. I
'had I confeſs an Impulſe to do it, and many Times
'I have preach'd in the Pulpit, Things that I never
'meditated at home, and could not methought do
'otherwiſe. The Day (when all this befell us)
'was clear, affording not any Suſpicion of the leaſt
'Evil, but in the Space of three Minutes, about half
'an Hour after Eleven in the Morning, *Port Royal*,
'the faireſt Town of all the *Engliſh* Plantations, the
'beſt Empire and Mart of this Part of the World,
'exceeding in its Riches, plentiful of all good Things,
'was taken and ſhatter'd to Pieces, ſunk in, and
'cover'd for the greateſt Part by the Sea, and will
'in a ſhort Time be wholly eaten up by it; for
'ſome of thoſe Buildings that yet ſtand and are
'left, we every Day hear fall, and the Sea daily
'incroaches upon the Town. We gueſs, by falling of
'the Houſe, and opening of the Earth, and Inunda-
'tion of the Waters, that there are killed fifteen
'hundred Perſons, and many of good Note, of
'whom are my good Friend Attorney General *Muſ-*
'*grave*, Martial *Reeves*, *William Turner*, *Thomas*
'*Turner*'s Brother is loſt: I have loſt the beſt Liv-
'ing that ever I had, or ſhall have. I came, as I told
'you, aboard this Ship, in order to come home; but
'the People are ſo importunate with me to ſtay,
'I know not what to ſay to them, I muſt undergo
'great Hardſhips if I ſtay here, the Country being
'broken all to Pieces. I muſt now live in a Hut,
'and eat Yams and Potatoes for Bread, which I
'could

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'could never endure; drink Rum Punch and Water, which were never pleasing to me. I have 'wrote as effectually as I could to my Lord Bishop 'of *London* to send a younger Person, who may better endure the Fatigue of it, than I can: Now it 'would look very unnatural in me to leave the 'People in their Distress, and therefore whatever I 'suffer, I would not have such a Blame lie at my 'Door. I have acquainted my Lord of *London*, 'That by Reason of the present Distress, I am 'willing to continue a Year longer. They are going to build a new Town near the Rock in *Liguinea*, the Garden of the Island. The *French* 'from *Petigauies* did attack the Island on the North 'Side, but were all defeated and destroyed, it being 'near the Time of the Earthquake.

June 28, 1692.

'EVER since that fatal Day (the most terrible 'that ever I saw, I have lived on board a 'Ship, for the shaking of the Earth returns every 'now and then: Yesterday we had a very great 'one, but it seems less terrible Aboard than on 'Shore. Yet I have ventured to *Port Royal* three 'Times (since its Desolation) among the shatter'd 'Houses to bury the Dead, and christen their 'Children. *Sunday* last I preach'd amongst them 'in a Tent; the Houses that remain being so shatter'd, that I durst not preach in them. The People 'are overjoy'd when they see me amongst them; 'and wept very bitterly when I preach'd to them; 'I hope by this terrible Judgment, God will make 'them reform themselves, for there was not a more 'ungodly People upon the Face of the Earth. It 'is a sad Sight to see such a fair Harbour cover'd 'with the dead Bodies of the People of all Conditions; for our great and famous burial Place, the 'Palisadoes, was destroyed by the Earthquake, and

'the

the Sea wash'd the Carcasses of those that were there buried out of their Graves. Their Tombs being dash'd to Pieces by the Earthquake; of which there were Hundreds in that Place. Many rich Men are utterly ruined, whilst many by watching Opportunities, searching the sunk Houses, even almost whilst the Earthquake lasted (while Terror and Amazement had seized on all the considerable Persons) have gotten great Riches. We have had an Account from several Places of the Island, of Mischiefs done there by the Earthquake: From St. *Ann's*, we hear, that above a thousand Acres of Wood-Land, are wash'd into the Sea, carrying away whole Plantations in divers Places; but none suffered like *Port-Royal*, where Streets were swallow'd up by the Opening of the Earth. The Houses and Inhabitants went down together. Some of them were driven up again by the Sea, which arose in the Breaches of the Houses, wonderfully escaped. Others were swallowed up to the Neck, the Earth shut upon them and squeez'd them to Death. And in that Manner several are left buried with their Heads above Ground, only some Heads the Dogs have eaten. They are covered with Dust and Earth by the People, which yet remain on the Place to avoid the Stench. Thus I have told you a long and sad Story, and GOD knows what worse may happen yet. The People tell me they hear great Bellowing and Noises in the Mountains, which makes some very apprehensive of an Irruption of Fire; if so, I fear it will be more destructive than the Earthquake. I know not how to stay, and yet I cannot tell how, at such a Juncture, to quit my Station.

Yours, &c.

I be-

I believe this was the most terrible Earthquake that has ever happen'd since the Creation of the World, and did more Damage. They tell a Story of a wicked Fellow that in the Time of the Earthquake ravish'd a Merchant's Daughter, and after murder'd her, that he might not be discover'd; but a Black that happened to be in another Room, and hearing what had happen'd, ran away to the Ship where her Father was, to give him Notice, that he might come and apprehend him. But when he came and found his Daughter murder'd and the Villain gone, he was almost distracted, and the House tumbling with the Earthquake, he perish'd in the Ruins, bemoaning his Daughter. The execrable Wretch was soon overtaken with divine Vengeance; for going to make his Escape, a large Stone from one of the falling Houses, dropt on his Back and broke it, where he was taken up in such Misery, that he prayed for some one to knock him on the Head, to put him out of his Torture: The Pain was so violent, that it took away his Senses, and in the Height of his Raving discover'd himself to be the Author of the horrid Fact mention'd; but he died without Repentance, cursing every body.

Another Story that was told me, was; That a Gentlewoman had come out of the Country to lye in there, being she would be better accommodated, and was brought to-bed but two Days before. The Husband was gone out; and at the first Shock of the House all her Servants left her, with the Infant with her, which with the Violence of the Shock was overturn'd in the Cradle: With this Accident the Gentlewoman in a Fright rose out of her Bed, tho' in a weak Condition, and took up her Child, and feeling the House totter, ran down Stairs in her Shift, with her Infant in her Arms, where she was met by her Husband, who took her in his Arms to carry her away, just as the House fell upon them all, where they were drawn out, but the Child was dead, and the

the Mother died in half an Hour, the Husband mightily bruised, with much Pain linger'd out to the next Day, and then expir'd, and were all three buried together in one Grave.

One *Abraham Matthews*, an Inhabitant of *Port-Royal*, that was alive when I was there, told me of a remarkable Providence that happened to him, as he was packing up several Things to carry on board some Vessel that was in the Harbour, for the more Security. He had no sooner come out of the House where he lodg'd, but it fell down and smother'd several People within. Just as he got to the Waterside, the Boat was going off, and as he put one Foot into the Boat, the Boat-Man push'd him out again, and told him he must stay till he came back, being the Boat was full. The Boat in turning the Point by the Fort was over-whelm'd by a Point of the Shore, which fell upon it, and all that were in it perish'd. This was the second Deliverance. When he saw what had happen'd, he retir'd to the Church, which was open, to return GOD Thanks; and beg his farther Protection; or if Death happen'd, he could not chuse a better Place to dye in. While he was at Prayers, he saw one of the *Buccaneers*, or Thieves, stealing away his Bundle, which he immediately follow'd, seiz'd, and took it from him: As soon as he was out of the Church, that fell to the Ground. When he had got the Bundle, he kneel'd upon the Earth to tie it faster, the adjacent House sunk down also and smother'd the Fellow, with several others that were in it. Going a little farther he met some of his Acquaintance, who were getting a *Canoe* ready, to convey themselves on board a Ship in the Harbour, where he safely arriv'd, and gave GOD Thanks for his many and happy Deliverances.

We put in at *Blewfields-Bay*, for the Conveniency of Wood and Water; and when we were provided, steer'd our Course onward for *England*. But as we

came

came within ten Leagues of the *Havanna*, a *Spaniſh* Man of War of 40 Guns came up with us, who commanded us to ſtrike our Sails, which we did immediately; and coming on board us, were ſurpriz'd to find us all *Engliſhmen*, not expecting other than *Spaniards* from the Building of our Veſſel. Whereupon they made us all Priſoners, and ſent fifteen Men on board us, to carry the Veſſel into the *Havanna*. Telling 'em how we came by the Veſſel did not ſignify any thing, for they ſaid we were Pirates, and had ſeiz'd it. And our Paſs, which we had from the Governor of *Havanna*, not being to be found, made Things appear but with an indifferent Face; we were afraid we ſhould find many Difficulties in getting our Liberty, eſpecially if they went to their Station, which was *St. Jago*. But it happen'd better than we expected, for ſhe made directly to the Port of the *Havanna*, where we knew every thing would be plac'd in a true Light again. When we were anchor'd, and the People could come on board us, we were ſoon known; and the Captain going to the Governor, was ſoon inform'd of the Matter; ſo we were releas'd immediately, and had a Viſit made us from Father *Antonio*, and honeſt *Plymouth*, who were mightily rejoyc'd to ſee us.

We were detain'd two Days, before we could get away; and then we ſet Sail with a briſk Gale, firſt ſaluting the Town with our 4 Guns, and 4 Patteraroes, which I had forgot to mention our buying at *Port Royal*.

In two Days after our firſt Sailing we made Cape *Florida*, and enter'd the Gulph that bears the ſame Name, and paſs'd it without Danger. But here a ſudden Calm overtook us, as frequently happens when you're paſt the Gulph; and the Current ſet ſtrong to Weſtward, occaſion'd, as we ſuppos'd, by the Opening of the Land, upon that Coaſt. The Calm laſting for four Days, we were inſenſibly carried within half a League of the Shore; but a little Breeze riſing from

from Land, help'd us farther out again. But ſtill our Danger more encreas'd, for we ſoon perceiv'd three large *Canoes* making towards us, full of *Indians*, arm'd. We had not much Time to conſult what to do, for they gain'd upon us every Moment. Now Death, or ſomething worſe than Death, glared us in the Face, and moſt of us thought this the laſt Day we had to live. Come, Friends (ſaid I) if we muſt die, let's die bravely like *Engliſhmen*. To die is juſt as common as to live, only Life is Choice, but Death we ſtill purſue, and every Step we take ſhortens our Journey. If then we follow Death, why ſhould we fear it? Or if we ſhould fear, what would that avail? ſince fearing cannot put back the fated Hour. Then let us like thoſe that would diſpoſe of ſomewhat, do it to the beſt Advantage. We charg'd our 4 Guns with double and round, and our Patteraroes with Muſket Balls: The reſt of our Arms we got in Readineſs, and reſolved to die Fighting, and not ſuffer ourſelves to be taken, to be miſerably butcher'd, as all the *Indians* of *Florida* do, when they get any Whites in their Power. We reſolv'd to fire our ſix Muſkets upon them, as ſoon as they came within Reach; ſo we took our Aim, two at each *Canoe*, and fired upon 'em; which did 'em ſome Damage, for they ſtopp'd upon it, which made us make the beſt of our Way, but they ſoon purſued us with loud and rude Shouts. By this Time, we had charg'd our Muſkets again, and fired as before at the ſame Diſtance; but whatever Damage we did 'em, they came on as faſt as they could, but not before we had charged our Pieces the third Time, which we fired as before, but did more Execution, as being nearer to us; and now we charg'd 'em the fourth Time, and laid them along upon the Deck for a farther Occaſion; for they being ſo nigh that our great Guns would reach 'em with our double and round, which we fired one at a Time; the firſt we fired at was the largeſt *Canoe*, which put them in ſuch Confuſion, that they fell

foul

foul of one another, and being in a Huddle together, we fired the other three, that made a mighty Havock among 'em. We now thought of a Victory, inſtead of being made Slaves, and bore up to them that we might make our Patteraroes of Uſe to us, which we fired upon 'em with Patridge (or Muſket) Shot, that anſwer'd our End, for now they began to turn Tail; which we ſeeing, fired our Muſkets the fourth Time, which kill'd them two *Indians:* And charging our great Guns with ſingle Balls, of 3 Pound Weight, (or 3 Pounders, as they call them at Sea) and firing at their Boats (or Canoes) we ſunk one of them, but the Men ſwam to the other Canoes, and taking hold of the Sides, with their Weight turn'd it over. Mr. *Muſgrave*, and the reſt of our Men, adviſed to make up to them, and in this Confuſion kill them all. But I was ſatisfied with the Diſappointment they had met with, and as it was not in their Power to hurt us farther, reſolved to make the beſt of our Way. But looking towards the Shore, ſaw eight more of their Canoes making up to us; this put us upon making all the Sail we could, and the Sea-breeze being now pretty ſtrong, we made good Way. We thought the Canoes would ſtay when they came up with the other three, but they made after us along with thoſe *Indians* that they had taken up. We had charged our great Guns with great Shot, and fired at them, but miſs'd them; we charged them the ſecond Time, and one Shot, by good Fortune, took the firſt Canoe and over-ſet her, which put them into more Confuſion than before; but ſtill five of them purſued us, which were met with by ſome of our Muſket Balls, that gave two of them their *Quietus eſt:* And firing our great Guns once more, ſunk one of their Canoes, but the Men ſoon got into the other, and follow'd us ſtill. Seeing this, we reſolv'd to make one ſtrong Effort, and make the beſt of our Way. So we back'd our Main-Sail, and laid by for 'em, and brought our four Guns to one Side, and our four Patteraroes

teraroes to bear accordingly; we charg'd our Muſkets once more, and laid them in Readineſs, with two half-Pikes, and our Cutlaſſes; and now we reſolved not to fire till every Gun might do Execution; we ſtaid till they came within two Ships length of us, and then we fired upon them as faſt as ever we could, which prov'd effectual; for we kill'd 'em at leaſt twenty. Upon which, they ſet up dreadful uncommon Noiſes, and row'd back as faſt as ever they could; we gave them our farewel Muſket-ſhots, and made the beſt of our Way. By a moderate Computation we kill'd them at leaſt 50 *Indians*, without their once firing at us; neither could we conceive how they intended to aſſault us, or whether they had any Fire Arms, for we ſaw none. After we had brought our Veſſel to rights again, we aſſembled ourſelves to Prayers, and return'd our ſincere Thanks to the Defender of the Weak, and Giver of all good Things, for our happy Deliverance. We ſaw the Canoes paddling towards Shore, and were met by ſeveral others, with a Deſign, as we ſuppos'd, to aſſiſt them; but we were now too far for them, and there was nothing more to be fear'd, and ſo we ſail'd on with a proſperous Gale, and met with nothing worth Note, till *Thurſday*, *July* the 15th, we diſcover'd Land, which amaz'd us all, for we did not think of falling in with any Shore 'till we ſaw *England:* We went to conſult our Charts, and ſaw we were near *Newfoundland*, and finding that, we ſteer'd directly into St. *John*'s Harbour, which is the Capital of the Iſland, I mean of that Part which belongs to the *Engliſh*. The Harbour is large, fair, ſtrong, and commodious, commanded by ſeveral good Forts, and a ſtrong Boom that ſhuts it up: The Town conſiſts of about 800 Houſes, built after the Manner of the Houſes in *England*.

Newfoundland, or *Terra Nova*, was diſcover'd by *Sebaſtian Cabot*, for King *Henry* the VII. of *England*. This Iſland is ſeated in fifty two of Northern Latitude; and divided from the Continent by an Arm of

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the Sea, about 20 Leagues over; it is larger than *Ireland*; the Climate is much the ſame as in *England*, very wholeſome; has ſeveral commodious Harbours. The *Engliſh* poſſeſs one Part, and the *French* the other; but the *Engliſh* are more populous. This Iſland is of great Benefit to the *Engliſh*, as well as other Nations, from the vaſt Quantities of Fiſh that are caught upon the Banks of *Newfoundland*. This is a very large Bank of Sand, which extends a hundred and twenty Leagues to the Weſt, near the Continent, and about 20 Leagues broad in the Middle, and ſharpens to each End. It is reckon'd the moſt extraordinary Thing found in the Sea of that Kind, for Ships may anchor tho' twenty or thirty Leagues from Land. The Fruits are the ſame with us in *England*, and the Soil ſo very rich, that it will bear Peaſe, Beans, *&c.* without Tillage, which are as good as any in *England*. The Beaſts the ſame, only the Bear, which is found there. In ſhort, *Newfoundland* reſembles *England* in every Thing ſo much, that if a Man could be carry'd from thence in his Sleep, he would only think he was ſtray'd ſomewhere out of his Knowledge. There is only this to be ſaid, that there is not ſo many Inhabitants, ſo there is more Plenty of every Thing for human Life: Their chief Trade is Fiſh, but they ſend great Quantities of Muſk, Sables, and other Furrs. There is not one *Indian* to be found upon the whole Iſland, but what are brought from other Countries, and us'd as Servants; tho' it is reported, about twenty Years ago, towards the North-Weſt Parts, the *French* met with ſome *Indians*, that ſed to help them to cure their Fiſh, and make their Oil. They deſcribe them a civil Sort of People, but o Knowledge of a ſuperior Deity, and when attempted to be taught, they would anſwer; We are ell contented with our own God, neither do we deſire any other? Why ſhould we offer to change? We think our Fore-fathers wiſer than we are, and ey worſhipp'd the ſame with us: Therefore, as we think

think of going to the ſame Place where they are, we muſt worſhip the ſame Power. You have your God, and we have ours; every Nation muſt have a God according to their own Language. Should we pray to your God in our *Indian* Language, how ſhould we be underſtood? or ſhould you pray to ours, what would it avail you, being he would not know what you ſaid to him. Now we have not one God only, but many; as one for Fiſhing, one for Fowling, and another for Huſbandry: And when we are about any of theſe particular Buſineſſes, we pray to that God, for it would be too much for one to mind them all. Would it not ſeem ridiculous for one of us, if we wanted Succeſs in Hunting to pray to him that takes care of Fiſhing? or you that wear Cloaths, would you go to a Fiſherman to bid him cloath you? You tell us there are a vaſt Number of Worſhippers of your God, in all Countries, then what need you any more? We will ſerve you as well and as faithfully as if we had but one God, and pray to our Gods to give you Succeſs in whatever you undertake. If you fiſh, we'll pray to that God; if you go to fell Timber, we'll pray to that; and ſo on, to whatever you imploy yourſelves in. When you are out of their Dominions, you muſt pray for yourſelves to your own God. In ſhort, there is neither fair Means or foul, will ever bring theſe poor Creatures to the Knowledge of the true God: If you are angry with them, they will comply with you, and ſay, Well, well, we will do as you would have us; but never think of it afterwards: If you reaſon calmly with them, then they anſwer you as above.

After being here two Days we ſet ſail, and made our Courſe for *England*, *July* 25, 1700. We met with no extraordinary Accident in our Paſſage, 'till we diſcover'd the Land's End, *Auguſt* the 21ſt. How rejoiced I was to ſee my native Country, let them judge that have been in the ſame Condition as I have been; and I may with Truth ſay, that the Tranſ-

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ports I felt in firſt ſeeing the white Cliffs of the Iſland that gave me Birth, exceeded the Joy I receiv'd when I was deliver'd from the moſt imminent Danger. Here we conſulted, whether it were better for us to go to *London*, or to *Briſtol*, but every one allow'd *London* to be the beſt Mart for our Goods; ſo we made for the *Thames*, and the Weather being fair, and a briſk Gale, we anchor'd over againſt *Shadwell* Dock. Now all that we had to do was to get a Chapman for our Goods; I applied myſelf to a Merchant upon *Change*, who ſoon ſtruck a Bargain, and with the Conſent of my Companions, ſold the Lading, Bottom and all, for nine hundred and twenty Pounds; reckoning the Lading ſeven hundred Pounds, which was my own, and two hundred and twenty for the Veſſel, and every Thing beſides. They were all contented with their Dividend, but ſtill reſolv'd to go with me to *Briſtol*, to ſee after my Affairs there: So we ſet out on Foot, intending to walk it, and be a little merry upon the Road, for we expected more Diverſion by walking it leiſurely, than going in any other Manner. I had turn'd all my Money into Bank Bills, which amounted to 800 *l.* with my Money that I had for my Goods, and ſew'd them in the Waſteband of my Breeches, not that there could be any Danger, being ſo many in Company. We took the *Saliſbury* Road, tho' ſomething out of our Way, being I reſolv'd to carry my Friend to *Bruton*, the Place of my Birth. Coming thro' *Baſingſtoke*, a Sailor met us begging Charity for God's Sake: I gave him Six-pence, which he return'd me many Thanks for; I aſk'd him how it came to paſs, that a luſty Sailor as he was did not go to Sea? (eſpecially now War being talk'd of between the *Engliſh* and *French*) he anſwer'd, he was going to *London* for that Intent, but was obliged to be beholden to good Men's Charity to aſſiſt him in his Journey. Why, (purſu'd I) have you no Friends, your Cloaths are good, you don't ſeem to have begg'd long? No, anſwer'd he, this is my firſt Day; I have

made

made an End of the little Money I had laſt Night. Have you been long from Sea? (ſaid I) But a Week, anſwer'd he. I had the Misfortune to be caſt away in Sight of Harbour. From whence came you? (aſk'd I) Said he, we came from *Jamaica*, and were bound for *Briſtol*; but a violent Storm overtook us within ſix Leagues from the Mouth of the River *Severn*, and drove our Ship upon ſome Rocks in the Mouth of the Bay, and all the Men periſh'd but myſelf. From *Jamaica*, (ſaid I) Pray what Ship? The *Albion* Frigate, reply'd he. Who was your Captain? added I. The Captain dy'd at *Jamaica*, but the Maſter ſupply'd his Place, one *Jacob Bingley*. Did you ever hear of one *Falconer*? Yes, he was the Mate, ſuppos'd to be loſt in a Voyage he made to the Bay of *Campechy*, but coming ſafe into Harbour afterwards, the Captain before his Death gave him the Command of our Ship; but the Maſter not approving of ſuch a young Man to have the Power over him, ſet Sail without him: This I learn'd on board afterwards, for I and another Sailor were hir'd for the Voyage that Afternoon, before the Morning we ſet Sail. We had but an indifferent Paſſage the whole Voyage, which was made up with nothing but Storms and Calms, that caus'd a great deal of Uneaſineſs, and our Proviſion receiv'd Damage by the Salt-Water, which drove us to the laſt Extremity; and when we were rais'd in our Hopes of ſetting our Feet upon our native Country, we were devour'd by the tempeſtuous Waves: I myſelf was taken up for dead upon the Shore by a Fiſherman. Have you any Friends (ſaid I) at *London*? None, (reply'd he) every Place to me is Home, a Sailor is never out of his Way. If ſo, (ſaid I) return with us to *Briſtol*, where we are bound, and I'll promiſe you if I can't get you a Ship, I'll give you wherewithal to carry you to *London* without Begging. We eaſily agreed upon the Matter, and honeſt Tarr went on with us. I aſk'd him why he did not endeavour to get a Ship at *Briſtol*,

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stol, he answer'd, he would rather chuse to go in a Man of War than a Merchant-Man, since War was approaching, and he heard there was a Fleet fitting out for the *West-Indies*; and if so (said he) there may be some Hopes of getting something there, either of *Jack Spaniard*, or *Jack Frenchman*. We came to *Bruton*, and took Lodgings in the *Magpye Inn*, where I visited all my Acquaintance; and from thence we went in the same Manner to *Bristol*, where the first Thing was to enquire after my poor Father; but I was inform'd by Captain *Pultney*, that he thought he was certainly dead: Tho' he had seen him but once since I had been Abroad, and that was in the *January* before; when he came privately to him, and told him he was settled in a small Village near *Hereford*, and went by the Name of *Hawkins*. What convinces me he is dead is, that about two Months ago, he sent me a Letter, which I'll show you: He went up Stairs and fetch'd it, which contain'd these Words:

SIR,

WHEN I had settled myself in my little Tenement, I began to think of turning Farmer, that I might have some Employment to pass away the tedious Hours of my voluntary Banishment; but going the other Day to view a hollow Place, where we had our Marl to marl our Ground, the Earth on a sudden fell upon me, and I was scarce taken out alive, my Back broke, and bruis'd all over in a piteous Manner. This is the first Day of Rest or Ease, that I have had from my intollerable Pain: It is allow'd, and I am very well satisfied, that I cannot survive it. Pray be kind to my dear Dick, *if he ever lives to come Home, if not, what I have deposited in your Hands let it remain with you for your own Use, since my Daughter is provided for. If I should, against the Expectation of every Body, recover, you shall hear from me very soon, if not, believe that I am return'd to Earth, from whence*

I came.

I came. I hope I need not caution you once more to be kind to my poor Boy if he ſhould return; and be a Father to him, comfort him amidſt his Affliction, and reſtore to him what I left with you, with a dying Parent's Bleſſing, that he may be as happy as his wretched Father was miſerable. Which is the hearty Deſire of your Friend and Servant,

FALCONER.

Grief ſo overcame me for a Time, that I was not able to ſpeak; to be robb'd of a Father, and a Father I lov'd ſo dearly, was a cutting Stroke; and I was conſtrain'd to make Uſe of all my young Philoſophy to ſupport it. My Father had left the Writing of his Eſtate with Captain *Putney:* He having only mortgag'd it before for five hundred Pound, to a Friend, to prevent its being ſeiz'd on by the Crown, which was redeem'd by the Captain by my Father's Appointment, when he came to ſee him laſt. I paid him his five hundred Pound, and would have given him Intereſt for it, but he would not accept of it, but adviſ'd me to part with it, without I deſign'd to ſettle in *England*, which I thought was the beſt Way, whether I ſtaid in *England* or not. The Captain undertook the Matter, and ſold it for four thouſand Pound. But whilſt he was buſy about it, I got Mr. *Muſgrave*, who was always my Boſom Friend, to go to *Hereford*, and if it were poſſible to find where my dear Father was bury'd, and to ſee how Matters ſtood there. Accordingly we hired a Couple of Horſes, and ſet out; when we arrived at *Hereford*, we found it not a little difficult, but at laſt, thro' the Means of one Mr. *Hall*, Organiſt of the Cathedral Church, we had Sight of the Place, which was about half a Mile from the City: Mr. *Hall* came to the Knowledge of it by the Means of an honeſt Clergyman, that my Father had contracted a Friendſhip with, before that unhappy Accident befel him, that deprived him of his Life. He brought us to his Houſe, where the Gentleman

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was laid up with a Fit of the Gout; as ſoon as we were private, I let him know who I was, upon which he tenderly embrac'd me, and was mightily joy'd to ſee the Son of his late Friend. Said he, I ſhould have been at *Briſtol* e'er now, but that the Gout prevented me: Your Father was a Perſon I had but a ſhort Acquaintance with, yet that little Time diſcover'd him to be a Man of Integrity, Honeſty and Honour. When he was upon his Death-Bed, he told me his real Name and Circumſtances, and what Misfortunes had brought him to this Part: He told me alſo, that he had a Son at Sea, and begg'd of me to diſpoſe of his little Fortune he had here, and ſee it put into the Hands of Captain *Pultney* of *Briſtol*; which I had done, but was prevented, as I ſaid before, by this ſudden Fit of the Gout. I have taken Care of all your Father's Effects; and the little Farm I have bought myſelf, it being for my Turn. Upon that he ſent his Maid for a little Box, which he unlock'd, and told me out two hundred Guineas; this is what your Father left in ready Money behind him: His Farm, &c. I rate at two hundred and fifty Pounds more, there are the Writings, and there is the Money. By the Writings I ſaw it coſt my Father but two hundred Pounds; as for his Apparel, and other little Neceſſaries, I gave them, by his Order, to a Maid Servant, and a Man that he hired; and for his Goods, there is but few, nor have we made an Eſtimate of them; but if you'll have them apprais'd, I will give ſomething more than what they are valued at, being I would willingly have them along with the Houſe. Said I, neither ſhall they be parted; and if you pleaſe to accept of them, be they what they will, you ſhall be heartily welcome: He refuſed them obſtinately, but I prevail'd with him to take them with much ado: He alſo gave me a Ring, which I priz'd mightily, becauſe it had been my Father's from his Infancy, given him by my Grandfather. When he had settled every Thing, I went to ſee the Place where my

my Father's Bones were laid, which fill'd me with ſuch awful Sorrow, that I could not refrain from Weeping, in Spite of my Reſolution to the contrary. I wou'd have erected a Tomb, or Monument for him, but it was his laſt Requeſt that he might be bury'd as obſcurely, as he did deſign to live there.

After parting with my Father's Grave with a Load of Sorrow, we took Leave of my Friend, the Parſon, and Mr. *Hall*, and rode for *Briſtol* again, but were over-taken about ſix Miles from *Hereford* by three Gentlemen of the Pad, that had got ſome Notice of the Booty they ſhould gain if they could rob us, for I was ſo inadvertent as to put all my Money into my Bags, which I wore before me at my Saddle; they paſs'd us firſt, but looking wiſhfully upon us, gave us ſome Suſpicion of what they were. Mr. *Muſgrave* adviſ'd me to ride back again, and ſtay till we had more Company; but I told him they would ſoon overtake us, and ſeeing us fearful wou'd make them more reſolute; ſo I rather choſe to face them, for we obſerv'd they were returning to meet us. We reſolv'd to be before-hand with them, and we drew out our Piſtols ready, and if they offer'd to come too near us to begin with them. As ſoon as they came within twenty Yards of us, I call'd to them, and aſk'd them what they wanted; if it was our Money, they ſhould firſt take our Lives: They anſwer'd, they had no ſuch Intention: Then what is your Reaſon of paſſing us firſt, and then meeting us again? They anſwer'd us, one of their Companions, in lighting to eaſe himſelf below the Hill, had dropt his Watch, and they were returning to find it if they cou'd. Why then paſs by in the Name of God, (ſays I) and accordingly they did; but we were cautious of letting them come too near us; as ſoon as they were paſs'd us, we ſet Spurs to our Horſes, and got over the Heath before we look'd behind us; but riding leiſurely thro' the Village, we ſaw them coming after a full Gallop. Now we repented we

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had not ſtay'd in the Village; but we reſolv'd, as before, to encounter them if they aſſaulted us: They ſoon overtook us, ard coming even with us, told us their Companion had found his Watch, which he pull'd out and ſhew'd us. They ſaid they could not blame us in taking them for Highwaymen; but they aſſur'd us, they were Travellers as we were, and were going to *Worceſter*. We did not make any Words with them, but rode along with them, indeed, becauſe we cou'd not help it: They rode with us for about a Mile, and then the Road going narrow, one of them pretending to go foremoſt ſeiz'd hold of my Bridle; with the Surprize, my Horſe being a very good one, roſe up an end; and he diſcharging his Piſtol, the Ball graz'd upon my Cloak-Bag, and did not do any further Damage. Upon this I fir'd one of my Piſtols, but miſs'd him, but I threw it at him with all my Force, which hit him on the Head ſo full, that he ſtagger'd a little, and fell from his Horſe: They other diſcharg'd a Pocket Piſtol at me, and wounded me ſlightly in the Left Shoulder; but, going to diſcharge another, I ſet Spurs to my Horſe, and had the good Fortune to ſnatch it from him, but in the Buſtle between us it went off, and ſhot the other Highwayman's Horſe in the Head, which ſo enrag'd him, that he ran away with him in Spite of all he cou'd do to ſtop him. Mr. *Muſgrave* who engag'd with him, follow'd him, but conſidering he had left me with two, return'd again, and in very good Time; for the other Fellow that I had knock'd down with my Piſtol, had got up again, and had juſt caught his Horſe that was grazing under the Hedge. His other Companion, that I had taken the Piſtol from, had drawn a broad cutting Sword, and was laying at me; I, by good Fortune, had before me a great Coat for fear of Rain, and the Ball of his Piſtol had broke the Strap, ſo that I wrapp'd it round my Left Arm, and receiv'd his Blow, which did me no Damage; and, in the mean Time,

thruſt

thruſt my Sword into his Side up to the Hilt, which nevertheleſs did not kill him. But he call'd to his Companion, come *Harry*, let's make off, for by G—d I believe I'm kill'd: Accordingly they fled as faſt as ever they cou'd back again, the Way we came, with my Sword in his Breaſt; for when he receiv'd the Wound, he turn'd ſo ſhort with his Horſe, that wrung the Hilt out of my Hand. Mr. *Muſgrave* was for following them, but I found ſome Pain in my Shoulder, and it began to grow ſtiff, being cold, and choſe to go on; but in our riding and talking of the late Accident, we loſt our Road, and had taken that which led to *Glouceſter*; and riding on, we met the third Highway-man, whoſe Horſe had run away with him, who was coming back, as we ſuppos'd, to ſee how Things went; As ſoon as ever he ſaw us, he turn'd his Horſe, and rid away as hard as ever he could, and we rid as faſt after him, it being, as we thought, our Road; we follow'd him through ſeveral Villages, and we call'd to the People to ſtop him, but to no Purpoſe; at laſt his Horſe ſtumbled, which gave us Time to come pretty near him; when he found he could not eſcape us, he turn'd about, and diſcharg'd a Piſtol at us; I had one Piſtol that I had not fir'd yet, which I drew from the Houſing, and let fly at him, and wounded him in the Neck; he fled as faſt as he could, and our Horſes beginning to tire, he got out of our Sight; we aſk'd ſeveral People we met, whether they had ſeen any ſuch Perſon, and they told us he was gone into *Glouceſter* Town 'ere then; we follow'd, and got into *Glouceſter* immediately, and were told ſuch a Man was ſeen to ride through the Town, ſo we purſu'd him no farther, our Horſes being very much tir'd; but they ſent a Hue and-Cry after him, but to no Purpoſe, for they return'd no wiſer than they went out. We ſtaid at *Glouceſter* two Days to have my Wound dreſs'd, and then rode to *Briſtol*, where all our Friends waited impatiently for us, being we had exceeded our Time three Days. After having

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ſettled my Money in the Hands of People, that the Captain appointed to improve it for me, I reſolv'd to make a Trip to *Ireland* to ſee my Siſter that was marry'd very well to a Merchant there: But hearing of the Grand Fleet making Preparation for ſome Expedition, put us all agog, and my natural Genius for Travel, made me once more reſolve to be Gadding. I open'd my Mind to Captain *Pultney*, who adviſ'd me to the contrary; but I told him I was ſo much concern'd for my Father's Death, (as indeed I was) that I ſhou'd ſooner wear it off at Sea, than on Shore, being here every Object that I ſaw put me in Mind of him. He was very well ſatisfy'd with my Reaſons at laſt; but ſaid he, I wou'd not have you go in any Poſt, but as a Voluntier, that you may not be confin'd to ſtay longer than you ſhou'd deſire. I thought this the beſt Way, therefore reſolv'd for *London* with all my Companions, and get us a Ship. I had Letters of Recommendations to Secretary *Burchet*, and ſeveral Gentlemen that had the Management of the *Navy*. We arriv'd at *London*, *February* the 8th, 1701. Mr. *Muſgrave* and I enter'd on board the *Breda*, Captain *Fog* Commander, becauſe we were inform'd Admiral *Benbow* wou'd hoiſt his Flag in that Ship. Mr. *Muſgrave*, having formerly had ſome Acquaintance with the Admiral, waited on him, and had a Warrant for a Quarter-Maſter given him. The reſt of our Companions enter'd before the Maſt, that is, common Sailors, in the ſame Ship. *Hood* was ſoon made Cook's Mate, and the reſt of 'em got ſome little Office that rais'd them ſomething above the common Sailors, tho' they enter'd as ſuch, and all by the Means of Mr. *Muſgrave*, who acquainted the Admiral with their Fortunes. When we had ſent all our Things on board, and not knowing when they wou'd ſail, Mr. *Muſgrave* and I got leave to go to *Portſmouth* by Land, where we arriv'd on *Saturday*, *March* the 3d, and ſtaid there till the *Engliſh* and *Dutch* Fleet arriv'd.

arriv'd. A Squadron was order'd out to cruiſe, of which our Ship was one, but an unlucky Accident hinder'd my going with her, (but Mr. *Muſgrave* was forc'd to go againſt his Inclinations, and leave me behind him;) which was as follows: One Evening coming from ſeeing a Play at the *Bull-Head*, a Gentleman coming out with a Lady, the Crowd by chance joſtled me againſt the Lady, which this Gentleman, Mr. *Martin* (Nephew to *Johnny Gibſon*, Governor of the Place) took as an Affront put upon him, being he had the Care of the Lady; but I begg'd her Pardon, and told her it was an Accident I cou'd not help; but he being in a ſtrange Paſſion, call'd me ſeveral genteel Names, as Rogue, Raſcal, and ſuch like, and ſtruck me over the Head with his Cane; tho' I did not much mind his Words, I did not care to take his Blows without a Return, which I did with Intereſt, and we were ſoon parted. But an Hour after, being at the aforeſaid *Bull-Head* at Supper, the Drawer came up and told us, There was a Gentleman below deſir'd to ſpeak one Word with Mr. *Falconer*; there was one Mr. *Langley*, Lieutenant to the *Windſor* Man of War, that I had made an Acquaintance with at the Play, that promis'd to come and ſup with us, and I took the Meſſage to come from him, but was ſurpriz'd to find it the Gentleman that I had the Buſtle with. He wanted to drink a Glaſs of Wine with me, he ſaid, and led me into a Room; when we were there, he told me he came for Satisfaction for the Affront I put upon him about an Hour ago; therefore draw, added he, or I'll run you through. I endeavour'd to pacify him with good Words, yet all to no Purpoſe; he made ſo many Thruſts at me, that I was in Danger of my Life; but at laſt I diſarm'd him, but not without a little Wound in my Arm: As ſoon as I gave him his Sword again, he puſh'd at me with all the Malice imaginable: and hearing the People from all Parts of the Houſe, coming to ſee what

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what was the Matter, he clapp'd his Back againſt the Door to keep 'em out, which they on the other Side broke open, and giving him a Puſh, his Breaſt ran againſt the Point of my Sword, which appear'd at his Back, and he fell down without any Sign of Life. The People coming in, I was immediately ſecur'd, and carry'd to Priſon, till they knew whether he would live, or die. I was mightily concern'd, not from any Danger was to be fear'd, but that it would be a Hindrance to my Voyage. The Gentleman continu'd in a violent Fever a great while, and his Life was deſpair'd of; but at laſt, after a tedious Illneſs recover'd, but continu'd weak. One Day he came to viſit me in a Chair, where I was confin'd, and told me he was very ſorry for what had happen'd, and that to Day I ſhould be at Liberty; and accordingly came an Order in the Afternoon for my Freedom, without paying any Fees. But to my great Grief the Fleet was ſail'd, and *Benbow*'s Squadron deſign'd for the *Indies*. But Mr. *Martin* begg'd me to be patient, and he wou'd procure me a Paſſage in a Store Ship that wou'd ſail in a Week at fartheſt for *Jamaica*, and he was as good as his Word; for the next Day he carry'd me to Captain *Young*, Commander of the *Tyger* Store Ship, and enter'd me immediately. Then my Heart began to be at Reſt, and I gave him Thanks; and for the Time we ſtay'd there, Mr. *Martin* and I were very intimate; and he expreſs'd himſelf ſo genteelly about our former Encounter, that he gain'd my Eſteem.

Paſſion indeed is certainly a Madneſs; and therefore what is done in that Heat ought to be forgot, if the Perſons themſelves repent of it. But how humane it wou'd be, if in the Midſt of that Fire of Paſſion which blazes out, they cou'd ſprinkle the cool Water of Reaſon and quench it? For nothing more deforms the Mind or Body than Paſſion, and 'tis then we loſe our humane Form, and are metamorphos'd into Beaſts. How many great and good Men

Men have done ſuch Things in Paſſion, that they have repented of all their Lives after. Therefore Paſſion may be well term'd a pilfering Devil, that ſteals away our Senſes, and prompts us to do Actions unbecoming the Form we bear.

We ſet Sail from *Spithead*, *May* the 18th, 1701, and our Captain gave us Hopes of overtaking the Fleet, by reaſon he ſaid, one Ship cou'd better make Way than a whole Fleet, being they were oblig'd to wait for one another. We met with nothing extraordinary but a Storm, that drove us almoſt upon the Iſland *Madera*, which being ſo nigh, our Captain reſolv'd to anchor at, and accordingly we did in the Bay of the City of *Funzal*, the Capital of the Place: Captain *Young* and I went on Shore to view the Town.

Funzal, the Capital of this Iſland, is a large handſome City, with one Cathedral and four other Churches, all neatly built; two Cloiſters, one for the Men, and the other for the Women. The City contains 1600 Houſes. There is alſo computed to be upon this Iſland 100,000 Inhabitants. I bought a *Portugueze* Book here that gives a better Account of the firſt Diſcovery of this Iſland than any I have ſeen extant, which Mr. *Muſgrave* tranſlated for me into *Engliſh*. I have ſeen it in *French* ſince, but not truly tranſlated, being there was ſomething left out concerning King *Edward* the Third, that conquer'd *France*. And as the Honour belongs to the *Engliſh*, as the firſt Inhabitants, I ſhall here give it you faithfully tranſlated. It being but ſhort, I hope it will not be found tedious. For in all my Voyages I avoid Prolixity, as being offenſive to all Readers, and the Places I deſcribe are generally ſuch as are not frequented by the *Engliſh*, it being my Fortune to be carry'd there.

THE

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be ADVENTURES of

THE STORY OF THE VERY of the Island of *MADERA.*

ginally in Portuguese *by Don* FRAN- ALCAFARADO, *and translated into* W. Musgrave, *Native of* Jamaica.

HEN *England* was settled in a lasting Peace, after the Turmoils and Hazard of a dangerous War, King *Edward* the Third, who conquer'd *France*, and fix'd his Royal Standard in the City of *Paris*; he who had eniencies of War, knew how to encou- ures of Peace; and *London*, the Metro- of the Kingdom, became the Seat of lity. All Thoughts of War were ba- nsigns now were furl'd, and Swords Ornament, not Use. Among the rest d the Court, was one *Lionel Machin*, rother of a noble Family, and confe- er rich; yet a Gentleman (which often unger Brothers) that was reckon'd the of the Root from whence he sprung. n fell desperately in Love with a Lady, erfection, and the only Toast of her Time.

Capt. RIC

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Time. But there was a vaſt Diſparity in their Fortunes; for ſhe was the only Daughter to a Nobleman, whoſe Riches exceeded moſt of his Rank, and conſequently courted by thoſe that could make her a Jointure equal to the Fortune her Father would give her. But, nevertheleſs, the Force of Love is ſuch, that it never minds Intereſt nor Duty; and the young Lady, whoſe Name was *Arabella*, was ſo much taken with the winning Behaviour of *Lionel*, that ſhe plac'd her entire Affection upon him, who was indeed, bating his ſlender Means, the moſt deſerving of her. But the Parents of *Arabella*, hearing of the Amity that was between 'em, complain'd to King *Edward*, and begg'd that he wou'd interpoſe his Royal Authority. The King uſed many Perſuaſions to *Lionel* to withdraw his Affections, but it was like bidding the Sun ſtand ſtill, or the Wind, or Rain, to ceaſe; for their Affections were ſo ſtrongly united, that nothing cou'd ever part 'em. The Father having provided a fit Match for his Daughter, intreated the King to ſecure *Lionel* till the Marriage was ſolemnized; who granted his Requeſt, and clapt *Lionel* in Priſon, under Pretence of ſome treaſonable Practices. When immediately the Marriage Rites were perform'd, and *Arabella* was conſtrain'd to give her Hand where it was not in her Power to give her Heart; and Parents are to blame to force their Children to marry againſt their Inclinations, being from thence ſprings ſuch Diſorders in Families, that is not in their Power to compoſe. As ſoon as the Ceremony was over, the Huſband carry'd his Lady to a Palace, ſeated upon the River *Severn*, near *Briſtol*: Which done, *Lionel* was releas'd out of Priſon, but with a heavy Heart, for the Loſs of his dear *Arabella*. But ſtill his Love encreas'd from the Difficulties he found to obtain his Deſire, and knowing it impoſſible to live without her, thought of a Stratagem that gave him Hopes of conquering all Difficulties. He ſummon'd about thirty young Gentlemen, all reſolute,

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ſolute, bold, and fit for any Undertaking. When he had got 'em all together, he made this ſhort Oration to 'em:

Moſt here are my Relations, or what's a nearer Tye, my Boſom-Friends: You all know the Indignity I have ſuffer'd, by Arabella's *forc'd Marriage; therefore I require you all to aſſiſt me in whatever I ſhall undertake (without tainting your Honour) to be reveng'd for the Affront put upon me.*

To this Requeſt they all agreed to ſerve him with their Lives and Fortunes. Whereupon it was reſolv'd to part and take ſeveral Ways to *Briſtol:* When they all arriv'd at their Place of Rendezvous, they conſulted together, and reſolv'd to ſeize any Ship in the River, that they found was fit for their Turn *Lionel* thought nothing difficult, when Love was to be the Reward; but now he wanted ſome Means to let *Arabella* know their Deſign: But at laſt it was agreed, that one of their Company ſhou'd enter into the Service of the Huſband, which fell out as they could wiſh, and a proper Perſon was hir'd to be Groom, where he had the Care of a fine ſpotted Horſe, that uſed to carry the Lady abroad, to viſit her Neighbours: The Wind proving fair, Notice was given, that the Project was to be put in Execution; the pretended Groom, to favour the Buſineſs, had omitted giving *Arabella*'s Horſe any Water. When *Arabella* had Notice of the Hour, ſhe order'd her ſpotted Horſe to be ſaddled under Pretence of taking the Air, attended with her Groom and two more of her Domeſticks. When they came near the Cape of Land, where *Lionel* and his Companions waited for her, the Horſe by the beating of the Waves againſt the Shore, heard and ſmelt the Water, and made down to it to drink, where *Lionel* immediately lay'd hold of the Lady, (who ſeem'd to be mightily frighten'd) and put her in their Boat and made off. Now the Day that they had ſeiz'd the Lady, was alſo pitch'd

pitch'd on to ſeize the Ship they had a Deſign upon; which was eaſily done, being their Crew were moſt of them aſhore. They cut her Cables, and made off to Sea with all the Sail they could bear, and ſoon got out of Sight, and directed their Courſe for *France*, but a Storm met them and drove them quite contrary. *Lionel*'s Friends now began to repent of their Undertaking, and *Lionel* was mightily concern'd for the Danger of her, he lov'd more dear than Life; who, tho' mightily diſorder'd with the Sea, yet ſeem'd contented in having the Object of her Deſire with her. Thirty Days they were the Sport of the Waves, every Day expecting Death; but one Morning they diſcover'd Land, high, craggy, and very woody, which fill'd them with Joy, more eſpecially *Lionel*, for now he hoped a reſting Place for his dear *Arabella*. None in the Ship could gueſs what Land it could be, for they knew it was not inhabited, being Birds of all Sorts were ſo tame, that they would ſuffer themſelves to be taken with the Hand. The Place they choſe for their Habitations was a fine Grove of Laurel-Trees that were very delightful, as was alſo every Part of the Country they had rambled over. Finding they were to ſtay there a great while, they got out of their Ship ſeveral Neceſſaries, and liv'd very pleaſant for about thirteen Days, deſigning to commit themſelves in a Day or two to the Mercy of the Waves; for tho' the Iſland was delightful to live in, yet it ſeem'd tireſome to thoſe that wanted many Things they enjoy'd in their own Country.

The Night before they deſign'd to embark, a violent Storm aroſe, and drove the Ship from the Iſland, with about ſixteen Men, that were preparing all Things for ſailing the next Day. Theſe were toſt by the Winds and Sea for many Days, but at laſt, to their great Joy, diſcover'd Land, where they ran their Ship on Shore, being ſhe was ſo leaky ſhe could hardly ſwim. But their Joy for being ſav'd from the watry Element, ſoon chang'd to Sorrow, when they found themſelves

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themſelves taken by the *Moors*, they being landed on the Coaſt of *Africk*. Their new Maſters (after hard Uſage) arriv'd at the City of *Morocco*, with their Purchaſe, where they ſold them in the Market like *Cows*, or *Oxen*; but all declaring they were Men of Rank, they were impriſon'd, in Hopes of large Ranſoms.

When *Lionel* and *Arabella*, and the reſt that were left on Shore, diſcover'd the next Morning their fatal Diſaſter, Grief ſeiz'd them with ſuch a Force, that ſome of them loſt their Senſes, running frantick up and down the Woods, and raving, kill'd themſelves. Poor *Arabella*'s Grief ſunk inward, and prey'd upon her Life with ſuch Violence, that Death appear'd to her Reſcue: She never upbraided *Lionel* with her Misfortunes, but clos'd her Eyes with a true Repentance of her Failings.

Lionel was like a diſtracted Man, laid himſelf down at her Feet, and cou'd not be remov'd till Death gave him his Releaſe. His Companions buried them together in one Grave; and at the Foot erected a Croſs, to ſhew thoſe that were interr'd there, dy'd under the Banner of CHRIST: Upon the Bark of the Tree, they cut in Letters the whole Story of their Misfortunes. The reſt that remain'd upon the Iſland, propos'd to themſelves of venturing into their Boat (which by good Fortune was left on Shore) and ſteer their Courſe to the nigheſt Main Land, where they happily arriv'd without Danger, but ran the ſame Fate with their other Companions that were thrown on the ſame Coaſt in the Ship, that they all thought was caſt away. All the Comfort they receiv'd in their Misfortunes, was, that they were committed to the ſame Priſon, that their Companions were in. They were over-joy'd, to find thoſe alive that were thought dead, but mourn'd to think of meeting in ſuch a melancholy Place. In the ſame Priſon was one *Juan de Morales*, a noted Pilot, and an excellent Navigator; this Man was mightily pleas'd with the Tales of theſe *Engliſh* Gentlemen,

tlemen, and ſo often begg'd them to repeat their Adventures, that he had every Mark of the Iſland exact, and perfectly ſaw it in Imagination. In the Year 1416, Don *Sancho*, Son to *Ferdinand* King of *Aragon*, dy'd in *Caſtile*, and left conſiderable Sums of Money to redeem *Spaniſh* Priſoners that were captive in *Barbary*; among the reſt was *Juan de Morales*; and at the ſame Time the *Engliſh* Gentlemen got their Ranſom, and ſafely arriv'd in their own Country, with a Pardon for their Offence from the King of *England*, and the Huſband of *Arabella*. *Morales*, and all the Ship's Crew, were taken by the *Portugals*, who met with them cruiſing in thoſe Seas; but all, excepting *Morales*, had their Liberty given them, who was detain'd for his Knowledge in the Mathematicks; and Promiſes were made him of great Recompence, if he would ſerve King *John* of *Portugal* in his Diſcoveries.

As ſoon as they were arriv'd at *Liſbon*, *Morales* was preſented to the King, by Don *Henry* the *Infant*, who was a great Encourager to new Diſcoveries, where he open'd the whole Story of *Lionel* and *Arabella*: Which was ſo generally receiv'd, that a Fleet was order'd immediately for this new Voyage, and *June* the 2*d*, 1420, ſet out to Sea well arm'd. They deſign'd firſt for *Porto Sancto*, as being nigh the Iſland as *Morales* conjectur'd the *Engliſh* abandon'd.

When they arriv'd there, the Inhabitants advis'd them not to go any farther in their Diſcoveries towards the N. E. being there was a black Cloud which would terminate their Navigation, becauſe there was not any one that ever attempted it, but loſt their Lives for their Preſumption, and were never heard of more. Notwithſtanding *Gonſales* the Admiral, and *Morales* the Pilot, were well aſſur'd that very Cloud was the Iſland they wanted to find; they were the more convinc'd in it, by reaſon the Cloud continu'd of the ſame Colour thro' every Change of the Moon. But the reſt of the Ship's Crew were of the contrary Opinion,

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Opinion, and mutinied againſt *Morales*, telling him, that he being a *Caſtilian*, (and conſequently their Enemy) did it to diſgrace them; and that it was a preſumptuous Thing to pretend to ſearch into the Secrets of Providence.

Notwithſtanding their Grumblings, they ſet ſail from *Porto Sancto*, and made forward for their Diſcovery; but the nearer they approach'd this Cloud, the more frightful it grew, which caus'd a terrible Fear in all the Sailors, intreating *Gonſales* to return, and not to be the Death of ſo many innocent People. But ſtill they held their Courſe for all their Clamours; yet *Gonſales*, to encourage the Sailors, aſſur'd 'em it muſt be firm Land, and to diſſipate their Fears, made 'em this following Oration:

Why ſhould I be more hardy than you, but that I am confirm'd it is as I tell you? If there ſhould be any Danger, have I any Means to extricate myſelf more than yourſelves? Is not my Life as precious to me, as any of yours, my Companions? A Fool-hardineſs does not become us, it's true; but a firm Courage is what all Men ſhould be endu'd with. Every Perſon here has ventur'd his Life for his King in Battle before now, without half the Recompenſe or Honour that will be gain'd by this Expedition, if we ſucceed, as we certainly ſhall, if we arm ourſelves with Reſolution to overcome all Difficulties: Baniſh your Fears, and call your Reaſon to your Aid, and let us proceed in the Name, and for the Honour of God, and our King.

They proceeded chearfully, animated by this Oration, and in a little Time entered the Cloud, or ſettled Fog; but the Tide driving the Veſſel too far North, they put out their Boats to tow their Ship in the midſt of the Cloud; but the farther they row'd, the Cloud ſeem'd to decreaſe, and preſently after they diſcover'd Land to their great Joy, being it was what but few of them expected: The firſt Cape they diſcover'd, was call'd by *Gonſales*, Cape *St. Lawrence*, which they doubled, and ſaw a fine and fertile Country, full of fair

fair and lofty Trees, that made the Proſpect delightful. Sailing on, they diſcover'd a large Bay, which *Morales* judg'd to be the Place where the *Engliſh* were thrown; but it being late, *Gonſales* order'd to let fall the Anchors, not caring to land till they had the whole Day before them. The next Morning they landed, and found it to be the ſame Place where *Lionel Machin*, and *Arabella*, were buried.

When they had given Account to the Admiral of the State of Things, he landed and took Poſſeſſion of the Iſland for his Maſter, *John* the Firſt, King of *Portugal*. They erected an Altar upon the Tomb of the two Lovers, ſaid Maſs, and return'd GOD Thanks for their happy Succeſs.

Gonſales term'd the Iſland *Madera* from the Quantity of its Wood (which in the *Portugueſe* Language ſignifies Woody) that was found all over the Iſland, but no human Inhabitants.

After they had ſearch'd well on Shore, Boats were order'd to row round the Iſland, being it was dangerous for their Ship, by reaſon of many Rocks and Shallows that lay in the Water. So ſteering Weſt, they diſcover'd four fine ſmall Rivers running into the Sea, the Water being extremely clear. *Gonſales* order'd ſome to be bottled, to preſent to the King of *Portugal* his Maſter at his Return.

Going farther, ſeveral Soldiers were landed in a Valley, which was water'd by a fine River, and a noble Grove of Trees that made a perfect Harbour, where *Gonſales* erected a large Croſs.

Sailing on, they came to a Point of Land, that ran a great Way into the Sea, which was inhabited by ſuch a Number of great different Birds, that the Men were afraid of being devour'd by 'em. This Place was nam'd *Punta des Gralhos*, from the large Number of Birds.

Going forward, they diſcover'd a Valley cover'd with fine large Cedar-Trees; next to that they found another large one, where was a great Lake or Pond, from

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from whence they cou'd perceive the Bay they ſet out from. With ſearching the Country they diſcover'd a large Plain, which overlook'd the reſt of the Iſland, free from Trees, but cover'd over with a beautiful Fennel, call'd by the Portugueſe *Funchall*. Upon this Plain they built a City, and call'd it *Funchall*, from the Quantity of Fennel that was found there, which was formerly a Biſhop's See, but is ſtill the chief Place for Temporal Affairs.

From this Plain runs three Rivers into the Sea, which form an Iſland, and landlock the Haven, ſecure from Storms and Tempeſts.

Gonſales ſtill ſent out more Men for Diſcoveries in the Iſland, where they found a white Rock, call'd by the Portugueze *Praya Formoſa*, or the Fair Rock; below which was a fierce Torrent of Water, ſo clear, that oblig'd 'em all to obſerve it. Two reſolute Soldiers pull'd off their Cloaths, and attempted to ſwim a-croſs the Stream, but were hurried away with the Current in ſuch an impetuous Manner, that they had periſh'd, if they had not been timely ſuccour'd by their Companions by Ropes, which they threw in, and pull'd 'em up againſt the Violence of the Stream. This Torrent they nam'd *Soccorides*.

The moſt remarkable Thing they found in their Voyage, was a great Number of Sea-Wolves, which ruſh'd out of a Cave into the Water when they approach'd 'em. *Gonſales* gather'd all Sorts of Plants, Roots, Flowers and Minerals, together with all Sorts of Birds, and a large Parcel of the Earth, and embark'd for *Portugal*, where he ſafely arriv'd *Auguſt* the 2*d*, the ſame Year 1420, where he was receiv'd with all the Favour imaginable.

In *May* 1421, *Gonſales* was made Governor of the whole Iſland, with an additional Title of *Count*, and in the ſame Month ſet Sail with his Wife and two Daughters, and many more, for the inhabiting the ſame; where he happily arriv'd, and laid the Foundation for the preſent Capital of *Funchall*, or *Funzal*,

Funzal, but to honour *Lionel Machin*, who was there inter'd, he call'd the Place *Porto Machino*, and over the Grave he erected a noble Church. Some Writers relate that *Gonſales* ſet the Woods on fire, that continued burning for ſeven Years, which made Wood ſcarce in that Iſland; but there is ſuch Plenty of all Sorts, that I look upon that Story but as a Fable. The Iſland daily increas'd in its Inhabitants, till it came to the now flouriſhing State it remains in.

Madera is ſituated in thirty Degrees and thirty one Minutes. In Circumference about forty Leagues, twelve in Length, about two broad. The Air ſo temperate, that neither Heat nor Cold is troubleſome, and the Soil ſo fertile, that it yields more Corn for the Bigneſs of the Place than any other Iſland as large again. The Graſs ſhoots up ſo high, that they are oblig'd to burn it, and in the Aſhes they plant Sugar-Canes, which in ſix Months Time produce Sugar. The Inhabitants are more civiliz'd than any of the *Canary* Iſlands.

After we had made an End of our Affairs, we ſet Sail from thence, and directed our Courſe for *Teneriff*, one of the *Canary* Iſlands, or the *Inſulæ Fortunatæ* of *Ptolemy*, where we ſafely arriv'd. This Iſland lies in twenty ſeven Degrees, and thirty Minutes; about fourteen Leagues in Length. *Sancta Cruze*, the Place where we anchor'd, is the chief Harbour. It is an Iſland very well inhabited, containing three Cities, or large Towns, beſides a great Number of Villages. But what it's fam'd moſt for is the *Pike*, or high Mountain, that rears its Head above the Clouds, and ſeems to ſcale even Heaven itſelf. I have ſeen many People that have told me they have been at the Top of this Mountain: But none give ſo good a Deſcription of it (and even the whole Iſland) as the Right Reverend Dr. *Sprat* in his *Hiſtory of the Royal Society*; which is as follows.

'Having furniſh'd ourſelves with a Guide, Servants 'and Horſes, to carry our Wine and Proviſion, we ſet

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forth from *Oratava*, a Port Town in the Island of *Teneriff*, situated on the North Side, two Miles distant from the Main Sea, and travell'd from twelve at Night till eight in the Morning, by which Time we got to the Top of the first Mountain, towards the *Pico de Terraira*: There, under a very large, and conspicuous Pine-Tree, we took our Breakfast, din'd and refresh'd ourselves till two in the Afternoon: Then we pass'd through many sandy Ways, over many lofty Mountains, but naked and bare, and not cover'd with any Pine Trees, as our first Night's Passage was. This expos'd us to excessive Heat, till we arriv'd at the Foot of the *Pico*, where we found many huge Stones, which seem'd to have fall'n from some upper Part: About six in the Evening we began to ascend the *Pico*, but we were scarce advanc'd a Mile, and the Way being no more passable for Horses, we left them with our Servants. In the Ascent of one Mile, some of our Company grew very faint and sick, disorder'd by Fluxes, Vomitings, and aguish Distempers, our Horse's Hairs standing upright like Bristles, and calling for some of our Wine, carry'd in small Barrels on a Horse, we found it so wonderfully cold, that we could not drink it till we had made a Fire to warm it, notwithstanding the Air was very calm and moderate. But when the Sun was set, it began to blow with such Violence, and grew so cold, that taking up our Lodging amongst the hollow Rocks, we were necessitated to keep great Fires in the Mouths of 'em all Night. About four in the Morning we began to mount again; and being come another Mile up, one of our Company fail'd, and was not able to proceed any farther. Here began the black Rocks. The rest of us pursu'd our Journey till we came to the Sugar-Loaf, where we began to travel again in a white Sand, being fitted with Shoes, whose single Soles are made a Finger broader than the upper Leather to encounter this difficult Passage. Having ascended

'ſcended as far as the black Rocks, which lay all flat 'like a plain Floor, we climb'd within a Mile of the 'very Top of the *Pico*, and at laſt we gain'd the Sum-'mit, where we found no ſuch Smoak as appear'd 'a little below, but a continual Perſpiration of a hot 'and ſulphurous Vapor, that made our Faces ex-'treamly ſore. All this way we found no conſide-'rable Alteration of the Air, and very little Wind, 'but on the Top it was ſo impetuous, that we had 'much ado to ſtand againſt it, whilſt we drank the 'King's Health, and fired each of us a Piece. Here 'alſo we took our Dinner, but found that our Strong 'Waters had loſt their Virtue, and were almoſt inſipid, 'while our Wine was more ſpirituous and briſk than 'before. The Top on which we ſtood being not 'above a Yard broad, is the Brink of a Pit, call'd the '*Caldera*, which we judg'd to be a Muſket-Shot 'over and near fourſcore Yards deep, in Form of a '*Cone*, hollow within like a *Kettle*, and cover'd with 'ſmall looſe Stones, mix'd with Sulphur and Sand, 'from among which iſſu'd divers Spiracles of Smoak 'and Heat; which being ſtirr'd with any Thing, puffs 'and makes a Noiſe, and ſo offenſive, that we were 'almoſt ſuffocated with the ſudden Emanation of 'Vapours, upon the removing one of theſe Stones, 'which were ſo hot as not eaſily to be handled. We 'deſcended not above four or five Yards into the '*Caldera*, becauſe of the Slipperineſs under Foot, and 'the Difficulty; but ſome have adventured to the 'Bottom. Other Matters obſervable, we diſcover'd 'none, beſides a clear Sort of Sulphur which lay like 'Salt upon the Stones. From this renown'd *Pico* we 'could ſee the *Grand Canaries*, 14 Leagues diſtant; '*Palma* 18; and *Gomera* 7; which Interval of Sea 'ſeem'd not much wider than the *Thames* about *Lon-'don*. We diſcern'd alſo the *Herro*, being diſtant 'about 20 Leagues, and ſo to the utmoſt Limits of 'the Sea, much farther. As ſoon as the Sun appear'd 'the Shadow of the *Pico* ſeem'd to cover, not only the

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whole Iſland, and the *Grand Canaries*, but the Sea, to the very Horizon, where the Top of the *Sugar-Loaf* or *Pico*, viſibly appear'd to turn up, and caſt its Shade into the Air itſelf, at which we were much ſurpriz'd; but the Sun was not far aſcended, when the Clouds began to riſe ſo faſt, as that they intercepted our Proſpect both of the Sea, and the whole Iſland, except the Tops only of the ſubjacent Mountains, which ſeem'd to pierce them thro'. Whether theſe Clouds do ever ſurmount the *Pico*, we can't ſay, but to ſuch as are far below, they ſeem ſometimes to hang above it, or rather wrap themſelves about it, as conſtantly when the Weſt Winds blow this; they call the *Cap*, and is the infallible Prognoſtick of enſuing Storms. One of our Company who made this Journey again two Years after, arriving at the Top of the *Pico* before Day, and creeping under a great Stone to ſhroud himſelf from the cold Air, after a little Space found himſelf all wet, and perceiv'd it to come from a perpetual trickling of Water from the Rocks above him. Many excellent and exuberant Springs we found iſſuing from the Tops of moſt of the other Mountains, guſhing out in great Spouts almoſt as far as the huge *Pine-tree*, which we mention'd before. Having ſtay'd a while at the Top, we all deſcended the ſandy Way, till we came to the Foot of the *Sugar Loaf*, which being ſteep, even almoſt to a Perpendicular, we ſoon paſs'd; and here we met with a Cave about 10 Yards deep, and 15 broad, being in Shape like an Oven, or *Cupola*, having a Hole at the Top, near 8 Yards over. This we deſcended by a Rope that our Servants held faſt at the Top, while with the other End (being faſtned about our Middles) we ſwung ourſelves, till being over a Bank of *Snow*, we ſlid down lighting upon it; we were forc'd to ſwing thus in our Deſcent, becauſe in the midſt of the Bottom of this Cave, oppoſite to the Overture at the Top, is a round Pit of Water, like a Well,

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'the Surface whereof is about a Yard lower, but as 'wide as the Mouth at Top, and about ſix Fathom 'deep. We ſuppos'd this Water not a Spring, but 'diſſolv'd *Snow* blown in, or Water trickling thro' 'the Rocks. About the Sides of the Grot, for ſome 'height there is Ice and Icicles hanging down to the '*Snow*. But being quickly weary of this exceſſive 'cold Place, and drawn up again, we continu'd our 'Deſcent from the Mountains, by the ſame Paſſage 'we went up the Day before, and ſo about five in 'the Evening arriv'd at *Oratava*, from whence we 'ſet forth; our Faces were ſo red and ſore, that to cool 'em, we were forc'd to waſh and bath them in 'Whites of Eggs. The whole height of the *Pico* in 'Perpendicular, is vulgarly eſteem'd to be two Miles 'and a half; no Trees, Herbs, nor Shrubs, did we 'find in all the Paſſage, but *Pines*; and among the 'whiter Sands, a kind of *Broom*, being a buſhy Plant; 'and on that Side where we lay all Night, a kind of '*Caalon*, which had Stems 8 Foot high, and the 'Trunk near a Foot thick, every Stem growing in 'four Squares, and emerging from the Ground like 'Tuffs of Ruſhes; upon the Edges of theſe Stems 'grow very ſmall red Buttons, or Berries, which being 'ſqueez'd, produce a poiſonous Milk; which falling 'upon any Part of a Horſe, or other Beaſt, fetches off 'all the Hair from the Skin immediately; of the wi-'thered Sticks of this Vegetable we made our Fire all 'Night. This Plant is alſo univerſally ſpread over 'the Iſland, and is perhaps a kind of *Euphorbium*.

'Of the Iſland *Teneriff* itſelf, this Account was 'given by a judicious and ingenious Man who liv'd 'twenty Years in it, as a Phyſician and Merchant; 'his Opinion is, that the whole Iſland being a Soil 'mightily impregnated with Brimſtone, did in former 'Times take Fire, and blow up all, or near all, at 'the ſame Time; and that many Mountains of huge 'Stone, calcin'd and burnt, which appears all over 'this Iſland, eſpecially in the South Weſt Part of it,

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'were cast up, and rais'd out of the Bowels of the 'Earth, at the Time of that general Conflagration; 'and that the greatest Quantity of this Sulphur, lying 'about the Center of the Island, rais'd up the *Pico* 'to that heighth at which it is now seen; and he says, 'that any one upon the Place, that shall carefully 'note the Situation, and Manner of those calcin'd 'Rocks, how they lie, will easily be of that Mind; 'for they lie (says he) three or four Miles almost round 'the Bottom of the *Pico*, and in such Order one a-'bove another, almost to the *Sugar-Loaf*, as it is 'call'd, as if the whole Ground swelling and rising 'up together, by the Ascension of the Brimstone, 'the Torrents, and Rivers of it, did with a sudden 'Irruption rowl, and tumble them down from the 'rest of the Rocks, especially (as is said before) to 'the South-West, for on that Side from the very Top 'of the *Pico*, almost to the Sea Coast, lie huge Heaps 'of these burnt Rocks one under another; and there 'still remain the very Tracts of the Brimstone Ri-'vers, as they run over this Quarter of the Island, 'which has so wasted the Ground beyond Recovery 'that nothing can be made to grow there but *Broom*: 'But on the North-side of the *Pico*, few or none of 'these Stones appear'd; and hence he concludes, that 'the *Vulcano* discharg'd itself chiefly on the South-'West Side. He adds farther, that at the same Time 'Mines of several Mettles were blown up, some of 'those calcin'd Rocks resembling Iron Oar, some Sil-'ver, and others Copper; particularly on the South-'West Parts, call'd *Azuleios*, being very high Moun-'tains, where never any *Englishman* but himself (that 'ever he heard of) was. There are vast Quantities 'of a loose blueish Earth, mixt with blue Stones, 'which have a yellow Rust upon 'em, like that of 'Copper, or Vitriol; as also many small Springs of 'Vitriol Water, where he supposes a Copper Mine, 'and he was told by a Bell founder of *Oratava*, that 'he got out of two Horse Loads of this Earth, as

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'much Gold as made two large Rings: And a *Portugueſe* who had been in the *Weſt-Indies*, told him, 'that his Opinion was, there were as good Mines of 'Gold and Silver there, as the beſt in the *Weſt-Indies*. 'Thereabouts alſo are Nitrous Waters, and Stones co-'ver'd over with a deep Saffron-colour'd Ruſt, taſting 'of Iron; and farther, he mentions one of his Friends, 'which of two Lumps of Earth or Oar, brought from 'the Top of this Side of the Mountain, made two 'Silver Spoons. All this he confirm'd by the laſt 'Inſtance of the *Palm*-Iſland, 18 Leagues from the '*Teneriff*, where, about twelve Years ſince a *Vulcano* 'was fix'd, the Violence thereof made an Earthquake 'in this Iſland, ſo great, that he and others ran out 'of their Houſes, fearing they wou'd have fallen upon 'their Heads; they heard the Noiſe of the Torrent of 'flaming Brimſtone, like Thunder, and ſaw the Fires 'as plain by Night, for ſix Weeks together, as a 'burning Torch, and ſo much Sand and Aſhes brought 'from thence by the Wind and Clouds, fell upon his 'Hat, as would fill the Sandbox of his Inkhorn.

'In ſome Places of this Iſland grows a crooked 'Shrub call'd *Legnan*, which they bring for *England* 'as a ſweet Wood. There are likewiſe *Apricocks*, '*Peach-Trees*, and others, which bear twice a Year; 'alſo *Pear-Trees* as pregnant; *Almonds* with a tender 'Shell; *Palms*, *Plantains*, *Oranges* and *Lemons*, eſpe-'cially the *Paegnadaes*, which have ſmall ones within 'them, from whence they are ſo denominated. Alſo 'they have *Sugar-Canes*, and a little *Cotton*, *Colloquin-'tida*, &c. The Roſes blow at *Chriſtmas*; there are 'good *Carnations*, and very large, but no *Tulips* will 'grow or thrive there; *Samphire* cloaths the Rocks in 'Abundance, and a kind of Clover the Ground. Ano-'ther Graſs grows near the Sea, which is of a broader 'Leaf, ſo luſcious and rank, that it will kill a Horſe 'that eats of it, but no other Beaſt. Eighty Ears of 'Wheat have been found to ſpring from one Root, 'but grows not very high; the Corn of this is tranſpa-

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'rent, like the pureſt yellow Amber, and one Buſhel 'has brought forth a hundred in a ſeaſonable Year.

'The Canary Birds, which they bring to us in *England*, breed in the *Baranco*'s or *Gills*, which the Water has fretted away in the Mountains, being Places very cold. There are alſo *Quails*, *Partridges* larger than ours, and exceeding beautiful; great *Wood Pidgeons*, *Turtles* at Spring, *Crows*, and ſometimes the *Falcons* come flying over from the Coaſt of *Barbary*.

'Bees are carried into the Mountains, where they proſper exceedingly; and there they have wild Goats which climb to the very Top of the *Pico* ſometimes; alſo Hogs, and Multitudes of Coneys.

'Of Fiſh, they have the *Cherna*, a very large and excellent Fiſh, better taſted than any we have in *England*; the *Mera*, *Dolphins*, *Lobſters* without great Claws, *Muſcles*, *Perriwinkles*, and the Clacas, which is abſolutely the very beſt Shell-Fiſh in the World; they grow in the Rocks five or ſix under one great Shell, thro' the Top-Holes whereof they peep out with their Nibs, from whence (the Shells being broke open a little more with a Stone) they draw them; there is alſo another Sort of Fiſh like an *Eel*, which hath ſix or ſeven Tails of a Span long, united to one Head and Body, which is alſo as ſhort; beſides, there they have *Turtles* and *Cabrido*'s, which are better than our *Trouts*. The Iſland is full of Springs of freſh Water, taſting like Milk; which in *Lalagima*, where the Water is not ſo clear and limpid, they cleanſe by percolating it thro' a Kind of ſpungy Stone, cut in Form of a Baſon. The Vines which afford thoſe excellent Wines grow all about the Iſland within a Mile of the Sea; ſuch as are planted farther up are not ſo much eſteem'd, nor will they thrive in any of the other Iſlands. Concerning the *Guanchio*'s, or antient Inhabitants, he gave this full Account: The 3*d* of *September*, about 12 Years ſince, he took his Journey from *Guimar*, a Town for the moſt Part inhabited by ſuch as

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'derive themſelves from the antient *Guanchio*'s, in the 'Company of ſome of them, to view their Caves, 'and the Corps buried in them: (a Favour they ſel-'dom or never permit to any, having the Corps of 'their Anceſtors in great Veneration, and likewiſe 'being extremely againſt any Moleſtation of the Dead) 'but he had done ſeveral elemoſinary Cures among 'them, for they are very poor (yet the pooreſt 'think themſelves too good to marry with the beſt '*Spaniard)* which endear'd him to them exceeding-'ly; otherwiſe it is Death for any Stranger to viſit 'theſe Caves and Bodies. The Corps are ſew'd up 'in Goats Skins, with Thongs of the ſame, with 'very great Curioſity, particularly in the incompara-'ble Exactneſs and Evenneſs of the Seams; and the 'Skins are made very cloſe and fit to the Corps, which 'are for the moſt Part entire, the Eyes clos'd, Hair 'on their Heads, Ears, Noſe, Teeth, Lips and Beard, 'all perfect, only diſcolour'd, and a little ſhrivell'd; 'likewiſe the Pudenda of both Sexes. He ſaw about 'three or four Hundred in ſeveral Caves, ſome of them 'ſtanding, others lying upon Beds of Wood, ſo har-'dened by an Art they had (which the *Spaniards* call '*Curay*, to cure a Piece of Wood) that no Iron can 'pierce or hurt it. Theſe Bodies are very light, as 'if made of Straw, and in ſome broken Bodies he ob-'ſerv'd the Nerves and Tendons, and alſo the Spring 'of the Veins and Arteries very diſtinctly. By the 'relation of the moſt ancient of this Iſland, they 'had a particular Tribe that had this Art only among 'themſelves, and kept as a Thing Sacred, and not 'to be communicated to the Vulgar; theſe mix'd 'not themſelves with the reſt of the Inhabitants, 'nor marry'd out of their own Tribe, and were alſo 'their Prieſts and Miniſters of Religion. But when 'the *Spaniards* conquer'd the Place, moſt of them 'were deſtroy'd, and the Art periſhed with them; 'only they held ſome Traditions yet of a few Ingre-'dients that were uſed in this Buſineſs: They took

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Butter (ſome ſay they mix'd Bears-Greaſe with it) which they kept for that Purpoſe in the Skins, wherein they boil'd certain Herbs; firſt, a kind of wild Lavender, which grows there in great Quantities upon the Rocks; ſecondly, an Herb call'd *Lara*, of a very gummy and glutinous Conſiſtence, which now grows there under the Tops of the Mountains; thirdly, a kind of *Cyclamen*, or Sow-bread; fourthly, wild Sage, which grows plentifully upon this Iſland; theſe, with others bruis'd and boyl'd up with Butter, render'd it a perfect Balſam; this prepar'd, they firſt unbowel the Corps (and in the poorer Sort, to ſave Charges, took out the Brains behind) after the Body was thus order'd, they had in Readineſs a *Lixivium* made of the Bark of Pine-Trees, wherewith they waſh'd the Body, drying it in the Sun in Summer, and in the Winter in a Stove, this repeating very often; afterwards they began their Unction, both without and within, drying it as before; this they continued till the Balſam had penetrated into the whole Habit, and the Muſcle, in all Parts, appeared through the contracted Skin, and the Body became exceeding light, then they ſew'd them up in Goats-Skins, as was before-mention'd. The Ancients ſay, that they have above twenty Caves of their Kings and great Perſonages, with their whole Families, yet unknown to any but themſelves, and which they will never diſcover. Laſtly, he ſays, that Bodies are found in the Caves of the grand *Canaries* in Sacks, quite conſumed, and not as theſe in *Teneriff*. Antiently, when they had no Knowledge of Iron, they made their Lances of Wood, harden'd as beforemention'd. They have earthen Pots ſo hard that they cannot be broken. Of theſe ſome are found in the Caves, and old *Bavances*, and uſed by the poorer People that find them to boil Meat in. Their Food is Barley parch'd, and then ground with little Stone Mills, and mingled with Milk and Honey, which they always carry

'carry with them in Goat-Skins at their Backs: To 'this Day they drink no Wine, nor care for Fleſh; 'they are very ingenious, lean, tall, active and full of 'Courage, for they leap from Rock to Rock, from a 'prodigious Height, till they come to the Bottom, 'ſometimes making ten Fathoms deep at one Leap, 'in this Manner: Firſt they tertiate their Lances, 'which are about the Bigneſs of a half Pike, and aim 'with the Point at any Piece of a Rock, upon which 'they intend to light, ſometimes not half a Foot 'broad; in leaping off, they clap their Feet cloſe to 'the Launce, and ſo carry their Bodies in the Air, 'the Point of their Launce comes firſt to the Place, 'which breaks the Force of their Fall; then they 'ſlide gently down by the Staff, and pitch with their 'Feet on the very Place they firſt deſign'd, and ſo 'from Rock to Rock, till they come to the Bottom; 'but their Novices ſometimes break their Necks in 'the learning. He alſo told (and the ſame was very 'ſeriouſly confirm'd by a *Spaniard*, and another *Ca-* 'nary Merchant there in the Company) that they 'whiſtle ſo loud, as to be heard five Miles off, and 'that to be in the ſame Room with them when they 'whiſtle, were enough to endanger the breaking the 'Tympanum of the Ear; and added, that he (being 'in Company of one that whiſtled his loudeſt) could 'not hear perfectly in 15 Days after: He affirms al- 'ſo, that they throw Stones with a Force almoſt as 'great as that of a Bullet; and now uſe Stones in all 'their Fights as they did antiently.'

This Account was given to that Ingenious and Reverend Divine Dr. *Sprat*, Biſhop of *Rocheſter*, by ſome *Engliſh* Merchants, who had the Curioſity to aſcend the *Pico*, one of the higheſt Mountains in the World; neither could I find him out in any Thing, but in the heighth; he allows it to be but two Miles and a half, but all the Inhabitants agree to make it a full League high.

Capt. *Young* and I attempted to aſcend it; but there was ſuch a thick Fog, that we were perſuaded to the

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contrary; we went up about a Quarter of a Mile, but were ſo wet with the Fog, that we had not a dry Thread about us.

When we had ſatisfy'd our Curioſities as far as we could, we ſet Sail from *Teneriff*, and made our Courſe for the *Weſt Indies*. We met a *Dutch* Ship from *Batavia*, that was drove by ill Weather ſeveral Degrees out of her due Courſe; we ſpar'd 'em what Neceſſaries we cou'd, being they were in great Want, and took our Leaves of 'em. The ſame Evening a Storm overtook us, and drove us out of our Courſe, but in the Night it turn'd ſtark Calm. The next Morning we diſcover'd a Galley with *Turkiſh* Colours out, rowing up to us with all their Strength; we were all ſurpriz'd and amaz'd, and could hardly give Credit to our Eyes, being no one on board us ever heard of a *Turkiſh* Galley ſo far from their own Coaſt; but it ſeems we were nigher *Africk* than we ſuppos'd, as it proved afterwards. Our Captain told us we had nothing to do but fight it to the laſt; for if we were taken, we might be Slaves all our Lives long. I adviſ'd our Captain to put out our Boat, and tow our Ship from 'em: For, ſaid I, if a Wind does not riſe in the mean Time, that we may eſcape 'em, yet we ſhall gain more Time to put ourſelves in Readineſs to receive 'em when they come up with us. This Advice was approv'd on, and the Boat was got out immediately with ſix Men to row, and I oblig'd myſelf to go along with her to ſteer her right, that they might row with all their Strength. We tow'd ſo tightly for an Hour, that we made pretty good Way with our Ship; but for all our Endeavours, we found that in about another Hour they would get up with us; but we deſign'd to row till they were within a Quarter of a Mile of us, and then go into the Ship again. In the mean Time, our Men on board had prepar'd every Thing, and were in good Order to receive 'em. We had ſixteen Guns, and forty Men, and Ammunition enough. We were preparing to come on board,

when

when we found they were almoſt up with us, but our Captain advis'd me not, and order'd us to have Arms in the Boat, with ſome Hand-Granado's; and as ſoon as we ſhould ſee them engag'd, to go to the contrary Side of the Enemy, and fire upon 'em, and by that Means we ſhould amuſe them, that they would not venture to board us. Immediately it was agreed, and two more Men, together with our Arms, were put into us. The Galley came up with us in an Inſtant, and hail'd us in *Engliſh*, and bid us ſtrike our Colours immediately, or it ſhould be worſe for us; but were anſwer'd by us with our Cannon, inſtead of our Voices, and we went to it. Now, to obey my Orders, I loos'd my Tow-Rope, row'd to get on the other Side of the Galley, but was mightily ſurpriz'd to find their Boat out, and about the Number of twenty *Turks* getting into her; our Men in the Boat advis'd immediately to return, but I told 'em 'twas too late, for it would be worſe for us if we did: Nay, our Captain call'd us to come on board; but I thought they would do us more Injury in getting up the Ship's Side, than if we ſtood 'em boldly, which we reſolv'd to do: There were nine of us, and we had Arms enough; ſo before they could fire at us, we diſcharg'd our Muſkets at 'em, and laid ourſelves under the Gunnel of our Boat to charge again: When we were prepar'd, I order'd 'em not to ſtir till the *Turks* had fired; and as ſoon as they had done ſo, to ſet Fire to the Fuzee of their *Hand-Granados*, and throw 'em in upon them; as ſoon as we heard the *Turks* fire, which did us no Damage, we ſet Fire to our *Hand-Granadoes*, as agreed upon, and threw 'em in upon 'em; but they ſuſpecting, ſomething, it ſeems, order'd but half their Number to fire firſt, and the other half fired upon us ſo unluckily, when we roſe to diſcharge our *Granadoes*, that they kill'd three of my Men out-right, wounded another dangerouſly, and myſelf in the Left Arm. It is true our *Granadoes* kill'd 'em four, and wounded ſeveral; but ſtill their Number.

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Number doubled ours, and now they prepar'd to board us. My four Companions and myself fired upon 'em with our Pieces, but could not prevent 'em boarding us; yet we clubb'd our Muskets on both Sides, and fell to Work; but a *Turk* coming behind me while I was engaging with another, struck the Cock of his Pistol into my Skull, and I dropp'd down for dead; but when I came to myself, which was not in several Hours, as I was told, I found myself on board the Galley.

They had order'd a *Surgeon* to dress my Wounds, which were three; one in my Left Arm, that in my Skull, and another upon the Side of my Throat, which I did not feel in the receiving. I was order'd to be taken particular Care of; for being I was not in a Sailor's Habit, they thought I was something above the rest, and therefore hoped to get a considerable Sum for my Ransom. The Surgeon that dress'd me was an *English* Renegado, whose Name was *Matthews*. The Captain was an *Englishman* too, born at *Deptford*, but the vilest Wretch sure that ever breath'd. There were several other *English* Renegadoes on board, most of 'em profligate Wretches. I understood from my Surgeon, that the two Vessels parted, after a desperate Engagement, and the *Turks* had about fifty Men kill'd and wounded. Three of my Companions were Prisoners likewise; the fourth being kill'd in the last Conflict, and the other expir'd in the Boat with his Wounds. When I began to mend, I walk'd upon Deck, and look'd about me a little; the other three (being well) had renounced their Saviour JESUS CHRIST; he who dy'd for their Sins, and took upon him the State of Man, that he might redeem us miserable Sinners from the Curse of the Serpent. What must be their Punishment, who for a little Ease in this World, forego their Portion of Eternal Life? If the Tortures of Hell have their Degrees, the last and greatest must be their Lot. The Captain of the Galley order'd me one Day to be brought

brought before him on the Deck, where he told me, If I did not in a Twelvemonth procure him to the Value of eight hundred Pounds for my Ranſom, I ſhould be chain'd to the Oar, and be a Slave all my Life; (it ſeems one of the three that was taken with me, had told him of my Abilities, and that I was poſſeſs'd of a plentiful Fortune.) I anſwer'd, I would ſend to *England*, and do my Endeavour to get that Sum; but I told him it was more than I was worth, and there was no Hopes of ſo much Money for my Ranſom, unleſs my Friends would out of Charity contribute towards it. I added, I believ'd I could raiſe a hundred and fifty, or two hundred Pounds: But he ſtuck to his Text, and told me, he wou'd bate me nothing of that; and when the Time was expir'd that he had fix'd, if the Money did not come, I ſhould never have my Liberty. I told him, I would do my Endeavour to procure it for him when we came into Port, and had Liberty to write to my Friends in *England*.

The Captain did deſign to cruize a Month longer, that he might take ſome Prize to make him amends for his laſt Diſappointment. He never importun'd me to forſake my Religion; being, if I had been as vile as the others, he would not have had any Hopes of my Money to redeem me. We coaſted off the Shore of *Africk* a Fortnight or three Weeks, but met with no Prize; which enrag'd the Captain very much. One Day the Surgeon dreſſing the Wound in my Head, ſlipt into my Hand a Letter, which he bid me read cautiouſly, and give him an Anſwer the next Day. I had not an Opportunity for ſeveral Hours to read the Contents; at laſt I counterfeited a ſudden Weakneſs, and retir'd to my Cabbin, which was in the Place we call the *Forecaſtle*. When I laid myſelf down, and found no one was near me, I open'd my Letter, and read the Contents to this Effect.

We whoſe Names are ſubſcrib'd to this have reſolved upon a Stratagem for our Liberty, there is ſeven of us,

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us, Engliſh, *beſides yourſelf; and the Galley-Slaves are twenty in Number, who have Notice of the Project. One of the* Engliſh *that has the Keys of the Galley-Slaves Chains is alſo one of our Number. Our Project muſt be put ſpeedily in Execution, being they'll go into Harbour in ten Days, and then it will be impoſſible to effect it. We will procure Arms, and give you further Notice of the Hour. We muſt not ſeem to converſe together, neither muſt you take it ill if you find we give you ill Language now and then, it being only to inſinuate ourſelves into the good Eſteem of the* Turks. *When we have redeem'd the Slaves, we ſhall be twenty-eight in Number, which will be a ſufficient Strength to cope with the* Turks, *they being but forty one in all. We will convey Arms into your Cabbin by the Means of Mr.* Matthews, *and we doubt not but we ſhall effect our Liberty under God.*

Sign'd,

Ralph Smallwood, George Jenkins,
George Kirk, William Aſhton,
Richard Sloan, Edward Wilkins,
Anthony Matthews.

After I had read it, I pray'd to God to aid us in our Deſign. The next Day Mr. *Matthews* came to dreſs me as before: I gave him to underſtand that I had read, and conſider'd the Letter, and told him my Opinion was to execute it as faſt as ever we could, for fear of any Accident that might happen: For, ſaid I, it is not impoſſible but we may meet with one of their own Galleys, and then we ſhall find it to be a fruitleſs Undertaking. Said he, we muſt wait a convenient Time, for if we ſhou'd fail, we muſt expect the worſt of Torments. He went from me upon this, being ſome of the *Turks* came to look upon my Wound. The Captain aſk'd him how my Hurts far'd? Ah! Damn him, ſaid he, the Chriſtian Dog will do well enough I'll warrant him: So much

the

the better, anſwer'd the Captain, for I am inform'd he is worth a great deal of Money, and I ſhall ſet his Ranſom at a higher Rate than what I firſt determin'd. All this Diſcourſe I heard, being upon Deck, talking with my three Companions that were taken with me, who treated me with ill Language, and call'd me Chriſtian Fool, that would not turn *Mahometan*, when I might have all the Liberty I deſir'd. One of them carry'd the Jeſt ſo far, that he gave me two or three good Strokes with his Hand; but the Captain ſeeing 'em, laughing, Let the Fool alone, 'tis not worth your while to foul your Fingers about him. I ſaid ſo much to 'em concerning *Mahomet* their falſe Prophet, that if the *Turks* had underſtood me, I might have run the Danger of being murder'd. But generally the *Renegado*'s, (that is, thoſe that forſake their Chriſtian Faith, and turn *Turks*) have ſo little of any Religion in 'em, that they laugh at thoſe that have any at all. At Night Mr. *Matthews* told me in *French* very low, that the next Morning early was deſign'd for their Enterprize, being it was ſome Faſt-day with them, that they uſually at four o'Clock in the Morning riſe, and waſh themſelves all over, and pray to their Prophet for ſome Time; and this being to be done below, they thought then would be the right Time. Accordingly all that Night they ſpent ſecretly in preparing every Thing. He that commanded the Slaves (which was *Jenkins*) found Fault with 'em for ſomething, and chaſtiz'd 'em as uſual, but took the Opportunity to unlock 'em all, and order'd 'em to lie ſtill, as if their Chains were faſt, till they had Command to do otherwiſe. Every Thing ſucceeded to our Wiſhes, for the *Turks* got up to their Devotion ſooner than we expected, even before it was Light; and hudling down together, we clapt down the Hatches, and ſecur'd the beſt Part of 'em. The Captain, with two *Engliſhmen*, and one *Frenchman*, were ſeiz'd in the Cabbin, and bound Hands and Feet; and this without any Noiſe. About eight others that had

had not got up as early as the reſt, our Galley-Slaves ſeiz'd; and before we could prevent 'em, had kill'd 'em all, and begg'd they might ſerve the Captain and the whole Crew in the ſame Kind.

The Buſtle the Slaves made in killing the eight *Turks*, rouz'd the other below from their Prayers; and when they found they were ſhut down, they made a Noiſe; and knocking to be let out, which we did; but firſt we loaded a great Gun with Muſket-Shot, and turn'd the Muzzle towards the Skuttle. Then as they came up, we bound 'em; but being but few *Engliſh*, we could not hinder the Slaves from killing ſeveral of theſe too. At laſt we bound 'em all, being twenty-five, there being kill'd by the Slaves ſixteen; and afterwards, by the Conſent and Agreement of all, we chain'd twenty of 'em to the Oar in the Room of thoſe we had releas'd; but they began to be very ſtubborn at firſt, but we put the Slaves to 'em, and they ſoon made 'em work, by giving 'em the ſame Uſage as they generally us'd to receive from 'em.

When we had ſecur'd 'em, we return'd God Thanks for our happy Succeſs, and then conſulted which Way we ſhould ſteer. We *Engliſh* agreed to go for *England*, but the Slaves we redeem'd, being moſtly *Spaniards* and *Portugueze*, were for going to *Spain*; in ſhort, there was no agreeing, for they being the greater Number, they pretended to have the Command over us, never conſidering 'twas to us they chiefly ow'd their Liberty. I muſt confeſs I was very much diſſatisfy'd at their Ingratitude, but cou'd not find any Means to help ourſelves. Mr. *Matthews* ſpoke to 'em in *Spaniſh*, and laid before 'em the Benefit it wou'd be for 'em to go for *England*; but it was like preaching to ſo many Beaſts, for they regarded him not, but reſolv'd to follow their firſt Design of directing their Courſe for *Spain*. When we found there was no Remedy, we deſir'd 'em to touch at *Liſbon* in *Portugal*, and ſet us aſhore there; which they

they conſented with much Intreaty. If we had been of an equal Number, we would have endeavour'd to have forc'd 'em with us for *England*, that they might have repented their Ingratitude.

They would not let any of us have the Command of the Veſſel, but one *Velaſques*, a *Spaniard*, was choſen Captain, who immediately turn'd out Mr. *Matthews*, that we had given the Captain's Cabbin to, and took Poſſeſſion of it himſelf. This ſet us all a murmuring, and we conſulted to contrive ſome way to be even with 'em; but they were ſo watchful, and always upon their Guard, that it was to no Purpoſe to plot any Thing. They us'd to put Centinels upon us every time we went to Reſt. One Night we were awaked out of our Sleep by Orders from our new Captain *Velaſques*; when we were upon Deck, he told us there was a Ship diſcover'd to Windward of us. Now, my Reaſon of ſending for you, ſaid the Captain, is, we deſign to attack her, and make Prize of her, let her be of what Nation ſhe will, excepting *Spaniſh*. When Mr. *Matthews* had told us in *Engliſh* what he ſaid, my Indignation roſe that I could hardly forbear ruſhing upon him, and tear his Throat out: But at laſt my Reaſon conquer'd my Paſſion, and I became calm. I bid Mr. *Matthews* let him know he could not expect us to fight, if they were *Engliſh*, our Countrymen: But he ſwore we ſhould fight, or be kill'd, if they were our own Fathers. I bid Mr. *Matthews* tell him, as for my own Part, I would not fight a Stroke, let it be what Nation it would; and for his threatning to kill us, I did not know but it would be better to die, than to ſociate with ſuch an ungrateful Crew as they were. The Ship now inſtead of keeping her Courſe, as ſhe did at firſt, made all the Sail ſhe could, and bore down upon us, which they did not mind in our diſputing. The Captain then began to change his Tone, and thought it the wiſeſt way to ſteer away before the Wind, and endeavour to get from 'em. Whereupon he crowded away, and

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belabour'd the poor *Turks* with his Baſtinado to row with all their Strength, that I pitied 'em. Looking towards the Ship that purſu'd us, we could perceive *Engliſh* Colours out, which rejoyc'd us *Engliſh* mightily. We now conſulted how we ſhould ſtop the Galley; for with ſailing and rowing we went faſter than they. At laſt I reſolv'd to take a Piſtol, and ſhoot him through the Head, let the Conſequence be what it would. So I laid hold of one of the Piſtols unperceiv'd, (they having prepar'd their Arms for their Engagement) goes up to *Velaſques*, and took him by the Throat with my Left Hand, and holding the Piſtol to his Breaſt with my Right, I threatned to ſhoot him dead if he or his Men offer'd to ſtir. Several of his Companions were running to his Aſſiſtance, but were ſtopp'd by Mr. *Matthews*, telling 'em, if they offer'd to ſtir, their Captain was a dead Man. This Buſtle caus'd the *Turks* to lye upon their Oars, and in the mean Time Mr. *Sloan* brought the Galley to the Wind, and lay'd by, and the Ship got up with us in an Inſtant, and without hailing us, pour'd in a Broad-ſide upon us, which kill'd us two of the *Turks*, and five of our *Spaniards*, among which was that ungrateful Monſter *Velaſques*, and the Wind of one of the Shot threw me down upon Deck without any farther hurt; we had no Colours up at all but the *Vane* upon the Top-Maſt Head, which ſhew'd us to be a *Turkiſh* Veſſel; I ſent up *George Kirk* to take down that, which prevented their firing again; upon this they hailed us: But after we told 'em we were *Engliſh*, they ſent immediately two Boats well arm'd on board us, and when we had ſatisfied 'em how it was with us, we ſeized upon our vile *Spaniards*, and *Portugueze*, and bound 'em; we ſaw it was an *Engliſh* Man of War; and upon Enquiry found it was the *Ruby*, Captain *Walton*, Commander, bound after the Fleet for the *Weſt-Indies*. They had met with Captain *Young* and his Crew ſteering their Courſe for *England*, being they were ſo diſabled with the Engage-

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ment they had with the Galley of the *Turks*, that we were in, they durſt not hold on their Way for the *Weſt-Indies*. So the Stores were moſt of 'em put on board the *Ruby*, and the reſt were to follow as ſoon as they could ſhip 'em in another Veſſel. Now there were two Men that were Paſſengers in Captain *Young*'s Ship, put on board the *Ruby* to purſue their Voyage, and they ſeeing the Galley, knew her to be the ſame that engag'd with Captain *Young* in the *Tyger*, and that was the Reaſon they fired upon us without hailing, as is uſual in thoſe Caſes.

I was very glad of an Opportunity to purſue my Voyage, I made my Addreſs to Captain *Walton*, who very friendly receiv'd me; while we were conſulting what we ſhould do about our Priſoners, the Galley ſeem'd to lye deeper in the Water, and going to examine her, found a Shot had pierc'd her between Wind and Water, but it was impoſſible to come to it to ſtop it; ſo we took what we could out of her, and going to unlock the Galley-Slaves Chains, the Key was not to be found, and the Galley was ſinking every Minute, and before we could break the Chains ſhe ſunk downright, with the whole 20 poor unfortunate *Turks*, and all the *Spaniards*, (who being ty'd) could not help themſelves, neither had we time to give 'em any Aſſiſtance. I muſt confeſs I was very much concerned to ſee ſo many poor unfortunate Creatures meet with Death, when it was in our Power ten Minutes before to have ſav'd 'em. Captain *Walton* was really griev'd at it, and ſhew'd a Temper full of Humanity. We had juſt brought on board the Captain, and two more *Engliſhmen*, with the *Frenchman*, *Renegado*'s. The Captain was ſo ſullen that he would not eat or drink,
we ſuppos'd) to ſtarve himſelf to but intended (as
Walton us'd all gentle Means po Death. Captain
into Temper, but to no Purpoſe ſhib'e to bring him
ſo much as give any Anſwer to , for he would not
and in about a Week or eight what was aſk'd him;
Days after we took

him on board, he was found dead in his Hammock; One of the *Engliſhmen* told us he had poiſon'd himſelf; for he always ſaid if he was ever taken by the *Engliſh* he would make away with himſelf, to prevent the Puniſhment he ſhould undergo. The other four *Engliſhmen*, that were inſtrumental in our Deliverance, were all *Mahometans* in Appearance, as I ſaid before, that is, they forſook their Chriſtianity in outward Show, but were really Chriſtians in their Hearts, as was likewiſe my three Companions that were taken in the Boat with me; but as they told me they only did it to have ſome Opportunity of getting their Liberty; and the Words that were uſed, tho' it was in a Speech they did not underſtand, perfectly ſhock'd them in their Utterance; and they all hoped their Peace was made with GOD for their Crimes, with a ſincere Penitence from the Moment they had committed it.

Mr. *Matthews* the Surgeon, *George Jenkins*, *William Aſhton*, and *Ralph Smallwood*, were taken in a Ship call'd the *Two Brothers* of *Briſtol*, bound for *Scanderoon*, after an obſtinate Fight, where all were kill'd, excepting the abovemention'd four, who were taken and ſold for Slaves, and continu'd ſo for ſome Years; but ſeizing on a Boat with the four *Frenchmen* that did deſign to venture for their Liberty with them, they put to Sea, and rather choſe to truſt in the Waves, and an open Boat, than ſtay there to be Slaves for ever: But *Hamet* the Renegado, whoſe Chriſtian Name was *Lewis Gordon*, having Notice of their Flight, follow'd 'em with a ſwift Galley, and got Sight of them; Mr. *Matthews* (who relates the Story in this Manner) and his Companions ſeeing it impoſſible to make their Eſcape, thought of a Stratagem for four of 'em to get the Good-Will of the Renegado *Hamet*; which was this: Seeing no likelihood of getting clear off, the four *Engliſh* propos'd to the *French* to caſt Lots, and that ſhould decide which four ſhould be bound, and the other four

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ſhould immediately row back, as if they had no Deſign of running away, and make out their Story as well as they cou'd; accordingly we drew, and the Lots fell upon the four *Frenchmen*. Immediately we bound 'em, and row'd back, and were ſoon met by the Galley, where we made our Tale good, by telling the *Turks*, that going a Fiſhing with the four *Frenchmen*, they would have compell'd us by Force to have row'd with 'em in their Boat for *Spain*; but we being not willing, fell to grappling with them, and overcame 'em by main Force, tied them, and were bringing 'em back. The *Frenchmen* kept true to their Promiſe, and never contradicted us in our Story. *Hamet* upon this became very civil to us, and put us in Truſt: He made me immediately Surgeon to the Galley, Mr. *Jenkins* Maſter of the Slaves, and our two other Companions had ſome little Office that pleas'd 'em. We went ſeveral Voyages with him, and took many Veſſels, but never met with any *Engliſh* Ship before the *Tyger* that we had the deſperate Engagement with. The four *Frenchmen* were made Slaves to row in another Galley, which was taken about two Months ago by a *Spaniſh* Man of War, and by that Means got their Liberty.

The other two *Engliſhmen*, and *Frenchmen*, that were taken in the Cabbin, confeſs'd that they had been guilty of many Crimes, but more eſpecially in denying their Saviour; but they now felt in their Hearts and Minds an Yearning to Repentance; and begg'd that Captain *Walton* would forgive 'em, and not take their Recantation for a Falſhood, being they were in ſome Danger, but a true Light of the divine Brightneſs. Captain *Walton* freely forgave them, and having a Chaplain in the Ship, we rechriſten'd 'em; and the Fellows ſeem'd ever afterwards to have a true Senſe of their happy Condition. Captain *Walton* and myſelf were God-fathers for 'em all. Therefore it behov'd us to ſee, that they were now inſtructed in their Faith; though theſe were of ſufficient Years to know

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their Duty without Sureties for 'em. We have many People that undergo that Office, but never consider what their Duty is; and, in short, make it nothing but an outward Ceremony, when if they thought of it, as they ought to do, they would find it of the utmost Concern; for the true Office of Sureties, or Godfathers, *&c.* are to train up the young Plant, till it is capable of bearing Fruit itself of Good Works. But many now-a-days do as the Turtles do by their Eggs, lay them, cover them with Sand, and never more regard them.

We came into our old Course again, and pursu'd it with Success: When we were got into the Latitude of the Tropick, we duck'd our Men as before; but there was a great Mutiny of the Sailors: The Captain had three Dogs on board, and they would have 'em duck'd as well as themselves, unless he would pay the usual Rate; which being promis'd 'em, they were compos'd again, and the Sailors and Dogs were reconcil'd without going together by the Ears.

We overtook an *English* Vessel that had suffer'd much by an Engagement with a *Spanish* Pyrate; she had lost all her Masts, but had rais'd a Jury-Main-Mast, yet could made but little Way, by reason of her Leaks. Our Captain sent a Boat on board, and gave 'em all the Assistance he could; but finding it was but two Days since the Engagement, we had some Hopes of coming up with her, being we learnt from the other Ship she was mightily disabled as well as themselves. So we crowded all the Sails we could; and tho' it was in the Night, we made the best of our Way. The Vessel we left, saluted us with five Guns to take their Leave, which we answer'd with three; and in a quarter of an Hour afterwards heard several Guns fired now and then, as if some Vessel was in Distress; and in an Hour more discover'd a Light, which we made directly towards, and coming up with it, found it to be the *Spanish* Vessel that had engag'd with the other *English* Ship two Days

Days before; the Light that they made was only a large Lanthorn fix'd on their Main-Top-Maſt-Head, that we might the ſooner perceive 'em. We immediately hail'd 'em, and commanded 'em to ſurrender: They readily obey'd, and begg'd our Aſſiſtance, which they had great Need of; for the Water gain'd upon 'em every Moment, and in an Hour's Time the Ship ſunk, but we had preſerv'd all the Men, being in Number 23, having loſt in the Engagement with the *Engliſh* Ship 27, and receiv'd ſeveral Shot between Wind and Water, which they did not perceive till they diſcover'd two Foot Water in the Hold, and found no Hopes of being ſav'd from the mercileſs Enemy the Sea, if we had not fortunately for them came timely to their Aſſiſtance. But to allay their Joy for their Deliverance from Death, they were made Priſoners; and being Pyrates (as we ſuppos'd) for there was no War declar'd between the two Nations; and therefore they might very probably think they were to be puniſh'd with Death when they came on Shore.

The Ship ſunk ſo faſt, that we cou'd ſave nothing but the Men, which took us up about four Hours, and then we purſu'd our Courſe, and about Four in the Evening made the Iſland *Barbadoes*, where we ſet our *Spaniſh* Priſoners on Shore. Captain *Walton* gave the Governor an Account of what had happen'd, and left it to his Diſcretion to do with them as he thought fit.

On *June* the 23*d* we ſet Sail for *Dominico*, where we arriv'd without any Accident. Here I went on Shore along with ſeveral of our Men to get Wood and Water for our Ship. The Natives ſeem'd very civil, and came on board us in their *Canoes*.

Theſe *Indians* are moſt of them tall, luſty Men, well featur'd, and well-limb'd, but poor Brains, for an ordinary Glaſs of Rum will make 'em drunk: They mightily like this Liquor, and will call for it as ſoon as ever they come on board you: They wear no Cloaths, but a little Skirt about their Waiſt; but

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moſt of them have Pieces of Braſs in the Form of a Threequarter Moon in their Noſe and Ears. I gave one of theſe *Indians* a Pair of Breeches, and he made an Eſſay to put 'em on in this Manner. He firſt put his two Arms into the Thighs of the Breeches, and deſir'd one of his Companions to button the Waiſt-band about his Neck; but when we ſhew'd him the right Way, and he had put 'em on, he walk'd as if he had formerly worn Irons, and was ſo uneaſy with them that he pull'd 'em off, and made Signs to have ſome Linnen in Exchange: In Return I gave him a long Cravat, and ty'd it properly about his Neck: But to ſee how the Fellow ſtrutted, one would have taken him for one of the Captains of the Train'd Bands ready to march.

I rambled with theſe *Indians* ſeveral Miles up in the Country, and ſaw their Hutts, that were dug about three Foot deep in the Earth, and then rais'd about ſix Foot high above the Surface, and cover'd with Barks of Trees, and ſometimes divided into Apartments by a Couple of long Poles, and Fathers, Sons, and Daughters, lie promiſcuouſly together.

The Day before we ſail'd, (after we had provided ourſelves with Wood and Water) I went up to the *Indian* Huts to exchange a Trifle or two for one of their Bows and Arrows; and returning towards the Ship, by myſelf, loſt my Way; and tho' I directed my Courſe (as I thought right) I came to that Part of the Shore where was no Ship to be found; but endeavouring to go more Weſt along the Strand, my Way was intercepted by ſeveral high pointed Rocks, which I made ſeveral fruitleſs Eſſays to paſs: I then endeavour'd to make a Compaſs within Land to get by the Rocks; which I did, but could not find the Bay where the Ship rode. I was now in a deep Perplexity, and tho' very much tir'd, yet reſolv'd to look for the Track that would carry me back to ſome of the Huts, where I might get an *Indian* to direct me; but there were ſo many various ones, that I knew not which

which to chuſe. At laſt I pitch'd upon one that brought me to ſeveral of 'em, but not thoſe from whence I came. I ſearch'd 'em, but could find no *Indians* in 'em. I from thence walk'd a little farther, but was ſurpriz'd with a Sight that ſhock'd me with Horror. Near the Skirt of a thick Wood I found one of our Men kill'd, with an Arrow in his Throat; and, by the Poſture he lay in, I found it was done when he was eaſing Nature. The Object ſo overcame me, that I thought not on my own unhappy Condition, till I was awaken'd from my Stupidity by a Noiſe and Gabbling I heard in the Wood on my Right. This put me into a terrible Fright, which made me run as far from the Noiſe as I could; for I made no doubt, that if they caught me, I ſhould run the ſame Fate with the poor unfortunate Fellow, who perhaps might loſe his Life by his ſeeking me. When I had got a conſiderable Diſtance, I enter'd the Wood, and ventur'd to look out, where I could perceive (tho' it was almoſt dark) what they were doing.

They cut off the poor Fellow's Head, and tore out his Bowels in a moſt inhuman Manner. Let any one judge what my Condition muſt be; I'm ſure my Thoughts were ſo confus'd, that I might juſtly ſay I never thought at all. I obſerv'd when they had done, they carry'd him between Eight of them upon four Staves, and went towards their Tents. When they were gone, and I had Leiſure for Reflection, every Thought was a Dagger to me; but yet, when my Senſes were compos'd, I put my Truſt in GOD that he would deliver me from this Danger, as well as ſeveral other immediate ones, which thro' his Mercy I had overcome.

I crept farther into the Wood to reſt my Limbs, but my Thoughts kept me waking all Night. When Day approach'd, I went ſtill farther into the Wood, not only to avoid thoſe barbarous *Indians*, but to ſee if, when on the other Side, I could find ſome Path that would lead me to the Bay where our Ship rode;

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but before I could get out of it I heard a Cannon discharged, that both rejoyc'd and griev'd me; it joy'd me to know that the Ship could not be far off, and griev'd me to think that it was certainly the Signal for the Boat to come on board, and perhaps they might be that Moment under Sail. I ran with all the Haſte I could, but with a Mind mix'd with Hope and Fear. I got out of the Wood at laſt, and directed my Courſe to that Part as I thought the Noiſe of the Gun came from, but could find no Path; yet at laſt I got to the Top of a Rock from whence I could behold the Sea, and with great Grief ſee our Ship under Sail, not half a League from the Shore. I immediately pull'd off my Shirt, and hung it on a Stick I had broke to ſupport me in my Walking; but my Signal did not do me any good, for they ſaw nothing of it. My Deſpair began to be predominant over my Reaſon, and I had often reſolv'd to throw myſelf down from the Rock to end my Miſery; but ſtill my Conſcience would give me a ſecret Check; and at laſt I reſolv'd with myſelf to ſubmit to whatever ſhould befall me, with a thorough Reſignation to the Will of Heaven. As ſoon as the Ship was out of Sight, I went down from the Rock (not having Power to ſtir before) and endeavour'd to find ſome Food, but was prevented by a hideous Noiſe I heard, which drove me to Shelter in the Wood again; but the farther I went, the plainer I heard the Noiſe, ſo that I knew not what to do, for at laſt it increaſed on every Side: So that coming to a thick Parcel of Shrubs, I laid myſelf down, and couch'd ſo cloſe, that it was impoſſible for 'em to ſee me, unleſs they came into the very middle of it. I had thrown my Bow and Arrows away, as being of no Uſe to me; but I had my Sword, which, however, I did not deſign to uſe. The Noiſe came ſo nigh me, that I could hear the Tread of their Feet, and the Boughs ruſtle about me; but at laſt it went inſenſibly away, ſo that I heard no more of them for ſome Time.

When

When I found all was ſtill, I began to get up and look about me, where I ſaw them in the Plain engag'd with ſeveral other *Indians*, whom I thought I knew, tho' at a great Diſtance. I ſaw ſeveral of 'em fall upon the Ground. At laſt thoſe *Indians* that went hollowing through the Wood ſeemed to me to have the worſt of it, and were drove by the other Party quite back again; but did not purſue them any farther, only let fly their Arrows at them; and one of them came among the Shrubs where I lay, which ſtartled me, for I was afraid they would come to look for their Arrows, and ſo find me. After the hurly-burly was over, I reſolv'd to go out of the Wood, and follow thoſe *Indians* that were Vanquiſhers, with this Hope, That they might be of a milder Nature, and not ſo barbarous as the others who run through the Wood, who to my Thinking had more ſtern Looks than thoſe *Indians* I had ſeen upon that Part of the Iſland where we uſed to land to get Wood and Water. So as I ſaid, I got up, and directed my Courſe out of the Wood after the *Indians*, but ſoon diſcover'd two *Indian* Men, and four Women coming towards me, (which I ſuppoſe had hid themſelves during the late Conflict:) It was to no Purpoſe for me to fly, for they had got Sight of me; or if I had, they would have ſoon ſent one of their winged Meſſengers after me; ſo I choſe boldly to meet 'em. When we were come within forty Paces of each other, one of the *Indians* was going to ſhoot at me, but was with-held by one of the Women: As ſoon as ever I came cloſe to them, they look'd upon me with ſtrange Geſtures, and diſtorted Countenances: I put my Hand to my Head and Breaſt, which is the Token of Submiſſion with the *Indians*; and they let me know by Signs that I muſt go with them, which I did not deny; for if I had, I knew I ſhould be forc'd; ſo I went willingly enough. When we had got through the Wood, one of the *Indian* Men wou'd have my Coat and Waiſtcoat off, which I durſt not refuſe: The

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Coat he put upon his Companion, and the Waiſtcoat on himſelf, and ſtrutted ſtrangely. I gave my Handkerchief and Neckloth to the Woman that hinder'd the *Indian* from ſhooting at me, who receiv'd it with a great deal of Joy, who ſeem'd mightily pleas'd with me. When we arriv'd at their Huts, there came out at leaſt a hundred Frightful-looking *Indians*, who came about me, and had a great deal of Talk with thoſe that brought me with them; but the two *Indians* were forc'd to part with their Cloaths they had taken from me, to two of the oldeſt *Indians*, who immediately put 'em on, and ſeem'd mighty proud of themſelves. They gave me ſome Rice, and another Sort of Victuals boil'd; but what it was compos'd of, I could never learn, neither did I eat any of the ſame all the while I was among them. When Night came, I was ſent into a Hut by myſelf, and the Door ſhut upon me, I had a piece of Mat to lie on, but nothing to cover me. Now I had leiſure to reflect upon my Misfortunes, which I could not do before, by reaſon of the Fears I was in. I thought my Condition was now worſe than ever it was, for I really believ'd they deſign'd to make a Sacrifice of me, for I thought to myſelf they were Cannibals, or Men-Eaters. I paſs'd the Night with a thouſand Anxieties and Inquietudes; but nevertheleſs my Senſes were ſo tired, that I ſlept whether I would or no; and in the Morning was awak'd by four of the eldeſt *Indians* that came to viſit me, who made Signs to me to follow 'em. which I did without any Heſitation; when I was out in the midſt of the plain Place before the Doors of their Huts, they brought before me ſeveral of their Women, and gave me to know by Signs that I ſhould take one of them to be my Mate, or Bed-fellow, or ſuffer Death. I muſt confeſs I was mightily ſhock'd, but not giving myſelf much Time to weigh, or think of the Matter, I pitch'd upon her that I had given my Neckloth and Handkerchief to, and immediately all the reſt were diſmiſs'd; and my Bride

Bride and I (for it was even ſo) were conducted to a Hut, where there was ſeveral old *Indians* waiting for me to compleat the Ceremony. When my Bride and I came before 'em, we were order'd to ſit down, then both our Feet were waſh'd with Water: After that they brought us a Piece of their *Indian* Cake, or Bread, of which I was order'd to break off a Piece, and give to my Bride. She then came and laid her Head on my Breaſt; and then, kneeling, put my Right Foot upon her Neck; when that was done ſhe roſe, and went out, but immediately return'd, and brought me ſome Fleſh broil'd on the Coals, which ſhe tore into Morſels, and put into my Mouth, and ſtood before me all the while I eat. I muſt confeſs I was ſo hungry, that I had a very good Appetite to my Victuals, being I had not eat any Fleſh for four Days: But I had no great Stomach to my Bride, although a young well-featur'd Woman, yet her Complexion did not pleaſe me. When I had done eating, my Bride and I were put into a Hut, and ſhut cloſe without any Light; but the old Proverb, *Joan's as good as my Lady in the Dark*, had lik'd to have prov'd no Proverb with me. In the Morning we were wak'd with a rude Noiſe round our Tent, which ſtartled me at firſt; but I found afterwards it was a Sort of *Epithalamium*. When they had made their frightful Noiſe for ſometime, they enter'd promiſcuouſly Men and Women. The Men came and took hold of me, and the Women of my new Spouſe, led us out with Shouts, unpleaſing Noiſes, and antick Geſtures: They continu'd it till we came to a River, and then we parted; the Men with me, and the Women with my Wife. They put me into the River, and waſh'd me all over, and I ſuppoſe the Women did as much by my tawny Rib. After they had given Notice by their Shouts, that they had made an End of Scowring me, they put on my Shirt and Drawers again, and led me to the Bank where my Spouſe waited for me with her She-attendants, and we re-

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turn'd with the ſame Noiſe as we came out. When we came to the Huts, the old *Indians* met us; the old Men took me, and the old Women my Wife, and gave us an Entertainment ſeparately, which laſted two Hours, according to my Computation; when they had made an End, they fetch'd us out of our different Tents, and ſeated us on a Bank, and then danc'd, and play'd ſuch mad, rude, monkey Gambols, that put me in Mind of the mad Feaſts of the *Bacchii* in *Virgil*, for they would tear their Faces with their Nails, and ſcratch one another ſo violently, that one would have thought they had been ſo many *Bethlemites*, and yet all in Mirth; for they would laugh ſuch Horſe-laughs when ever any one of 'em was hurt, they quite ſtunn'd me. When this Sport was over, the young *Indians* of both Sexes took my Bride and I into one of their Huts, and gave us an Entertainment of Fiſh broil'd upon the Coals, and a pleaſant Liquor in a *Calabaſh*, that was exceeding ſtrong, which ſoon got into moſt of their Noddles; and as faſt as they grew a little tipſy, they reel'd out one by one; and laid themſelves before the Door of the Hut, and went to ſleep. My good Wife, among the reſt, got her Doſe too; but was ſo monſtrouſly loving withal, that I could not tell well what to do with her. When Night came, we retir'd to our Reſt as before, and were wak'd next Morning by another kind of Noiſe that was made, with rude knocking at our Door, or rather Baſket, for it was nothing elſe, and five or ſix of the old *Indians* came in with Hatchets, and other Inſtruments, to enable us to get Food for ourſelves, as I underſtood My Wife took me out by the Arm, and carry'd me into the Wood with our Bows and Arrows, and by her Signs gave me to underſtand that ſhe would bring me where I ſhould kill ſome Creature. At laſt we came to the Foot of a Hill, where we aſcended with ſome Difficulty; but when we had gain'd the Summit, we diſcover'd vaſt Numbers, or Herds of Goats. My

Spouſe

Spouſe ſhot, and kill'd one the firſt Time; but I was ſuch a Bungler at it, that I could never do any Execution. But my Spouſe was very dexterous, as all the *Indians* are in the Iſland of *Dominico*. My Wife ſeem'd to have a great Love for me, and would always make much of me her Way. When we had ſkin'd our Goat, we took out our Implements, and made a Fire to broil ſome of it. When it was ready, I gave my Creator Thanks for providing for us poor inſignificant Mortals; and looking towards Heaven the Reſidence of him that form'd us all. My Wife fix'd her Eyes upon me, and then look'd upwards too, with a kind of Concern. After we had done, I return'd Thanks again in the ſame Manner as before, and my Wife did the ſame; that is, ſhe ſtar'd upwards again as if ſhe had a Mind to ſee ſomething as ſhe thought I look'd at: And when ſhe found ſhe could not ſee any Thing, ſhe came to me, and put her Arms tenderly about my Neck, and with a ſort of a begging Tone, ſeem'd to aſk me by Signs and Words, which I could not underſtand, what I meant by looking upwards. I was really griev'd to know that I could not make her underſtand, for I could not learn any of their Speech, but here and there a common Word; neither did I ever perceive they had any Manner of Worſhip to any Thing; otherwiſe if I could have made her comprehend what I meant, I might have found it no hard Matter to have converted her from their abominable Heatheniſm; for ſhe was of a mighty mild Nature, very loving and courteous, and nothing like the reſt of the Savage Crew, who were prone to all Manner of Wickedneſs. Her Voice too, differ'd from theirs, for moſt of the *Indians* pronounce their Words in their Throat, as indeed you could not well ſpeak 'em without a Gutteral Sound; yet ſhe, whatever was the Meaning on't, ſpoke her Words a different Way from the reſt, and had a pleaſing Manner. I really began to love her, and only wiſh'd ſhe had been my Wife in the uſual Forms:

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She cou'd pronounce any Word in *Engliſh* that I would ſay to her, but I could never get her to repeat whole Sentences; and all ſhe did was like a Parrot. After we had done our hunting-work, I was for going over the Hill to view the Country, and walk'd up and down a good way; but I obſerv'd my Wife was very uneaſy, but eſpecially when I got to the Brow of the Hill. On the other Side, (which was about half a League over) I made an Eſſay to go down; ſhe laid hold of my Arm, and pull'd me back with all her Force, and with many ſupplicating Actions ſeem'd to beg of me not to go; and when ſhe found I was offering at it again, ſhe ſcreem'd out ſo diſmally, that it frighted me from making any more Attempts. I endeavour'd to know what ſhe meant, but could gather nothing from her Words or Actions, that could let me into any Thing: But ſhe would often handle her Bow and Arrows, and with menacing Actions let me know there was ſome Danger. As we went homeward this odd Accident ran very much in my Head, and I was mighty deſirous to find out the Meaning of it, and every Time I went to hunt there with my Wife, I wanted ſadly to get down the Hill on the other Side. This Hill was of a vaſt Length, and extended from Eaſt to South-Weſt almoſt a-croſs the Iſland. I did not know how to contrive it, but after Hunting I made believe I was very much tired, and laid myſelf down in order to ſleep; and my Wife with her uſual good Humour, accompany'd me, and in a very little Time I found ſhe was in a ſound Sleep. I immediately roſe and ſtole away ſoftly upon my intended Journey. I got away from my Wife without her awaking, and came to the Brow of the Hill, which I ſurvey'd, and found no Difficulty in the deſcending. When I had got to the Bottom of the Hill, I was mightily pleas'd with the Evenneſs of the Ground, and the Proſpect round me, which I could compare to nothing but the Vale of *Eſham* in *Worceſterſhire*, bating

ing the Houſes and Towns in't. I had walk'd up and down the Vale for near an Hour, and was preparing to go back the ſame way I came. When looking back to take my laſt Survey, I ſaw a Smoak at a Diſtance, and it ran in my Mind it was the very Place that our Men us'd to go to, from on board, to truck with the Inhabitants. The Thought took up ſome of my Time; and I believe, if it had not been for a tender Regard for my Wife, I had certainly directed my Courſe to that Smoak I ſaw there. But I muſt confeſs I could not think of leaving her behind me, but Curioſity put it into my Head to go a little nearer that Smoak I had diſcover'd: But juſt as I was moving that Way, I heard a dreadful Screaming behind me; and turning about, I ſaw my Wife upon the Brow of the Hill, making the moſt pitiful Lamentation imaginable. The tender Regard I now began to have for my Wife, made me make all the Haſte I could to her Relief, as thinking ſome Miſchance might have befell her. When I came to the Bottom of the Hill, I ſaw ſeveral of the *Indians* of our Neighbourhood waiting for me above, and ſome were coming down. As ſoon as I had got to the Top of the Hill, I was immediately ſeiz'd by the *Indians* above, and dragg'd along as if I had been the greateſt Criminal imaginable, and my poor Wife hanging upon my Arm all drown'd in Tears. I could not imagine what was the Matter, and what could be the Reaſon of their uſing me in that Manner. I found it muſt be ſomething extraordinary by the Grief of my Wife, whoſe Sorrow increas'd the further I went towards our Huts; but e're we could get there, it rain'd and thunder'd ſo violently, that we were well waſh'd before we came to our Journey's End: When we were within ken of our Huts; the whole Tribe came near us, ſome ſkipping and dancing, as mightily rejoyc'd; others with the Face of Concern, and hanging their Heads in ſign of Sorrow, and mightily lamented over my Wife. After

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the old *Indians* had conſulted ſome Time, they ty'd me to a wither'd Tree that ſtood at the Mouth of the Huts; then I began to underſtand what they meant, for I cou'd perceive they were bringing Boughs of green Wood in order to burn me. This Sight made my Courage fail me, and it was impoſſible to expreſs my Deſpair and Horror. I found now that the laſt Day of my Life was come, (for it was impoſſible to foreſee any Thing to the contrary.) My laſt Recourſe was to the Maker and Giver of all good Things, for I had try'd all other Means in vain; as alſo had my poor Wife, whoſe Rage and Deſpair overcame her; and ſhe was carry'd away by the Women in the utmoſt Agony. After my Wife was gone, they ſet fire to the Wood which enclos'd me; which being green and wet with the late Rain, was a great while in burning; all the while it was a kindling, ſome of the *Indians* jump'd round me, and danc'd after their barbarous Manner, while others ſtood ready with their Bows and Arrows to ſhoot at me (as I ſuppos'd) if the Fire ſhould burn the Bands that ty'd me, and I ſhould offer to run away. The Wood being green (as I ſaid before) was very ſtubborn in kindling, which made the Apprehenſion more dreadful: I made ſeveral Eſſays to break the Bands that held me, but all my Efforts were but in vain; and I obſerv'd every Time I made my fruitleſs Endeavours, the barbarous Crew ſhouted and laugh'd for Joy. The Fire encreaſing, I pray'd to Almighty God to give me Strength to bear the horrid Pain I was going to ſuffer; and, if it was poſſible, to go out of the World, with the Patience and Fortitude of a good Chriſtian, who was only a going to change this troubleſome Life for a better. I compar'd myſelf to a wounded Perſon, that muſt bear probing of his Hurts, in order to cure 'em. I now had given myſelf up entirely to my Thoughts of the other World; and this ſeem'd to me like abandoning a barren Iſland, in order to go to one where was Plenty of every Thing.

But

But before the Fire reach'd me, there fell ſuch a prodigious Shower of Rain, mix'd with Thunder and Lightning, that extinguiſh'd it. The Storm laſted for ſeveral Hours with the utmoſt Violence, and I remain'd ſtill ty'd to the Tree. When the Storm was over, they began to renew the Fire, and brought the Wood nearer than before, it being at firſt half a Yard from my Body all round, but now they pil'd it cloſe to me, that the Fire might the ſooner be my Executioner, which I wiſh'd for, as knowing it would put me to a ſpeedier Death. But before they had well plac'd the Wood, they heard Shouts, and Noiſes in the adjacent Woods; upon which the *Indians* immediately ran away from me, and took to their Arms in an Inſtant, old and young. The Noiſe came nearer, and nearer ſtill, till at laſt I could perceive ſeveral *Indians* bolt out of the Wood, who were met by our *Indians*, and a bloody Fight enſu'd. The Enemy *Indians* ſeem'd to have the beſt on't, by reaſon of ſome Fire Arms that they had, with which they made ſtrange Havock with our *Indians*; the Battle continu'd for ſome Hours with a great deal of Heat, and many of our *Indians* fell. At laſt the Enemy *Indians* drove ours, even beyond the Huts, and I could only hear the Noiſe they made, being I was ſtill faſtened to the Tree. The Fight continu'd out of Sight about half an Hour, when my Wife came running with all the Tranſports of Joy imaginable; and after having put her Head under my Feet, ſhe unty'd me, and fell upon me with all the Signs of a ſincere Love. I muſt confeſs I was mightily rejoic'd to ſee myſelf at Liberty, and let what would happen, my Condition could not be worſe than it was ſome Hours ago. I cou'd not forbear expreſſing my Love to my Wife by Kiſſes and Embraces. We went to our Hut, and I took my Sword that had been laid up from my firſt being amongſt 'em. I was going out of my Tent in order to go with my Wife to ſome other Part of the Iſland, that was not known to theſe

Indians:

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Indians: But just as we came among the Tents, three *Indians* met us that had run away from the Fight (as I conjectur'd:) As soon as they saw me and my Wife, they came up with a great deal of ill Nature in their Countenances; and after some Talk with my Wife, one of 'em with his wooden Sword went to make a Blow at me; but my Wife interposing, receiv'd the Blow upon her Head, which struck her to the Ground, bloody and senseless. My Rage rose so high upon this, that I could not contain myself, but I drew my Sword, and thrust it up to the Hilt in the Wretch's Body; the other two, seeing their Companion's Death, ran upon me with the Rage of Lions, but I slipping on one Side, avoided the Strokes intended me: They turn'd immediately upon me, and let drive at me several Blows, which had the good Fortune not to hit me; but I run one of them into the Throat with my Sword; upon which he set up such a Cry that frighten'd me, and ran away, and was immediately follow'd by the other. I then ran to the Assistance of my Wife, who lay almost strangled in her own Blood. I rais'd her from the Earth, and seated her under the Tree where I was ty'd, and brought her to herself a little; but I found her Skull was crack'd with the Blow the *Indian* gave her, and to my great Grief perceiv'd she was just expiring. But the Sorrow and Tenderness to part with me, (as I judg'd by her Actions) struck me to the Soul. She laid one Arm about my Waist, and her Head in my Lap, but with such piteous Looks with her Eyes, that almost distracted me. She made Signs to me to look upwards (as I fancy'd) to pray for her, tho' I could not tell for certain what she meant; but she pronounc'd several Words with Earnestness and Passion; and I really fancy'd, if we could have understood one another, I should have found she would have had some Notions of a supreme Being. Before she expir'd, the Enemy *Indians* return'd with all of our *Indian* Prisoners, I mean all that they had not kill'd; for

Capt. RICHA
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for out of two hundred *Indians* of our Party, there was not above twenty-two left. They were mightily ſurpriz'd to find me, for many of the Enemy *Indians* knew me; and when I came to examine their Faces, I remember'd they were the *Indians* that inhabited about the Bay where our Ship lay. One or two of them could ſpeak a little *Engliſh*, that they learn'd by converſing with the *Engliſh* that uſually anchor'd in the Bay. One of them knew my Name, that he had gather'd from our Sailors enquiring for me, when ſent by the Captain before the Ship ſail'd. Maſter *Falconer*, ſaid he, me be glad to ſee you, White Men belong to great Ships; come look, for you very Great, and not look you here go away much Sorry. My Wife took up all my Thoughts, who was juſt dying; and though her Strength and Speech fail'd her, yet ſhe endeavour'd to pull down my Face to hers, which ſhe kiſs'd; and then ſunk her Head into my Boſom, and expired. I was really as much concern'd as if I had marry'd one of my own Complexion and Country; for I had great Hopes, if ever I could have made my Eſcape with her, and could but have taught her *Engliſh*, to have made her a good Chriſtian. With the Aſſiſtance of my now friendly *Indians*, I laid her in the Earth: They told me ſhe was Daughter to one of the Chief of their Enemy-Tribe. From theſe *Indians* I learn'd, that thoſe I had fell amongſt were a Tribe of *Indians* that had liv'd on this Side the Ridge of Mountains for many Years, and declar'd open War with thoſe of the other Side for holding Correſpondence with *Whites*; and were ſo ſtrict, that they put all *Indians* to Death, that ever attempted ſingly to go over the Mountains, which was the Reaſon of my Danger of Burning. The Women that they took (all that were with Child) were ſhot to Death, and the Men in general ran the ſame Fate; for they were reſolv'd not to have any one of the Breed alive. When they plunder'd the Huts, they went through the Woods, and over the Mountain again, and ſo

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to their own Huts, which I knew. The Old Men and Women met 'em, Skipping and Dancing for Joy of their Succeſs, and ſome Mourning for Loſs of a Huſband, Brother, or Father that was ſlain in Battle. Theſe friendly *Indians* were often plagu'd with their ſudden ruſhing upon them, and deſtroying many of them, till at laſt they took up a Reſolution to aſſault them, and if poſſible to extirpate the whole Race; and they had often made Inroads upon them, which leſſen'd their Number, till this laſt ended 'em, as I ſaid before. The Women and Female Children dwelt contentedly among 'em, being they had no where to go. I began to live comfortably among theſe *Indians*, and uſed to partake of their Diverſion and Labour; as, Hunting and Fiſhing, *&c.* Theſe *Indians* were ſo expert in Shooting with their Bows and Arrows, that I have ſeen them hit the Mark three hundred Yards, within the Compaſs of a Half Crown.

This Iſland of *Dominico* took its Name from its being diſcover'd on a *Sunaay*. It is computed to be in Length about thirty Leagues, and about twenty-eight in Breadth. It is very mountainous, eſpecially to the North-Eaſt. I have heard there are ſome *French* Settlements upon the Iſland; but I enquir'd of the above-mention'd *Indian*, who aſſur'd me there was not any Inhabitants but Natives, and of thoſe not above an hundred Families, who were moſtly ſeated near that Part that compos'd the Harbour. Said the *Indian* that I uſed to talk with, there be ſome indeed a great way off in de Iſland, dat are our Fathers and Mothers; and ſome of our Wives that when dey die, we throw into de Sea, and dey ſwim to dat Place; and when we die, we ſwim dere too. By this we might perceive they had ſome Notion of the Immortality of the Soul. I did my Endeavour to make him ſenſible of the Joys of Heaven, and Pains of Hell, but to no Purpoſe. I told him of a ſuperior Being that commanded all Things below, and that Righteous People dwelt with him after this Life. He aſk'd, where my God

Capt. RIC

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God did live? His Throne is in Heaven, anſwer'd I, pointing upward, where he ſits to judge the Quick and Dead. He live up dere, high; how you get up high, no Steps reach dere. It is our immortal Part, added I, that aſcends, our Soul, which is cloath'd with the Grace of our Divine Creator, and enjoys an Eternity of Bleſſings. You be de *White Man*, you have Soul; we be no *White*, we have no Soul; when we die, we fling in Water, big Fiſh come carry us to an oder Place, den we live dere and die again, and Fiſh bring us upon back to an oder Place. How are you aſſur'd of this? (ſaid I) Have you ever ſeen any that have been tranſported in the Manner you tell me of? No (anſwer'd he) but me ſure it be ſo. But when we were carry'd by Fiſh to dat oder Place, we eat de Leaf of Tree, dat we can no remember what we do in toter Place, dat we be bring from. All the Arguments I could uſe was of no Effect; for Heatheniſm was ſo rooted in him, and all the *Indians*, that it will be the greateſt Difficulty imaginable to bring 'em to embrace Chriſtianity. Their Underſtandings are ſo infirm, that without a Miracle there will be no curing 'em. The *Indians* would have had me marry'd into one of their Tribe; and I, fearful to deny them, brought myſelf off by telling no *White* could marry under twelve Moons after their Wife's Death; with which they ſeem'd ſatisfy'd, but made me promiſe, when that Time was expir'd, to change my Condition of Widower to that of Marry'd Man. I might have been accommodated with a She Companion if I had found any Inclination, but I evaded it as well as I could.

The Soil of the Iſland is very fruitful, and there's Plenty of every thing.

I could not perceive that theſe *Indians* worſhipp'd any thing, except the Moon; which when at Full, they would all gather together, and looking upwards, ſtand gazing a conſiderable Time; and then with one Conſent pronounce a Word, which ſounded like *Hiu!*

This

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This Word they generally repeated three Times. When they had done *Star-gazing*, they would fall to Jumping and Capering like so many mad Things. When that was over, they would retire to their several Huts, and not stir out till Morning upon any Account.

I ask'd *Will* (for that was the Name of him that could speak *English*, who was mighty proud to be call'd so) what Ceremony was it they perform'd after they were retir'd into their Huts? But he answer'd, *Me no tell dat, Wife make much Noise, she no care for dat; when you have new Wife, you know what we do, but me no tell till den.* What gave me a Curiosity to know, that *Will* told me that after the Ceremony was over, I must not offer to come out of my Hut, nor come nigh any of theirs; for if I did, they would kill me. The Hut that was built for me, was order'd in another Manner than their own, with a high Door made of Wickets; their's being so low, that an ordinary siz'd Man must have stoop'd to go in or out.

I used to go to fish in their *Canoes* with 'em, where they would catch good Store; and let it be what it would, the Cargo was divided among the whole Tribe, only he that caught 'em chose first.

I told *Will*, that as soon as ever a Ship arriv'd there, I did design to imbark in her, in order to pursue my Voyage: But he told me I must take Care not to let any other of the *Indians* know it, for they would never suffer any one to go from them, after they had been once settled among them. How do you know that, said I? Have you had any Talk with them concerning me? He told me he had not, but it was their Way: For he gave me to understand, that about six Years ago there was four Men left on Shore upon their Island, by reason of their Vessel driving out to Sea by a Hurricane; and these four Men settled among 'em, and marry'd *Indian* Wives, and had Children by 'em. But at any time when a Ship came into the Bay, they were hurry'd a great Way up in the Country,

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Country, and detain'd there till the Ships were gone, and then liv'd with 'em as before. But a ſmall Veſſel putting in there by Night, the *Engliſhmen* ſpy'd it before any of the *Indians*, and were got to the Shore Side, converſing with the Crew of the Veſſel, before the *Indians* found them out; but when they ſaw 'em talking together, they were mightily enrag'd. The four Men went on board the Veſſel to make merry with their Countrymen, and afterwards came on Shore again, and made it no Secret, that they deſign'd to go on board that Veſſel, in order to go to their own Country. The *Indians* took no Notice for the preſent: But the Day they deſign'd to embark, they ſet upon the Veſſel with their *Canoes*, and kill'd every Perſon on board it. When they had done that, they took as many Things out of her as they had Occaſion for, and ſet her adrift. He told me, that the four *Engliſhmen* were the firſt that taught 'em to uſe Fire-Arms; and in the Ship they took, they had ſeveral Muſkets, and Quantities of Powder and Shot. But carrying the Powder to their Huts, a Boy met them Smoaking in a Cane they call a Smoaking Cane, and by ſome Accident the Fire caught hold of the Powder, and blew it up, with the Death of eight *Indians*, and wounding ſeveral others. After they had brought every thing up to their Huts, they took the Wives of the four Sailors, (the *Indians* with their Children) and ſhot them to Death with Arrows. This is the Senſe of the Story *Indian Will* told me, which was pretty hard to pick out to, conſidering his Manner of telling it. The Relation made me very uneaſy, yet put me upon thinking to make my Eſcape the firſt Opportunity. I waited a full Month before I could ſee any Veſſel, but at laſt one came into the Harbour. I perceiv'd they came in order to get Wood, by hoiſting out their Long Boat; but as I was obſerving 'em, I was ſeiz'd by ſeveral *Indians*, and carry'd at leaſt ſix Miles up in the Country, in order to be ſecur'd till the Ship was gone. I began now to deſpair of ever getting

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getting away, being it was natural to ſuppoſe, that they would be more watchful over me for the future. Beſides, I did not know but they would uſe me after another Manner, and not let me have ſo much Liberty as I had before. I wanted for nothing in my Confinement, and was only guarded by four *Indians*, that went to Sleep when I did. I once thought I might make my Eſcape whilſt they ſlept; but afterwards repented that Thought, in knowing if they ſhould chance to awake, I was certainly a dead Man; for *Indian Will* told me, as I was carrying away, that the *Indians* had Orders to ſhoot me if I offer'd to make my Eſcape: Beſides, I ſhould have found it difficult enough to have known my Way, eſpecially in the Dark; for they carry'd me to a Place that I had never been at before. I had been here four Days, and had given over all Hopes of my Liberty, and began to call together my ſcatter'd Thoughts, that were fluſter'd upon that Occaſion; when, on the fourth Day, about Noon, I was agreeably ſurpriz'd, and wiſh'd they might come to the Place where I was. I was not long in expecting 'em; for one of them ſpying the Hut, where I was, call'd out to the others to come along, for here's an *Indian*'s Hut; ſaid he, we'll go in it, and ſee what they'll give us. With that they immediately came in, before two of my *Indians* could hide me, (the other two being gone in the Morning to the Village:) As ſoon as ever I ſaw them, tho' Strangers, I could not forbear ſhowing my Tranſports at the Sight of my Countrymen. They were mightily ſurpriz'd to ſee me; and when I told 'em my Condition, they ſaid, they would have me along with 'em in Spite of their Teeth: But I told 'em that was very dangerous; for if theſe *Indians* ſhould raiſe the Village (that lay within a Mile of the Shore) we ſhould all loſe our Lives. Some advis'd to knock them on the Head; but I cou'd not agree to that, for theſe were *Indians* that had never injur'd me. Two of my Countrymen had got a Cou-

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ple of Spaw-Water Flaſks fill'd with Rum, upon the Sight of which a Thought came into my Head, that ſeem'd the moſt likely to compaſs my Deſign. I told my Countrymen, if we could make the *Indians* drunk, there might be ſome Hopes of getting off without either hurting them, or endangering ourſelves. We drank to one another, and the *Indians* did us Juſtice in Pledging us; for I believe out of the two Flaſks they drank one and three quarters. It ſoon began to work with them, and they got up and fell a Dancing moſt madly, and awhile after dropp'd down drunk. We reſolv'd to tye them Hands and Feet, that if they awak'd they might not follow us, and raiſe the whole Body of *Indians* upon us. With the Help of our Garters we ty'd 'em faſt enough without Waking 'em, and made the beſt of our Way towards the Sea-ſide. All the Danger we ran was in meeting with any of the other *Indians*, but we happily avoided 'em, and came to the Place where the Boat lay. The Ship was ready to ſail, having got their Wood and Water aboard; and theſe eight Men were thoſe that had been labouring hard in cutting Wood, *&c.* and ſo were reſolv'd to go up the Country to view it, never having been farther than the Place where they fell'd the Trees, and happily for me came to give me my Liberty, under Providence. As we were getting into the Boat to go on board (the Ship having made a Waſt in her Ancient) *Indian Will* came running down almoſt out of Breath, and cry'd, get quick in Ship, they come down preſently kill all, me go wid you de kill me elſe for tell you. We hurry'd away, and *Indian Will* with us, and got on board in very good Time; for before we were well under Sail, we could perceive at leaſt two hundred *Indians* bringing their *Canoes* with them. We had a briſk Gale, ſo that they could not well overtake us; for they never go above two Leagues from Shore. Nevertheleſs, they put their *Canoes* into the Water, and began to paddle after us. The Captain was for Firing at them with our great Guns,

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Guns, but I perſwaded him againſt it, by telling him it might be worſe for other *Engliſh* Veſſels that ſhould come after us; and as they could not overtake us to do us any Damage, it was beſt not to take any Notice of 'em. When we had loſt Sight of *Dominico*, I aſk'd *Indian Will* the Reaſon of their endeavouring to detain all *Whites* in that clandeſtine Manner; and he gave me to know, that they fear'd if the *Whites* ſhould know the Smallneſs of their Number, that they would put 'em all to Death, and ſeize upon the whole Iſland. The Ship that took us up was call'd the *Twins* from *Carolina*, Captain *Fuller*, Commander; ſhe came then from *Barbadoes*, and was bound for *Jamaica*. I took *Indian Will* as my Servant, and did deſign to give him ſome Cloaths, as ſoon as we arriv'd at *Jamaica*; but for the preſent I had none for myſelf, and made but an odd ſort of a Figure. My Beard was pretty long, and being ſomething inclining to Red, look'd but oddly: My Linnen was all gone, ſo that my whole Dreſs conſiſted of a Hat, a Waiſtcoat, a pair of Breeches, and a pair of Shoes. The Captain was ſo kind to lend me a Shirt, and a pair of Stockings, and I got my Beard off, and once more look'd like a Chriſtian. We made *Jamaica* without meeting with any Thing material, and found the Fleet at Anchor. I went on board the Admiral, and paid my Reſpects to him, which he took very kindly. I there once more met with my Friend Mr. *Muſgrave*, and the reſt of my Companions who had given me over for loſt; for Captain *Walton* told the Admiral and my Comrades, that I was certainly murder'd by the *Indians*. I had all my Things reſtor'd me, that were brought in the *Albion* Frigate, that arriv'd about a Week before me, with the Stores of the Fleet, after ſhe had been in the Dock at *Plymouth* and well mended. She alſo brought News of War being declar'd between *England* and *France*, and the Death of his Sacred Majeſty King *William* the Third, of Glorious Memory, and the Coronation of her Majeſty

jeſty Queen *Ann.* *July* the 11th, 1702, the whole Fleet ſet out from *Jamaica*, in order for a Deſcent upon St. *Dominico*, as was ſuppos'd, but Things not anſwering, the Admiral, in the *Breda*, Captain *Fog*, with ſix other Men of War, viz. *Defiance*, Captain *Kirby*; *Greenwich*, Captain *Wade*; *Windſor*, Captain *Conſtable*; *Ruby*, Captain *Walton*; *Falmouth*, Captain *Vincent*; and *Pendennis*, Captain *Hudſon*, in queſt of Monſieur *du Caſſe*, the *French* Commodore, that was deſign'd for *America*, with Ammunition, Forces, Proviſion, and Money to pay the Garriſon, beſides ſeveral Governors to put in the Room of others that were call'd back. We directed our Courſe to Port *Longone*, where *du Caſſe* was expected every Day: But when we came there, we were inform'd that *du Caſſe* was ſail'd for *Carthagena*, upon which we directed our Courſe for that Place, after having taken three Ships, one of ſixteen, another of thirty, call'd *Reine de Angelos*, or the Queen of Angels, and another of ſix Guns richly laden, beſide three Barks taken by Captain *Conſtable*, in the *Windſor*, and a fourth ſunk; likewiſe a *French* Man of War of forty Guns burnt.

On the 19th of *Auguſt*, O. S. about ten in the Morning, we diſcover'd ten Sail to the Eaſtward of us, which we bore up to, and found 'em to be the Fleet we were in queſt of; tho' there was ten Sail, yet there was but ſix fighting Ships, the reſt were Store-Ships, which made the beſt of their Way; ſo when the Admiral came up with 'em we had but ſix to engage. The Line of Battle was form'd about Three in the Afternoon, the *Defiance* led the Van, the *Windſor* the ſecond, and *Benbow* in the *Breda* the third. Theſe three kept pretty cloſe together, but the other four were a League behind. At four in the Afternoon we began the Engagement, but the *Defiance* after firing three Guns bore away to Leeward, and lay there out of Gun-ſhot all the Evening, ſo that the whole Strength of the *French* Fleet lay upon the

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the Admiral and the *Windsor* till it was dark. In the Night the *Windsor* fell foul of our Ship, which startled a great many, that were not upon Deck, as believing it might be a *French* Fireship, tho' we knew they had not one in the Fleet: but Fear, as well as Passion blinds our Reason. The Wind chopp'd about in the Night, so that we had the Weather-gage of 'em; upon which we bore down upon 'em, and engag'd for three Hours; but the *Ruby*, Captain *Walton*, was disabled, and order'd by the Admiral to make for *Port-Royal*. My Man *Indian Will*, who was on board, dress'd like an *European*, was terribly frighted with the Noise of our Guns, and every Time he saw the Flash of our Enemy's Cannon, he wou'd squat down upon the Deck, and lye flat upon his Belly for some Time; one of our Men that was shot in the Guts lay expiring, and *Indian Will* was getting away out of Danger, he said, but unfortunately stumbled over the Dying Man, who in the Pangs of Death grasp'd *Will* so fast, that he cry'd out lustily for Help, but it was more than I could do to unclench his Hand till he was quite dead, and then we releas'd poor *Will* frighted out of his Wits, who could not be prevail'd upon to come upon Deck any more till we told him we had done Fighting. We took one Ship from the *French*, that they had taken from the *English* in their Voyage. The Fight lasted six Days, on and off; but the Admiral being wounded in the Thigh, and finding that *Wade*, *Kirby*, and *Hudson*, did not care for Fighting, we left 'em, after disabling two of their Ships, and directed our Course back to *Port-Royal*. As soon as we arriv'd there, the Admiral sent Orders to confine Captain *Constable*, *Wade*, *Kirby*, and *Hudson*, and summon'd a Court-Martial, try'd 'em, and found 'em Guilty of Cowardice, excluding *Constable*; and accordingly the other three were sent to *England* to receive Sentence of Death, which was executed upon two of 'em. The third, Captain *Hudson*, dy'd in the Voyage, and so pre-

prevented an ignominious Death. How eaſy it had been for the *Engliſh* to have taken the *French*, if they had been unanimous; but ſuch an Inſtance of Puſillanimity is not to be found in the Records of the Navy.

December the 14th, 1702, We were all concern'd at the News of Admiral *Benbow*'s Death, who dy'd of the Wound in his Thigh that he receiv'd in the Engagement with Monſieur *du Caſſe*, lamented by all. I obſerv'd there was a perfect Groan in every Ship in the Fleet, when the Admiral Flag was lower'd with a Whiff, which is the Cuſtom at Sea. He was bury'd at *Kingſtown*, where he dy'd. He had ſeveral rich Plantations in *Jamaica*, and many Slaves. He had made five ſucceſsful Voyages to *Jamaica*, and return'd home laden with Wealth and Honour; but the ſixth prov'd fatal to him. He had a perfect Knowledge in the Navigation of *America*, having been ſeveral Years Captain of a Privateer there. He was a Man belov'd of both Officers and Common Sailors; a Perſon of true Courage and Fortitude: For when he was wounded in the Engagement, he order'd the Carpenters to make him a Cradle, that he might be upon Deck to give Orders. Nothing went more near his Heart than this unfortunate Expedition; and the Surgeons reported, that the Grief he conceiv'd from it, hindred the healing of his Wound, which was given by a Muſket-Ball, and not a Chain-Shot, as has been reported in our Publick Papers. Admiral *Martin*, as being the eldeſt Officer, ſupply'd his Place till Admiral *Whetſtone* arriv'd in the *Boyne*. My very good Friend Captain *Hercules Mitchell*, Captain of the *Strombelo* Fireſhip, was made Captain of the *Windſor*; and Admiral *Benbow* being dead, I remov'd myſelf, with Captain *Fog*'s leave, into his Ship. The Fleet ſet Sail with the Merchant Ships for *England*, *March* the 8th, 1703, and met with nothing worthy of Note.

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On *May* the 5th, we enter'd St. *John*'s Harbour in *Newfoundland*, and ſtay'd there till *May* the 12th, then ſet Sail for the *Bay of Bulls*, a convenient Harbour for Wood and Water in the ſame Iſland. After we had provided every Thing we wanted there, we weigh'd Anchor in order to ſail for *England*. In weighing our beſt *Bowre* (an Anchor ſo call'd) the Nippers giving way, the Capſtorn-Bars kill'd us three Men, and broke the Back of a fourth, who dy'd in a Week after.

November the 1ſt, we were ſeparated from the Fleet by a dreadful Storm that threw all our Maſts by the Board, and our Boltſprit was alſo ſprung, but we fiſh'd that which preſerv'd it. We were in a very pitiful Condition, and I am ſure in great Danger, for I really heard ſome of the Sailors at their Prayers. We loſt two of our Men, who fell with the Main-Maſt overboard. The Storm laſted for two Days, and the Weather continu'd ſo hazy we could not take our Obſervations. We put up our Jury-Maſts, but cou'd make but little Way. We had Captain *Titchburn*'s Company of *Marines*, and Major *Bowls*, Major of the Regiment that did belong to Colonel *Jones*, who dy'd in the Voyage; ſo that having above our Complement, our Proviſion began to be at a Ebb, which obliged us all to come to half-allowance, and half a Pint of Water a Day to each Man, for we did not know how long we ſhould be out at Sea; but we made *Ireland* beyond all our Hopes *November* the 20th, and got ſafe into *Gallaway* Harbour on the 23d, and it was a great Providence we did ſo, for on the 25th there aroſe ſuch a violent Storm, that muſt have inevitably deſtroyed us. This was that fatal Hurricane that did ſo much Damage in *England*, *&c.* There were two Ships in *Gallaway* Harbour that were ſtranded, and it was allowed by every Body that we ſhould have run the ſame Fate, if our Maſts had been ſtanding; but having none but Jury-Maſts, which we took down when the Storm began

began to be pretty high, ſo that the Wind could not have the ſame Power over us; neither do I think that the Storm was ſo violent in *Ireland*, by all Deſcription, as it was in *England*, *Holland*, and *France*. We ſtay'd at *Gallaway* four Months, and in that time we had got Maſts up, and repair'd our other Damages. While the Ship was fitting up, I lay on Shore in the Town. *Gallaway* is a neat well-fortify'd Town, as big as *Saliſbury*, yet has but one Church. Every thing is very cheap there. I had my Board in a private Houſe for four Shillings *per* Week, and ſeldom din'd without two or three Diſhes at Table: We bought the beſt *French* Wine for Fourteen Pence *per* Quart, and ſometimes under. We ſet Sail from *Gallaway*, *February* the 27th, 1704, and arrived ſafely at *Plymouth*. Thus after many Misfortunes and Hazards I once more ſet my Feet upon my dear native Country (accompany'd with *Indian Will*, who ſtill lives with me, and proves an honeſt faithful Servant; and I have taken Pains to have him inſtructed in the Chriſtian Religion, and likewiſe to have him chriſtned by the Name of *William Dominico* from the Iſland that he came from;) and tho' warn'd by many Dangers I had run, I cou'd not forbear making three Voyages more, but yet in a Station different from what I went before. But as they were but common Voyages, that is, nothing extraordinarily happening, I ſhall conclude with my Prayers and Thanks to Heaven for the many Mercies I have received; wiſhing Long Life and Happineſs to my King, Proſperity, Peace, and Riches to my Country, and a hearty Union among my Fellow Subjects.

FINIS.

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DEUS

NAR

GREAT

S

The Name of those

By WILLIA
Late Chaplain
His SACRE

Sen. *Quod Dur*
Meminisse

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DEUS NOBISCUM:

A

NARRATIVE

OF A

GREAT DELIVERANCE

AT

SEA:

WITH

The Name of the Maſter, Ship, and thoſe that ſuffered.

By *WILLIAM JOHNSON*, D. D.
Late Chaplain, and Sub-Almoner to
His SACRED MAJESTY.

Sen. *Quod Durum eſt pati,*
Meminiſſe, Dulce eſt.

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To the Honourable Society of the *East-Country* Merchants resident in *England*, *Dantzick*, *Koninſberg*, and elſewhere.

Worthy Friends,

I AM led to honour your Society, not by the haſty Choice and Election of the Will, which oftentimes is tranſported with Paſſion, and loveth without any Merit; but by the rational and underſtanding Part, which hath a long Time perfectly known and underſtood your many Excellencies, that I cannot chuſe but love and honour your Society. Neither are you beholding to any for the Reſpect they give, or rather pay you, but to your own Merit, to which it is due. You are not like Solomon's *Merchants, thoſe I mean that brought over Apes and Peacocks; but you furniſh this Iſland with ſuch Staple Commodities, that ye have made* London *as famous as that City of* Tyre, *that* crowning City, whoſe Merchants are *Princes*, and whoſe Traffickers are the Honourable of the Earth. *There is as much Difference between the Trade of thoſe worthy Merchants that furniſh us with Spices, Plums and Taffaties, and our* East-Country *Trade, that bringeth us in Maſts, Materials for Cordage, and Neceſſaries for Shipping, as there is in Religion between Ceremonies and Fundamentals. Spices and ſuch Things are pretty Ornaments, and ceremonial Supplements to our Well-being: But our* East-Country *Commodities are thoſe which do conſtitute the Being, and lay the Foundation of a rich and flouriſhing Commonwealth: And without them, if not the Art, yet the*

the Practice of Navigation would be loſt among us. For we cannot ſail to the Indies *in a Nutmeg, embark ourſelves in Cinnamon, make a Maſt of a Race of Ginger, and wing our Ships with Taffaty. No, it is our* Eaſt-Country *Trade that doth furniſh us with theſe abſolute Neceſſaries for Navigation, and is indeed the very Principal and Foundation of all Merchandize, and like a Maſter-wheel in a Watch, ſetteth all other on work. So that what Goods are brought into this Nation, may be ſaid principally and primarily to be imported by your Aid and Aſſiſtance, though fetch'd hither by the Hands of others.*

This is a general Good, and obligeth every one to honour you: But I have an Argument of an higher Nature, which doth diſpute and convince my Affections into an high Eſteem and Reputation of your Society.

Your Company in Pruſſia *were the firſt that called me to the Exerciſe of my Miniſterial Function, being the firſt Charge that ever I undertook to preach to: And had I not been forc'd to come into* England *by an Obligation which I could not in Conſcience break, I had rather have parted with my Life than them: for they were, as the Apoſtle writeth to the* Philippians, my Hope, my Joy, and Crown of Rejoycing in the Lord JESUS.

That I had a Deſire again to come unto them, witneſs thoſe many Sufferings, Loſſes, Shipwrecks, Fears, Streights, Dangers, Deaths, that I did undergo in that ſecond Adventure; and for the Love I bear them, am willing to repeat them over again, not in Words only, but in real Sufferings, ſo I might be any way

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serviceable for the Good and Salvation of their Souls.

But some will say to me, Why would you venture to Sea again, seeing you have so often found the Ship unsafe, the Mariners fearful, the Winds treacherous, and the Waves rebellious?

I answer, if GOD call me to it, I shall not fear the Frowns of Neptune, *nor the crooked Face of an angry Tempest. It was a brave Spirit of that* Roman, *who being to undergo a dangerous Voyage at Sea for the Service of his Country, being dissuaded from it, made this Answer,* Πλεῖν ἀνάγκη, ζῆν οὐκ ἀνάγκη: It is necessary *for me* to sail, *but* it is not necessary *for me* to live. *And it was a noble and virtuous Resolution in another, who said, if he were commanded to put forth to Sea in a Ship that had neither Masts nor Tackling, he would do it: And being asked, What Wisdom that was? replied,* The Wisdom must lie in him that hath Power to command, not in him whose Conscience bindeth to obey. *When the Service of GOD calleth us to hazard our Lives, why should we not be willing to sacrifice them?* Quid revolvis? Deus præcipit, *saith* Tertullian. *If CHRIST should call me to Sea again, why should I be more afraid to go aboard a stately Ship, than St.* Peter *was to walk upon the very Waves, when CHRIST called him to come to him?*

But seeing GOD would not let me go to Tarsus, *but sent me back in an angry and furious Tempest, and made me a Preacher of Repentance in this Place, I shall serve you in my Devotions, and, as the Apostle saith,* make Mention al-

always of you in my Prayers, *that ye may be like that wiſe Merchant in the Goſpel*, who when he had found one Pearl of great Value, ſold all and bought that Pearl, which was the Kingdom of Heaven.

The firſt that ſought after CHRIST, and (when they had found him) preſented him with Gifts, were the Wiſe-Men that came from the Eaſt: They preſented to him Gold, Frankincenſe, and Myrrhe: I ſhould be glad it might be ſaid ſo of you, that go to and from the Eaſt. *I wiſh, with all my Heart, that ye would firſt ſeek after CHRIST JESUS, and when ye have found him out, being guided to him by the Star of your Faith, that then ye offer up to him the Sacrifice of a cheerful Obedience, in a true and faithful Service of him; and that will be as ſweet and acceptable to our Saviour, as the Gifts of thoſe* Chaldean *or* Arabian *Aſtronomers, their Gold, Frankincenſe, and Myrrhe, or all the Riches of the* Eaſt.

So prayeth,

SIRS,

Your poor Orator,

and humble Servant,

WILL. JOHNSON.

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To the Right Worſhipful the Governor, Aſſiſtants, and Fellowſhip of the *Eaſt-Land* Merchants in *London*.

Right Worſhipful,

IN Ours of the 28th *of* Auguſt, *we gave you Notice, that in our deſtitute Condition, it pleaſed GOD by his ſingular Providence to ſupply our Spiritual Wants by the Miniſtry of Mr.* WILLIAM JOHNSON, *an able and pious Divine. But he being now called Home, by a Charge fallen unto him, We cannot ſuffer him to paſs without this deſerved Teſtimony: That, for his Perſon, he hath been amongſt us, Grave, Retired, Learned; in his Life, without Blame and Scandal; in his Studies, Laborious; in his Preaching, both Orthodox and Powerful: ſo that truly, in regard of the ſingular Fruition of his Labours paſt, and conſidering our deſolate enſuing Condition, We cannot but mourn at his Departure. Yet hath he lēft us this Comfort behind him, That the preſent Diſtractions at Home may be a Motive to diſpoſe of his Living there, and to return to us again in the Spring, if it pleaſe GOD that he be thereunto lawfully choſen and called. Unto us he is a Man without Exception, which we teſtify by this our general Subſcription. It may pleaſe you therefore, and it is our ſerious and earneſt Requeſt, that, if his Occaſion will ſuit with our Deſires, you will hear him preach, and by an undoubted Election return him back again with all Speed. And this will be an actual Prayer to implore Divine Mercy, and to turn Curſes into Bleſſings.*

Bleſſings. We ſay no more, but the Lord be your Protector and Director.

Dantzick, Jan. 1.

Your Worſhips, in full Aſſurance to command,

Will. Gore.	Ambroſe Griggs.
Richard Jenks.	Geo. Hackett.
Sam. Travell.	Fran. Sanderſon.
Robert Searles.	Am. Medcalfe.
Ed. Weſtcomb.	And. Taylor.
Sam. Short.	Ed. Daniel.
John Collins.	Joſ. Oley.
Rich. Wallis.	Nich. Mitchel.
Will. Williamſon.	Tho. Clench.
Will. Shires.	Tho. Dawſon.
Ja. Hutchinſon.	Will. Lockwood.
Jo. Cozin.	Jo. Whitehall.
Rich, Waynde.	Jo. Pearce.

The Name of the Ship, the *William* and *John* of *Ipſwich*.

The Chief Owners, were *William Blithe*, and *John Smythier*, both Merchants in *Ipſwich*, from whom the Ship had the Name; the latter of theſe my worthy Friend.

The Names of thoſe that ſuffer'd in the Ship-wrecks, were

Daniel Morgan, Maſter.
Edmund Morgan, Mate.
Robert Lakeland, Mate.
Matthew Bird, Boatſwain.
——— *Taylor*, Carpenter.
John Holmes, *Rob. Laurence*, *Will. Engliſh*, *Tho. Croffird*, } Mariners.

And others whoſe Names I cannot remember.

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A NARRATIVE OF A GREAT DELIVERANCE at SEA.

WE went aboard from *Harwich* on *Michaelmas* Day, the 29th of *September*, I confeſs, a dull kind of Sadneſs (as a Cloud) ſate upon my Spirits, ſo that I could not look out chearfully upon my departing Friends: But I took my farewell of them, as if I had been going not only out of *England*, but out of the World. I can give no reaſon of this *deliquium*, for I was ſent on a good Meſſage, to preach the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt. I was embarqued in a ſtout Ship, with a fair Wind, and a skilful Pilot; ſo that the underſtanding and rational part of my Soul could not foreſee any, nor ſuſpect the leaſt Danger: But (ſure) Nature (whoſe *Apocryba* we ſhall never underſtand) was ſenſible of ſome approaching Storm; for I was no ſooner at Sea, but I was in a ſtrange Anguiſh and Dejection, ſo that I ſuffered Shipwreck in my Mind, and all the terrors thereof, before it came. I preſently fell Sick (as I uſually do at Sea) for Water has always been an

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an unkind Element to me: Yet that Sickneſs hath no ſpecifical Name, we neither call it Fever nor Ague, Palſy, nor Gout; but I think it is all theſe, with the reſt of human Infirmities, or at leaſt an *Index* where we may find them; for I was ſo really ſick, that to be drowned had been a Puniſhment indeed, but in my Thoughts no Affliction to me. This Sickneſs was neither Tertian nor Quartan, but Quotidian; for I was as ſick the next Day as before. About four of the Clock in the Afternoon, the Maſter of the Ship came into our Cabin with more haſte than he was wont, for he was quickned with the Senſe and Apprehenſion of ſome ſudden and enſuing Danger; which though he concealed from me, I ſaw it in his very Countenance, written plainly in pale Characters of Fear and Amazement, which made me aſk him, *Whether all was well?* And like a Loving, a Tender-hearted Man, who is loth to tell his dying Friend that he is ſo near his End, he anſwered me, *All is well?*

But when I ſaw him ſhift himſelf, and make haſte out again in great Speed, but greater Paſſion, I roſe from my Bed, and crawl'd upon the Deck, where I ſaw a ſad Spectacle: The Ship having ſprung a Leak, or rather a Plank, was ready to ſink. I do not wonder now I was ſo ſick before, ſeeing Death was ſo near. Oh how the Face of every Man was chang'd by this Affrightment, ſo that we could not know almoſt one another, having loſt our Natural Complexions through the Extremity of Paſſion! One was at his Prayers, another wringing his Hands, a third his Eyes ſhedding of Tears, when we had no need of more Salt Water. But after this Fit, they fell to Work, and (as it is uſual in ſuch Extreams) we were all buſy about doing of Nothing, and we did we knew not what. We began one Thing, ——*ſed facti pœnitet*, but we preſently fell to another, and perfected nothing to our Safety. The Maſter's Mate and Brother, whom we ſent down to ſearch

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out the Leak, quickly return'd to us with a ſad Countenance; though naturally his Face was Red, yet Fear had ſnow'd it into a pale Complexion. This Man with trembling Hands, gnaſhing of Teeth, a quivering Tongue, and Words half ſpoken, ſignified to us that the Wound was incurable, that the Leak could not be ſtopt, and the Water came in ſo faſt upon us, that we muſt periſh in this Moment. I never heard a Death's Head ſpeak before; for he did look not like a Meſſenger, but Death it ſelf: had he ſaid nothing, we might have read our Fate and Ruin in his Countenance.

Here was now no Room for Counſel, neither had we Time to aſk one another, what was beſt to be done? But we preſently caſt out our Long-boat, and ſhot off ſome Eight or Nine Guns, which ſeemed to me to be ſo many Tolls of a Paſſing Bell before our Death. But it was to give Notice to one *Bartholomew Cook*, who was Maſter of that Ship that came out with us, and was but a little before us that he ſhould come to our Relief. In theſe fair Hopes we leap'd into the Boat; but it was my ſad Chance to leap ſhort, one Leg in the Boat, *alterum in Charontis cymba:* but not without ſome Danger, I ſcrambled out of the Sea into the Boat; but was no ſooner there, but one of the Mariners leapt out of the Ship upon me, and beat me down with his Weight; which I took kindly enough, being willing to have carried them all upon my Back to have ſaved their Lives. But there was one, and but one, left in our ſinking Ship, who made ſuch lamentable Moan, that his Tears prevailed againſt the Fears of our preſent Danger, and we took him into the Boat, when we expected our Ship (whoſe Sails lay now flat upon the Water) ſhould ſink immediately, which muſt neceſſarily have drawn our ſmall Boat after it, as the greater Fiſhes ſwallow up the leſs.

But (God be thanked) we all came clear off the Ship, but now were rowing we knew not whither: For

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Mr. *Cook* came not to our Relief, and we began to be ſevere in Language againſt him, as if he had not been kind enough to us; when all that knew him will ſay, he was a Man of a ſoft, tender Nature, and a Friend to others, rather than to himſelf. But all Men are ſuſpicious in Adverſity, and commonly take all Things in the worſt Part, and ſo did we, not conſidering at all how it might fare with this honeſt Maſter, who, poor Man, was in greater Diſtreſs than themſelves, and drank a deeper Draught of Affliction; for both he and his Ship, and all his Men, periſhed in that Hour, not a Man eſcaped to tell us the Cauſe, Manner, and Method of his Fate.

Omnes quibus res ſunt minus fecundæ magis ſunt neſcio quomodo ſuſpicioſi ſe ſemper credunt neglgi. Teren. Adelp.

Now were all our Hopes daſhed, as well as our ſelves, being in deſpair of Human Help; for we were left in the North Seas, which ſeldom wear a ſmooth Brow, but at this Time contending with the Wind, ſwell'd into prodigious Mountains, which threatned every Moment to fall upon us.

To ſpeak plainly, it blew half a Storm, and we were now in a ſmall Veſſel: what Credit could we give to our Safety in a ſmall and open Shallop, when ſo ſtately a Caſtle of Wood, which we but now loſt, could not defend itſelf againſt the Inſolency of the Waves? we were many Leagues from any Shore, having no Compaſs to guide us, no Proviſion to ſuſtain us, being ſtarv'd with Cold as well as for want of Victuals; and the Night grew black upon us, having nothing in our Boat but a ſmall * Kettle, and three Bags of Pieces of Eight, to the Value of 300*l. Sterl.* But alas! what Good can Money do where there is no Exchange? we could not eat nor drink our Silver, neither could our Pieces of Eight keep us warm. Money in its own Nature is but an impotent Creature, a very Cripple, *inutile Pondus*, a *Burthen of no Value.*

* Which ſerved us as a Scoop to caſt the Water out of the Boat.

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Good God! into what a sad Condition hast thou now brought us; for which of our Sins doest thou thus punish us? Teach us, O Lord, that we may know it, and first drown ourselves in Tears of Repentance, before the Sea swallow us up; that though our Bodies be cast away, we may save our Souls: Such Language my troubled Thoughts spake within me. For it was with us now as it was with St. *Paul, All Hopes that we should be saved were taken away.* Acts 27. Nothing could preserve us but a Miracle, being out of the reach of human Help; We were sinful Creatures, and could not expect that God should go out of his ordinary Way to save us. Though the Waves carried us up to Heaven, yet we could not hope or believe that God should put his Hand out of the Clouds, and take us miserable Caitifs unto himself from the Top of a rising Wave; we had nothing to help us but our Prayers. I am sorry that Word slipt from my hasty Pen. Prayer is a Multitude, a Troop of Succours, and many enough to deliver us out of the Depth, though we were intombed in the Belly of a Whale, as it did *Jonah.* Prayer, if it be well qualified, is that Rod of *Moses,* that can *turn the Sea into a Wilderness, and make us pass through upon dry Land.* Psal. 107. Upon this only Staff did we all lean; and I suppose it was with us as in the Case of *Jonah: The Mariners were afraid, and every Man called upon his God.* Jonah 2. And truly, I think I may with Modesty confess, I thought on those Words of *David,* though after a more imperfect Manner, *Out of the Depth have I cried unto thee: Lord, hear my Voice, and let thine Ears be attentive to my Supplication. I sink in the deep Mire, where there is no standing. Let not the Water-Flood overflow me, neither let the Deep swallow me up.* Psal. lxix.

But beside our personal Devotion, I am perswaded the Extremity of our Condition pleaded for us, and our Misery cried aloud in the Ears of God, for Pity and

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and Compaſſion. It is an uſual Expreſſion, when we ſee any Man extreamly Poor and Miſerable, to ſay, *his Poverty*, or *his Miſery ſpeaks for him:* And commonly we are not ſo much moved with a clamorous Beggar, who hunts after our Alms with open Mouth, and makes Hue and Cry after our Charity, as if we had ſtoll'n ſomething from him who begs of us. I ſay, we are not ſo much moved with ſuch loud Impudence, as with the Silence of thoſe diſeaſed Cripples, and infirm *Lazaro*'s, that lie at our Doors, in the Streets, and ſay nothing, but ſhew only their Wounds and Sores to thoſe that paſs by. Theſe Beggars ſpeak loudeſt to our Affections, their very Condition is eloquent; *quot Vulnera, tot Ora; ſo many Wounds, ſo many Mouths*, that cry aloud for Pity, and cannot chuſe but melt us into a charitable Compaſſion. This was our Caſe, our Miſery was louder than our Prayers, and our deplorable Condition certainly was more prevalent with Almighty God, than our imperfect Devotions: For we may ſay with the People of *Iſrael, He heard our Cry, and had Compaſſion on us.* Exod. ii. It is the uſual Way of God to help in Extremities; when we are in abſolute deſpair of all outward Means, he loves to ſave us, that we may ſay, *It is his doing alone.*

For in this Moment of Death, when we were without the leaſt Expectation of any Deliverance, He ſent a Ship to us, which we muſt needs confeſs to be *Digitus Dei, the Finger of God*, that pointed and directed that Ship to our Deliverance: For though many Ships come from the ſame Place, and are bound for the ſame Haven, yet they ſeldom meet in the vaſt Ocean, and ſail in the ſame Line; for there are no beaten Paths in the Floods, no High-Ways and Common Roads in the Sea. But ſuch was the Goodneſs of God, this Ship made toward us, and we what we could towards it: But we had but two Oars, and the Seamen counted that a great Diſadvantage both to their Speed and breaking of the Waves: Beſide, it blew

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blew hard, and the Sea, that knows no Pity, roſe high upon us, ſo that we were forced to ſit cloſe to one another, to keep out the Sea with our Backs; a poor Shelter againſt a raging Enemy, who finding himſelf check'd, through Indignation flew over our Heads into the Boat, and fell upon us in angry Showers, ſo that had we not had that Kettle to caſt the Water out as faſt as it came in, we might have been drowned from above with Rain of our own making. It was my Lot to ſit on the Weather-ſide (and there is no Compliment, or changing of Places in a Storm) and the Waves beat on me ſo faſt, that I had almoſt ſaid with the Prophet *David*, *The Waters had even entred into my Soul.* Pſal. vi. 9.

And now we grew into another Deſpair; for with all our Endeavours we could not reach the Ship, nor the Ship us: Yet that good Man, the Skipper, hung on the Lee, and did what he could to retard the Courſe of his Ship; and we on the other Side did what we could to ſpeed our own. His Ship rode on furiouſly before the Wind, like the Chariot of *Aminadab*; and ours ſlowly, like the Chariots of *Pharaoh*. And how could we expect that our Snail ſhould overtake this Dromedary! Thus our pregnant Hopes brought forth nothing but Wind and Water; and we that before flattered ourſelves with an Aſſurance of Safety, are now as much confounded with a Certainty of Periſhing. It had been better, I think, and leſs Affliction to us, to have had no Hopes at all of a Deliverance, than preſently to fall from it. It did redouble the Puniſhment of *Tantalus*, to kiſs thoſe Apples with his Lips which he muſt not taſte with his Tongue: To have Happineſs near us in our Eye, and not to enjoy it, is the Extremity of Unhappineſs; many Mariners, in a Storm and Tempeſt, when they ſee a fatal Neceſſity upon them, are contented to die: but theſe Men would murmur *Portu perire, to periſh in an Haven.*

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by, but could not board her by reaſon of the Weather; ſo that we were ready to periſh, whilſt we looked Safety in the Face: And that which, in all Probability, increaſed our Danger, and made our Fate inevitable, it grew dark Night, ſo that we did not know which way to row.

But this, though it was an Evil in its own Nature, by Accident became a Benefit to us: for now, not ſeeing our Danger, we underſtood it not, and ſo grew bolder, and applied Two to an Oar, and ſo brake through the Waves in a moſt deſperate Condition towards the Ship, as we conceived: And that Good Chriſtian, the Maſter of the Veſſel, hung out a Light to us, which was as a Star to guide us to him; and ſo by degrees we grew nearer and nearer.

But leſt the *Howzoner*, (for the Maſter was one of *Howzon*) ſhould think we were loſt, and ſo hoiſe up his Sails and be gone (for he could not ſee us by reaſon of the Night, though we ſaw him by virtue of the Light he lent us) Order was given, that when a Wave took us up, we ſhould give a great Shout: Which we did ſo loud, that I believe our Cry was heard to Heaven; for by God's miraculous Aſſiſtance we grew very near the Ship, and our own Safety.

Now were we in diſpute, which Side of the Ship we ſhould go aboard, which was concluded on the Lee-Side; and Promiſe was made we ſhould go up by Order as we ſat, leſt by a haſty Riſing we ſhould endanger ourſelves, and by making too much Haſte to ſave our Lives, looſe them. But we had no ſooner come to the Ship, but they all ſtrove to run up at once; and the Seamen being dexterous in the Art of Climbling, got up in a Moment, and left me alone in the Boat: Neither do I blame them, for Life is ſweet, and when that is in Jeopardy, we care only for ourſelves.

And now was I the third Time loſt, and in the greateſt Danger of drowning; for beſides the Natural Weakneſs I had in my Hands, they were ſo benumb'd

numb'd with Cold and Wet, and made uſeleſs, that I could not climb up a Rope, though it was to ſave my Life. But I held the Rope which was flung to me out of the Ship, faſt in my Hands, that our Boat might not ſtave off; for it ſtruck three Times againſt our rowling Ship, or rather our Ship againſt it, and as often ſtruck me down in the Boat, which was half full of Water; ſo that I was afraid I ſhould have been drowned in that Epitome of the Sea. It would have grieved a Man, but now to have eſcaped the vaſt Champain of the Sea, and to be drowned in its Enclofure: And it was God's Providence the Boat, being ſo often ſtruck, did not break in Pieces, as it did preſently afterwards, when it had done its laſt Office to my Deliverance. But having uſed ſeveral Ways to get up in vain, there came, at laſt, two Seamen down to me on the Side of the Ship, and would have heaved me up by the Arms: But being ſo often wet, my Cloaths, together with my own Weight, were too heavy a Burthen to be truſted in their Arms; and in this Streight and Exigency I really knew not what to do. I began to have ſad Thoughts of myſelf, and to think, that I alone was the Offender, and muſt now be ſacrificed to the Fury of the Sea, to appeaſe and calm the Tempeſt. But whilſt I was thus wounding my Breaſt with theſe Thoughts, one of the Seamen gave me down a Rope with a Nooze, and bad me put it about my Middle: But as ſoon as I got it on one Shoulder, he began to pull, and had like to have forced me into the Sea; but deſiring him to ſtay awhile, I then got it over both Shoulders, and ordered him to pull, but the Boat waving up and down, caſt me off at ſome Diſtance, ſo that he firſt drew me into the Sea, and my own Weight drew the Rope ſo faſt through his Hands, that had there not been a Knot at the End of the Rope by meer Chance, (for he tied it not, as he afterwards told me in *England*) I had gone down into the Depth in a Moment; ſo that I may truly ſay, there

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there was not an Inch between me and Death. Then at the next pull, he ſtruck me againſt the Side of the Ship, which I ſhall always look upon as a Courteſie, being the kindeſt Blow that ever I received: it was like a Doſe of *Opium* to a Man that hath the Extremity of the Stone, which maketh him forget himſelf as well as his Sorrow; and ſo it ſerved me, for I remembered no more either Good or Evil. But certainly the Maſter was a good Chriſtian, and was indulgent to me; for I found myſelf in his own Cabin the next Morning, where I ſlept all Night very well, though in wet Cloaths: But I found myſelf ſore and lame all over. I thought of the Man in the Almanack, wounded in every Part and Member; only I really was what he ſeemed to be, and had ſome Signs likewiſe of it on my bruiſed Body.

But I roſe from my Cabin, very deſirous to know how it fared with my Fellow Sufferers; and truly I found them, contrary to my Expectation, heavy, not with Sleep, but with Sorrow. I thought I ſhould have ſeen Joy ride in Triumph in their chearful Countenances; but their Looks were dejected, and they murmured within themſelves, ſuffering (I ſuppoſe) over their Shipwrack again in their ſad Thoughts, and every Man telling himſelf of his own Misfortune: But the Truth was, they having ſaved their Lives, were now at leiſure to think of the Loſs of their Goods: And I know it was a heavy Loſs to ſome, who loſt much; and yet a greater Loſs to others, who loſt leſs. For they having but a little loſt a great deal, that little being all they had. For my own part, I loſt more than I had, (for it caſt me in a Debt; which I have not yet waded through:) But the Quantity of my Loſs doth not ſo much trouble me as the Quality; for (beſides my Goods and whole Library) I loſt all my Sermons, Notes and Obſervations of ſome Years Travel abroad, Things in themſelves of no Value, nor much in my Eſteem, yet they were the Fruits of my (many Years) Labour and Study, and

and might have been useful to me, both in my Ministerial Function, and likewise in the Secular and Lay-Part of my Life. But it were a Shame to name any Loss, when GOD so graciously gave us our Lives; and a Sin to murmur at any Damage, when GOD so often and so miraculously snatched us out of the very Jaws of Death. It seems to me like calling *Lazarus* out of the Grave: and do we think *Lazarus*, when he was restored unto Life, complained that his Winding-Sheet, and Napkin, were spoiled by lying four Days in the Grave? or that he murmured that the Ointments and Spices were spent in vain at his Funeral? For sure *Mary*, that had a Box of precious Ointment for the Burial of our Saviour, would be at some Cost at the Funeral of her beloved Brother *Lazarus*. But these Things are not to be thought upon, when our Life is given us: But we are so enamoured on the World, and lose; and we would fain be comforted after our Losses, as *Job* was, with twice as much as we had before: but then we must remember, it was at the latter End of *Job*; and before that Time GOD may redouble these Temporal Blessings upon us.

The next Day, being *Tuesday*, it blew very fair for *Norway*, thither our Ship was bound; and about Twelve of the Clock at Noon we came in the View of it: but *Norway* being a ragged Coast, full of Rocks, and seeing we could not reach it whilst it was Day, and afraid to come upon it in the Dark, we turn'd our Sails, and thought to have kept off the Coast till the Morning, that the Sun might shew us the Way thither. Which done, we sat down to Meat, some of us having taken no Sustenance since we first came to Sea; and truly I eat an hearty Meal, being the only Meal I made in five Days: and so we were all very well refreshed and comforted. And now GOD thought it fit we should suffer again; had it pleased the LORD before this Refreshment to have brought us in some new Distress, we certainly, being weak, had perished under

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under the Weight of it, and the very Conceit of it would have killed us; and a little more Sorrow would have drowned us without a Wave. But GOD will lay no more upon his Children than they are able to bear.

About ten of the Clock at Night, when we had ſet our Watch, and prayed, with ſafe and ſecure Thoughts, we laid ourſelves to Reſt, ſome of us upon our Beds; but GOD had appointed an harder Lodging for us, ſuch as he provided for *Jacob* in his Journey to *Padan-Aram*, when *he took of the Stones of the Place, and made himſelf a Pillow, and lay down in that Place to ſleep.* For this our ſecond Ship with full Sails ran upon a Rock, and gave ſo great a Crack, that it was able to awake the moſt dead aſleep among us. I wondred, I confeſs, what the Matter was; but the Mariners, knowing the Danger better than myſelf, cryed out, *Mercy, Mercy, Mercy*, with ſo doleful a Tone and Accent, that, together with that hideous Noiſe which both the Wind and Waves made in this pitched Battle, one againſt the other, it ſeemed to me to be the very Image and Repreſentation of the Day of Judgment. I made what Haſte I could out of my Cabin, but was the laſt that came upon the Deck; where meeting with our own Maſter, with both his Hands upon his Eyes, which yet could not ſtop that Current of Tears, which ran down his Cheeks, he bade me *pray for them, pray for them, for we ſhall certainly periſh.* I could believe no otherwiſe, being taught that Leſſon by our Maſter; and therefore I fell preſently upon my Knees, and was juſt in the Condition of a condemned Perſon that expected the Stroke of the Executioner, the Night having put a Blind before mine Eyes; and having prayed a while, I wondred the Waves did not come to do their Office; for I forgave them with all my Heart, having wholly reſigned up myſelf to Death.

But ſo it pleaſed GOD, that the Ship with full Sails ſtruck itſelf ſo faſt into the Cleft of the Rock, or rather, as the Seamen ſay, between two Sledges of

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Rocks, with her Bow over the Main Rock, so that it stood as firm, for the present, I mean the former Part of the Ship, as the Rock itself. So I presently rose, and pulled off my Coat, with an Intention to cast myself into the Sea, and swim thither; but was advised to the contrary by a present ensuing Danger: For presently there arose a high and mighty Wave, one of the chief Giants of the Sea, which first knocked against our Ship, as if it would have called me forth, and then with greater Violence dashed against the Rock, and brake itself in Pieces; which did plainly represent unto me my future Condition, and foretel my Fortune, had I ventured to stride that great Leviathan, and endeavoured to swim to the Rock.

But presently our Ship, like St. *Paul*'s Ship, brake in the hinder Parts, and we were taught to escape our Danger by our Danger; for our Ship breaking in the Stern, we were forced to fly to the former Part; and one of the Seamen (the same that pulled me up by the Rope) leaped from the Bow of the Ship upon the Rock with a Rope in his Hand, which was fastned to one of our Masts, and held it with so stiff a Hand, that another slipt down by it, and so all our own Company, and some of the *Danes*, (Eight and Twenty in Number) came safe to the Rock that Way.

Matthew Bird of Ipswich.

All this while, being left alone upon Deck, I began to wonder what became of my Company, not then knowing that they had found any Means of Deliverance; but perceiving that they all crowded to the Head of the Ship, I went to see (GOD knows that was all my Intention) what they did there, and so I came to the Knowledge of their Escape, and an Opportunity of my own. For I found a *Dane* endeavouring to slide down himself and a small Leather Trunk by that Rope, who like a loving Man took Pity upon me, and presently whipt away his Trunk, and bid me slide down there: But I returned him his Kindness, and desired him to go down first; not so much out of

of Complement, but that I might know how to ſlide down; for I ſaw none of them go before me, and I did not know whither I ſhould go with my Head or Heels foremoſt. I had no Time to aſk Counſel, or make Experiment, but preſently I got upon the Rope, with my Heels foremoſt, and Back uppermoſt: but the Waves beat upon me, and the Wind (which was high) blew me round, and had almoſt made me let go my Hold; but, I praiſe GOD, I came ſafely to the Side of the Rock, and they cried, *Off, off*; not out of Unkindneſs to me, (whom they knew not in the Dark) but that I might make ſpeedy Way for another, which I quickly did: For having laid one Hand upon the Rock, I came off the Rope, and ſo on all Four, climbed up to the reſt of the Company.

I was the laſt that came down the Ship that Way, for in that very Moment the Ship began to decline from us, and give Way; which the Maſter perceiving, (who was ſtill aboard) made lamentable Moan to us to help him, which we did with our utmoſt Endeavours; but the Ship brake, and ſunk immediately: There was this good Man and four of the Mariners drowned. I ſaw the Maſter, with a Light in his Hand, fall into the Sea, the ſaddeſt Sight that I ever yet beheld in this World, and that which pierced my very Soul, to ſee him, that ſaved our Lives, loſe his own: There was nothing ſo bitter to me in all my Suffering at Sea, as the Loſs of this Man: it raiſed ſuch a Storm and Tempeſt again in my Affections, that I am not yet calm within. I never think of him, but I am caſt in a troubled Sea of Sorrow, and ſuffer Shipwreck daily in my Mind; for as he was a Man of a meek and charitable Diſpoſition unto all, ſo I found him kind unto myſelf after a more ſpecial Manner. How ſollicitous was he for us in our Diſtreſs, and uſed all Means, tho' it was to his own Hindrance, to ſave us! and in all Probability, had he not ſtaid for us, he might have arrived at his own Harbour in Safety. What ſhall we ſay! ſhall we *plead*

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with the Almighty, with the Prophet *Jeremy?* Jer. xii. No; it is better to cry out with St. *Paul, Oh the Depth of the Riches, and Wisdom, and Knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his Judgments, and his Ways past finding out! For who hath known the Mind of the Lord, or who hath been his Counsellor?* Rom. xi. 33, 34, 35. Alll that we can say, is, that God sometimes thus dealeth with his own Children: those whom by his Grace he hath made Instruments of great Good upon Earth, he taketh unto himself, to make them highly blessed in Heaven. Certainly the Spirit of God moved upon these Waters, and called this good Man, as *Christ* did Saint *Peter* on the Sea of *Galilee*, Mat. xiv. to come to him, that for this high Act of Charity he might receive him, and presently crown him with Glory.

Now were we upon the Rock, but knew not where; and some of the Company, before I came to them, had measured it round with their Feet, and had found it both a Rock and an Isle, and, contrary to our Hopes, Inhabitable; so that we waited for the Morning Star to draw the Curtain of the Night, and discover us first to ourselves, (for as yet, in the Dark, we were as ignorant of ourselves, as of our sad Condition) and then, to shew and discover some Coast or Land to us, which we hoped we were near to. It was a long and sad Night with me: A Rock is an hard Pillow to sleep on; beside, I was thinly clad, having cast off my Coat, when I intended to swim, and had no Leisure to put it on again, for I thought it best to leave that behind me, rather than myself. We went from Place to Place, up and down, I may truly say, for I had many a Fall upon the slimy Rock; sometimes we were up to the Ankles in Water, I cannot say over Shoes, for I had none, so that my Feet were cut with the Sharp Stones, as my Body with the Cold Wind; so that I felt the very Teeth of Winter bite quite through me; for Winter in that Country is an Old Man with a grey Head, when

when it is but a Child with us. At length we happened in a Hole in the Rock, which was a warm Shelter to us againſt the Wind. And now the long expected Morning drew near, and we fain would have ſeen before we could. In that Twilight every black Cloud we diſcerned, we flattered ourſelves was Land; and here it was, we ſaid, and there it was: but when the Sun aroſe, we ſaw it no where, only we had a Glimpſe of the Coaſt of *Norway*; but it was at that Diſtance, that we were not in any Capacity to reach it, but with our Deſires.

Truly, when I roſe up and took a view of the Sea, and the Place where I was, I was ſtruck down again with Amazement to ſee many Hundreds of Rocks round about us, lying for the moſt Part under Water, which the Seamen call *Breakers*, becauſe they break the Sea, and turn it into Feathers. It was a great Providence of GOD, that we ſhould in the Night, with full Sails, paſs by all theſe Rocks, (the leaſt touch againſt them had been as Mortal to us as our Sins) and then to come to the great Rock, which was as a Church above Water. I am ſure it was an *Aſylum* to us. The Country People deſervedly call it *Arn-Scare*. It was the ſame Hand again of God's Providence, that our Ship ſhould be carried with a full ſtrong Wind into the cleft and open Part of the Rock, which was as a Boſom to receive us; had we touched upon any other Part, we had been utterly loſt in the twinkling of an Eye. *They that go down to the Sea in Ships, and occupy their Buſineſs in great Waters, Theſe ſee the Works of the Lord, and his Wonders in the Deep.* Pſal. cvii. The Wonders of his Deliverances, as well as the Miracles of his Creation: neither are the Creatures more to be admired than his Mercies. There is as much Wonder and Variety in theſe as in the other. *Oh that we would therefore praiſe GOD for his Goodneſs, and the Wonders he doth for the Children of Men.* Pſal. cvii. 8.

But now again were we loſt in the Eye of Man;

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all our Hope was that a Ship might pass by to relieve us, which in my Judgment was Vanity of Thoughts: for if a Ship should by Accident come by us in the Day-time, they, seeing the Rocks, would be afraid to come at us; had it come in the Night, it had certainly perished, as ours did. And yet we did *hope* even *against Hope*. But having spent all that Day, with sore Eyes, in Expectation of an imaginary Deliverance, in looking for a Ship (or rather Castle in the Air) and seeing nothing come towards us, we began to despair, having now no kind of Sustenance to feed on, nor scarce Cloaths to keep us warm; so we again crept into an Hole of the Rock, and lodged there, rather than rested, the second Night.

In the Morning we arose before the Sun, and still we were looking for that which came not: and now we began to be an hungry; and some of our Company went searching about the Rock, wishing (I suppose) those Stones were turned into Bread. One of the Sea Boys brought me a Leaf of Scurvy-Grass, which I told him was *Sauce rather than Meat*. Some of us went a Fishing, but with no other Angle than a long Arm, nor no other Hook than a bent Finger. They put their Arms into the Sea as far as they could, and drew up some small Muscles, which they eat heartily. I began to be very sick in a feverish Distemper, and so had no Stomach, which I think is a Benefit when we have no Meat to eat: but I did burn with Thirst, so that I would have given all that I had for a Draught of fresh Water. GOD oftentimes makes us know the Worth of his Creatures by the Want of them: nothing so mean in our Esteem as a little Water, we spill it every where upon the Ground, and we look not after it any more; yet at this Time, a Drop of cold Water had been more welcome to me than the Gold of *Ophir*, and, in my Esteem, a better Creature. I went into the highest Place of the Rock, thinking the Water (that stood every where in Holes) might be fresher there, but I found it salt; so I perceive

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in ſome Storm it bounded thither from the Sea. Tho' it was Salt, yet it was Water; and therefore (like one of thoſe that were choſen to fight again *Midian*) I lapped it with my Hand to my Mouth till it quenched my Thirſt: But it came up again as faſt as it went down, and brought a great Drought with it; and this I did very often, which I am perſuaded was both my preſent Cure, and future Preſervation of my Health, as a learned Phyſician told me ſince. Dr. *H.*

And now between Ten and Eleven of the Clock we ſaw a Ship coming towards us with full Sails, which lifted up all our Hearts with Joy, gilded over our Hearts with Chearfulneſs, and ſo painted our Faces with Gladneſs, that we ſeemed to be new Creatures. The Ship came nearer and nearer, and then we went all of us to the Top of the Rock, and waved our Hats to ſhew ourſelves to the Men of the Ship: But I know not the Cauſe, for they never came at us; neither did they ſend out their Boat to know what we were, or our Condition. Whether this Unkindneſs proceeded from the Fear of our dangerous Rocks, or from their own more ſtony Hearts, harder than the Rock we lay upon, I cannot ſay; but it put us out of Charity with them, as they ſeemed to be with us. He was a *Dane*, of the ſame Country with our former kind loving Maſter; ſo that I perceive there may be ſeveral Diſpoſitions under the ſame Climate, and one Womb may bring forth Twins of ſeveral Natures; one was as ſmooth to us as *Jacob*, the other rough as *Eſau*. When we ſaw the Ship paſs quite from us, our Hearts began to fail, and our Countenances changed into their former Paleneſs. How ſoon was our fair Morning clouded over, and our beautiful Hopes turn'd into Deformity, and black Deſpair? to teach us that Man's Happineſs is but for a Moment, and the Joy of this World but a Span long. And now we were all loſt, even in our own Eyes; our Condition, being ready to famiſh, would not give us Time to expect another Ship, neither had we now Faith enough to be-

lieve, ſhould there come one by Chance, that the Mariners would venture their own Lives to ſave ours.

So we betook ourſelves to our old Remedy, φάρμακον καθολικὸν, *our Prayers.* The *Danes* (I confeſs) firſt began their Devotions, having ſung one of *Luther's* Pſalms, fell to their Prayers; and then we ſung one of our own Pſalms, and as long as I was able to ſpeak, I prayed with the Company; and after ſome Exhortation to my Fellow-Sufferers, being very weak, I laid myſelf down upon the Rock, thinking I ſhould riſe no more in this World.

But I overheard one of the Seamen, *M. B.* (the ſame that firſt leap'd upon the Rock) ſay, *Let us make a Raft, and venture to Sea, I had rather be drown'd, than lie here and be ſtarv'd.* They all preſently concluded to follow that Deſign, though it was full of Danger. But, you know, a ſinking Man will take hold of a Bull-ruſh, and one that is ready to periſh will catch at a Feather. All Things fell out to further this Deſign: For the Water had now fall'n from the Rock, and left on the Side of it the Bottom of the Ship, the Anchors, the Maſt, the Sails lying on the Rock like Linnen upon an Hedge. In a ſhort Time they brake a Maſt in Pieces, untwiſted a Cable, made ſmall Cords, tied four or five Boards to the broken Maſt, put up the ſmall End of the Mizen-Maſt, cut out a ſmall Sail, with ſome ſlight Stern they had made, and ſo ventur'd to Sea on theſe Ruins. GOD oftentimes ſaves by weak Means, and preſerves us by Improbabilities. There were four on this Raft, two *Danes*, and two *Engliſh*; I do not remember whether it was by Lot, or voluntary Election.

It was now a great Calm, ſuch a Calm I conceive as was upon the Sea of *Galilee*, when our Saviour rebuked the Sea and the Winds: *Matt.* viii. It blew only a ſmall Breeze, which was our Advantage, for it directly carried them toward that Place we conceived the Coaſt lay. It was the miraculous Goodneſs of GOD, that after the Loſs of two great Ships, he ſhould

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ſhould ſave us by a ſwimming Plank: For this Raft paſt through, and got clear of all the Breakers; had it touch'd only on one of them, they would have rent the Raft in Pieces, as *Sampſon* did the green Withs when the *Philiſtines* were upon him: But they paſs'd by them all, and we that were upon the Rock followed them with our Eyes as long as we could ſee, or rather as long as they could be ſeen; for our Life was wrapt up in theirs, and the Hope of our Deliverance had no other Foundation but their Safety.

And now I may ſay, GOD ſtretched forth his Hand, as CHRIST did to Saint *Peter*, when he was ready to ſink, and ſaved theſe Men, and brought them to Shore; which yet we were ignorant of, and ſo pull'd in Pieces between two ſeveral Paſſions, Hope and Fear, and both of them equally troubleſome; as we ſee in an Ague, which hath two ſeveral Operations, contrary in themſelves, as Heat and Cold, yet both of them alike afflictive. Our Hope being with that Violence of Paſſion, was as wounding to our Affections as our Fear.

But theſe Fits were ſoon over, for before Night we ſpied ſeveral Shawls rowing towards us, which gave us a certain Knowledge of the Safety of our Men, and a Promiſe of our own Deliverance: They brought with them Proviſion; but we were more greedy of the Shore than our Meat, and therefore we made haſte into the Boats, and by GOD's Goodneſs unto us, we came all of us once more to Land.

The Place that we arriv'd at was an Iſland in *Norway*, call'd by the People *Waller Iſland*; ſo mean and inconſiderable, that *Ortelius* takes no Notice of it in his Maps; for I have ſearched with better Eyes than mine own, I mean more knowing in Geography, and could not find it. A Place it ſeems not worthy to be remember'd, but I am ſure never to be forgotten by us. Though it was a Wilderneſs in its own Nature, yet it was a Paradiſe to us.

My Lord of *E.* Dr. *H.*

There was but one Houſe where we landed, and that was the Parſon's, an honeſt *Lutheran*, who had many in his Family. *They ſhewed us*, as Saint *Paul* ſays, *no little Kindneſs:* Acts xxviii. 2. The Language they ſpake was *Noſs*; but I think it is not much unlike *Dutch*, for we that ſpake *Dutch*, did partly underſtand them, and they us, and yet two ſeveral Kinds of Speech. I ſuppoſe there is the ſame Difference betwen theſe two Languages, as there is between a Lobſter and a Cray-fiſh, (which both are in Plenty there) for though they both are alike, yet they are two ſeveral *Species*.

We made a ſhift to tell the ſad Iliads of our Misfortune to the People of the Houſe, and they made a ſhift to underſtand us, for they wept moſt bitterly at our Relation; ſo that one would have thought that they had ſuffered Shipwrack, and not we: Which ſhewed the Goodneſs and Tenderneſs of their Nature, which are *Principia Gratiæ*, the very *Beginnings of Grace*, or elſe I may ſafely ſay, they are the *firſt Diſpoſitions*, or, at leaſt, *Capacities of Grace*.

They ſet before us what Meat they had; and the Mariners fell to it ſo heartily, as if they would have repaired all they loſt before by their long faſting, at one Meal. Their ordinary Bread was Rye-Pancakes, but their Beer very ſtrong. I thought of that *Engliſh* Proverb, *A Cup of good Beer, is Meat, Drink, and Clothing*, Sure theſe People thought ſo; for though at that cold Seaſon, ſome of the People had no Stockings nor Shoes to their Feet, yet they kept their Underſtandings warm, and their Mouths well lin'd with *Lubeck* Beer.

I loſt my Stomach, not with eating, but long faſting, and ſo went ſick to Bed, in the Morning I found myſelf well, I praiſe GOD, and we began now to examine ourſelves, and one another, what Monies our double Shipwrack had left us: All that we had we freely laid down; but there was an *Ananias* amongſt us, who, we ſuſpected, would conceal ſome Part; and therefore we ſearch'd him, and found no

leſs

leſs than four and twenty Pieces of Eight, which certainly this Man ſtole out of our Bags when we were in the Boat, after our firſt Shipwrack, at that preſent Time, when we expected every Moment we ſhould be caſt away. Did this Man think that Saint *Peter* would not let him into Heaven without his *Peter*'s Pence? Or that he ſhould go the other Way, and muſt pay *Charon naulum ſuum?* It was a ſad thing for a Man to ſteal *in articulo mortis, at the Point of Death.* But it was well for us, for we loſt all our Monies in the ſecond Shipwrack, but what this Man ſtole from us. There are ſome Divines that ſay, Sin is committed *ordinante Deo*; but the Ancients are wont to ſay, *Deo permittente*, which is a more modeſt and civil Expreſſion. I will not diſpute the Queſtion here: But I believe, if GOD did ever ordain Sin, it was in this Man's ſtealing; for this Money was our Relief in our neceſſitous Condition.

We ſtaid in this Iſland till Sunday: In the Morning we went to hear our Landlord preach; after Sermon he gave us *Cœna dubia, a doubtful Meal*, full of Variety, in one Diſh, as Beef, Mutton, Lard, Goat, Roots, and ſo many of GOD's Creatures, that it ſeem'd to me to be the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis* in a Diſh; but ſo confounded, that the beſt Palate could not read what he eat, nor by his Taſte know and diſtinguiſh the Creatures. Though GOD hath given all his Creatures for the Uſe of Man, ſo that we may do what we pleaſe with them; yet I think it not handſome with our grand *Meſſe*'s and *Ollaprodida*'s to confound and undo the Creation, cook it into a new Chaos, and ſauce GOD's Creatures out of our Knowledge. I love to know what I eat, that I may praiſe GOD for the Variety of his Bleſſings; but truly I do not blame the People of this Place; for I think it is not Curioſity here, but Cuſtom, and good Huſbandry, rather than Luxurioufneſs, who boil all together to ſave Charges.

After much Thanks, and a little Money, we parted with this good old Prieſt; and I having purchaſed an

ld Pair of Shoes, at the Price of a new, we travelled
n Foot to *Frederickſtat*, a City in *Norway*, by the
Coaſt-ſide, and were very kindly entertained by the
Burgo-Maſter. The chief of his Diſcourſe to me, was
n Commendation of the late Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*,
whom he called *Excellentiſſimum Dominum*. I wonder
ow he came to know him. But ſure, thought I, if
e be thus charitable to ſpeak well of the Dead, who
ould not hear him, he will be bountiful to the Living,
who are ready to thank him even before Hand. And
ruly he was very kind to us, for he commanded ſome
f the City to entertain us civilly, and provided us
hips, both for *Holland* and *England*, with the Pro-
iſe of ſome Proviſion at his own Charge.

I remember how the People ran after us in the
treets, and what their compaſſionate Eye ſaw we
anted, their charitable Hand was ready to give
ithout aſking. A good old Man beſtowed on me
n excellent Pair of Mittens, which I brought into
ngland. We found much Civility every where:
hough the Country is all rocky, yet the Peoples
Hearts are tender; GOD made them, *è meliora luto*,
ut of a better Soil than their own Country.

But to make Haſte out of my Story, as well as out
f *Norway*: We went away from *Frederickſtat* three
r four Miles to *Oſterſaund*, the Haven where our
hips lay, having laid into the Ship, that was bound
or *England*, ſome ſmall Proviſion, as much as our
tock could pay for, yet not ſo much as our Neceſſity
equired; for had not GOD bleſſed us with a favour-
ble Wind, we certainly had wanted much. But we,
with all that was left us, which was now nothing, but
ourſelves, entred into the Ship in the Evening. In
he Morning, before we went out, there came a Ship
rom *Lynn* in *Norfolk*, that ſtruck againſt our Harbour,
which was naturally wall'd about with Rocks, and ſo
periſhed immediately. This was a ſad Omen, and it
eemed to me as a Prologue to a new Tragedy.

We had not been above two or three Hours at Sea, but

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but there was a ſad Diſtraction amongſt us in the Ship, and the Mariners crying again for *Mercy, Mercy*; for we had almoſt fell foul on a Rock, which lay ſo cunningly in the Water, that we did not ſpy it till we were upon it; but by the Goodneſs of GOD we ſail'd cloſe by it, and eſcaped it; the leaſt Touch of it had been our Ruin. Thus GOD oftentimes doth bring his Children as near the Mouth of Danger as may be, but he lets them not fall therein, that they may both fear and praiſe his Name.

About Noon we came clear off all the Rocks on the Coaſt of *Norway*, and were ſailing for *England* with a fair Gale of Wind. But in this Proſperity another ſad Accident befell us; this third Ship ſprang a Leak, a new one I cannot ſay, but rather repeated an old one, and ſo our Ship began to ſwim within as well as without; and we had no Way to relieve ourſelves, (for the Leak could not be found) but by Pumping; which we did Day and Night, and ſo took Revenge of the Sea, by ſpitting that Water back again in its Face, as faſt as it came into our Ship. But now again we were in a ſad and deplorable Condition, being in danger to be drowned from the Spring that roſe within us, and to ſuffer an inteſtine Shipwrack, which, like a Civil War, is moſt dangerous. We had our Life now at our Finger's Ends; and if we had not lifted up our Hands to pump, as *Moſes* did to pray, theſe *Amalekites* had prevailed; I mean theſe mercileſs Waves had overcome us. Good God! in what, and how many Streights haſt thou brought us? Our Sins are many, as the Waves of the Sea; and ſo haſt thou, O Lord, made our Puniſhments.

For now we were, as I conceive, in a worſe Condition than ever before; for though our Dangers were great, or rather greater, yet they came upon us ſo on a ſudden, that we underſtood them not. That Danger is leſs afflictive which we leſs underſtand, and that Miſery we apprehend not, is none at all, or at leaſt none of our own. But now we ſee Death before

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before our Eyes, and are in Expectation to perish every Moment; so that we may say, with Saint *Paul*, *We die daily*, 1 Cor. xv. We were in the Condition of him that seeth himself bleed to Death. In our former Dangers we had like to perish suddenly, which had been less Penal to our Affections: We were now to die at Leisure, and to be drowned with Premeditation; which is more afflictive to our Thoughts, though a less Punishment for our Sins: *Melius est perire semel, quam timere semper*: the Fear of Death is more dreadful than Death itself; and it is better once to die, than to be always dying.

With these Fears about us, and black Apprehensions, we sailed on still with a fair Wind; and after four or five Days and Nights Sail, so it pleased God, we came in the View of the *English* Coast on *Norfolk* Side, near *Winterton*; where we saw the Ruins of a Shipwreck, and the Country People enriching themselves with the Losses of other Men; the worst Way of getting in the World. This was the Epilogue to our Tragedy, yet we had one Scene of Sorrow more: For when we came near *Yarmouth* Road, on our Left Hand lay the Shingles, on our Right the Shore; and we could not agree amongst ourselves on which Side we should go.

Our two Masters, and two Pilots, (for so many we had in one Ship) like four Winds, blew contrary Ways. In this Contest they made a fearful Noise and Quarrel; their Language was as foul as the Weather, and as high as the Wind, and brought us in as great Danger (as our own Master told me) as ever.

I think Monarchy is the best Government in a Ship, as well as in the State. Many Pilots with their Overwisdomness, are oftentimes the Ruin both of themselves and their Vessel.

At length we did agree, and ordered one of our own Company, (a *Shotley* Man) who best knew the Coast, to sit at Stern; but this crazy and ill-built Ship, though she was steered one Way, flew another, as if all Things had conspired to our Ruin. We resolved

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ſolved to ſail by the Shore-ſide, that in Caſe our Ship ſhould miſcarry, we might ſwim to Land. Theſe were but ſad Hopes; but it pleaſed God, we came ſafe into *Yarmouth* Road; and having caſt our Anchor, thought ourſelves ſecure. But our Anchor came Home to us again; and the Wind, which was very high, had like to have driven us on a *Scotchman:* They cried out, and ſo did we; for they could not be more afraid of us, than we were of ourſelves; for had we boarded them, we certainly had endangered both our Ships: But that God that had begun and gone along with us in ſuch viſible Characters of his extraordinary Mercy, would not now leave us at the laſt, but did perfect our Deliverance; for our Anchor held, and we rode very ſecure that Night. The next Morning we hung out a Whiff, and there came four Men in a Shallop from *Yarmouth*, and demanded no leſs than Thirty Shillings to carry me, a ſingle Perſon, to Shore, when our whole Stock was but two Pieces of Eight. Though I did long for Land, yet I could not purchaſe it at ſuch a Rate: But at length they were content to take leſs, becauſe they could not get any more; and took ſomething, rather than to turn back with nothing.

But they no ſooner had got me into the Boat, but they row'd me up and down, to weigh Anchors; for there had been a great Storm the Night before, and many Ships had broke their Cables, and were driven away by the Tempeſt. They tried at ſeveral Anchors, not without great Danger, as I conceived; but finding themſelves not ſtrong enough, they at length brought me to the Shore, which was no landing Place: But four Men, which ſtood waiting for us on the Shore, ran into the Sea up to their Middles, laid Hands on our Boat, and ſo ran it on the Sands, and tumbled us over and over; ſo that I cannot ſay, whether I ſet my Head, or Foot firſt on the Shore. After this Manner ſure *Jonah* was caſt upon the dry Land, when the Whale vomited him up; I ſuppoſe that great

Leviathan

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Leviathan did not cast him upon his Legs: But a Man that had made such a Trade of suffering at Sea as we did, and after so long a Succession of Evils, would be glad to be cast on dry Land in any Posture.

From the Shore I went into *Yarmouth* Town, with a Company of People following at my Heels, wondering at me, as if I had been some strange Creature come out of *America*, though they knew none of my Sufferings, but saw me in a sad, ragged, weather-beaten Condition. I presently got into an Inn, to hide myself from the Wonder of the People, and from the Trouble of their impertinent Questions; but chiefly, that I might praise GOD in private for his great and many Deliverances. I cannot chuse but tell you so much, lest I should seem ingrateful to my gracious GOD: But I will say no more, lest I may seem vain-glorious to my Friend. Therefore I will conceal from you my particular Devotions: *Non est Religio ubi omnia patent*, I learn'd it from the Door of a Capuchin's Convent.

The Sign of the Inn was the Arms of *Yarmouth*, the Man, I suppose the Host of the House, was as kind to me as Saint *Paul*'s Host *Gaius* was to him. And here I must not forget the Kindness of a true Friend indeed, a good *Samaritan*, * who had Compassion on me, bound up my Wounds, pouring in Oil and Wine, and set me on his own Beast, brought me to his own House, and had care of me; and, which I took most kindly, he bestowed on my Sufferings *Nazianzen*'s Charity, a Tear of Compassion, [Orat. 6. *Si nihil habes, da lacrymulam,*] GOD, I hope, will turn this Kindness to him, in Blessings upon him, and his dear Wife and Children. By the Kindness of this Gentleman, I was recruited with all Manner of Comforts; and now behold another Shipwreck, not of my Goods, but good Name. Some there were, when they heard of the Monster of my Sufferings, were affrighted out of their Wits,

* *Thomas Leman*, Esq; of *Yenbeshon* in *Suffolk*.

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Wits, I ſuppoſe, as well as out of their Charity, and concluded I was a Malignant. Thus GOD is pleaſed to aſſimulate my Sufferings to Saint *Paul*'s in ſome Meaſure (the Latchet of whoſe Shoe I am not worthy to untie) who, when he had eſcaped the Danger of the Sea, was ſtung by a Viper as ſoon as he came to Shore. *Acts* xxviii. Suppoſe I ſhould ſay, I do ſerve my GOD that Way which the World calls Malignancy. Am I ſuch a one, becauſe the People ſay it? Or was Saint *Paul* an Heretick, becauſe the World thought him ſo? I do not care what the Many ſay of me, *Bellua multorum Capitum, a Beaſt of many Heads; ſed nullius Ingenii, but of no Underſtanding.* Thus the People cenſured *John the Baptiſt*, the Morning Star of the Goſpel, and likewiſe our Bleſſed Saviour himſelf, that glorious Son of Righteouſneſs, or as St. *Luke* calls him, Luke ii. *the Day that ſprings from on high*; although their Deportment in the World was different, walking under ſeveral Schemes, and living after ſeveral and contrary Faſhions. For, *John the Baptiſt came neither eating Bread, nor drinking Wine, and ye ſay, he hath a Devil. The Son of Man is come eating and drinking, and ye ſay, Behold a gluttonous Man, and a Wine-bibber, and a Friend of Publicans and Sinners*, Luke i. 3. Thus the People are never pleaſed, neither full, nor faſting. Neither the Auſterity of St. *John*'s Life, nor the Sweetneſs and Familiarity of our Saviour's Converſation, could content the People.

But you are a knowing Perſon, and one whoſe good Opinion I eſteem; I have therefore, here encloſed, ſent you better Words of me, drawn by the Company of *Dantzick*, and ſent to the *Eaſtland* Company here in *London*, for whoſe Sake I have ſuffered theſe adverſe Things, and am content to run them over again to do them Service; ſuch an Affection I do, and ſhall ever bear to their Society.

Thus I have given, at your earneſt Requeſt, the ſad Story of my Suffering in my *Eaſt-land* Voyage. What I have related, my unhappy Experience hath found

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found it too true; yet I cannot tell you all, for there were many Dangers which I understood not. It was my Chance, a Year after our Arrival in *England*, to meet with one of my Fellow-Sufferers, (*M. B.* the same Man that drew me out of the Sea:) he presently began to repeat our Shipwrecks, (for Men that have suffered together, love to talk of their Dangers past, and bemoan one another) he made mention of several Straits, Extremities, Dangers, Deaths that we were in, which I do not remember; so that from his Mouth this Story seemed to be so prodigious a Romance, that few but those that felt it would believe. But I have not told you, in this Relation, what others say, but what I myself have suffered; and though I was loth to begin, I am now as unwilling to make an End — *Omnibus hoc Vitium* — And therefore I shall tell you what further Adversity I have suffered by this barbarous Element of Water.

I will not tell you of my Venture over the Bars in foul Weather to the *Min* at *Dantzick* in the *Baltick* Seas, for that it may be was our Fear, and not Danger; neither will I speak of my Passage from *Groningen* to *Amsterdam*, when our Ship struck against the Sands, for there was Danger and no Fear, for the Ship got off as soon as we knew it was on: But I will acquaint you with what happened to me upon the River *Loire* in *France*, at *Orleans*.

I was advised by a *French* Gentleman, that had formerly travelled with my Noble Lord the present Earl of *Westmorland*, * not to shoot the Bridge at *Bogency*, for the Bridge is made, not with a direct Line over the River, but something obliquely, and so oftentimes dangerous to Passengers. When we came near the Bridge, I would have bribed the Batelier with a *quart d'Escu*, to have set myself and two of my Company ashore on this Side the Bridge, and to have taken us in on the other Side. But the rest of the Company were unwilling to be hinder'd in

* Whose Brother, Mr. *Robert Vane*, was in our Company.

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in their Paſſage, and we were almoſt as contented to venture. But this thin Deal Boat (which Boats are made on purpoſe to ſwim down the River to *Nantz*, and return no more) came with a ſwift Stream toward a Corner of one of the Arches of the Bridge, which the Batelier ſeeing, cried, *Nous ſommes perdus, We are all loſt.* He did ſtrive, by putting his Rudder againſt the Bridge, to keep off the Blow, but brought it upon himſelf; for it beat him all along, and ſtruck off one Board of our Boat, that we ſwam almoſt equal with the Stream, and the Water look'd in upon us: One Touch more would have daſh'd our Boat in Pieces, and ſo we had been all drown'd in wholeſale; for there was no ſwimming out of a Crowd, when our Arms were pinion'd together with ſitting cloſe to one another. But by the Goodneſs of GOD we got through the Arch, and came ſafe to Shore.

There came preſently to me two *Cordelier* Friars, which were our Fellow Paſſengers; the one *bade me thank him, for he made the biggeſt Croſs*; the other told me, *I muſt thank him, for he prayed unto the Bleſſed Virgin for us.* I do remember, indeed, when we were in our greateſt Danger, theſe Friars being ſtruck with Fear, (which oftentimes killeth before Death) fell down in the midſt of the Boat; one of them meaſur'd himſelf with his Finger, or, as he ſaith, croſs'd himſelf; the other pull'd out a ſmall Image, I ſuppoſe of Wood, about the Bigneſs of my great Toe, and it ſeem'd to me not much unlike: To this he whiſper'd ſomething, which I believe it did not hear, no more than we. I thanked them both, one for his civil Ignorance, the other for his religious Folly. I confeſs, in ſo ſad and ſerious a Matter as drowning, I do not love ſuch Puppet Piety, ſuch mechanick and handicraft Devotion; my Thanks muſt be addreſſed to GOD, the Author and Fountain of our Deliverance, after a more Spiritual Manner.

After this, the ſame Year, it was my Buſineſs to return into *England*. I came to *Calais* the Day after the

the Pacquet-Boat was gone, being weary of a chargeable Town, and burning with a Desire of seeing my own Country again, having taken Advice by a Merchant, I ventured to Sea in a Shallop, which the Tide before came from *Dover*, and brought three *Almains* safe to *Calais*, without any Danger. The Example of their safe Arrival, was a sufficient Argument to persuade me to venture from thence to *Dover*. So at Four of the Clock in the Morning, with the Tide, we went to Sea; but had not gone Half a League, but there arose a great and mighty Wind, which did blow not only our Candle, but our Lanthorn out, I mean out of the Boat, so that we were fain to let our Boat drive till it was Day-light.

I offered the Seamen their Fare to carry us back again to *Calais*, which they did endeavour, but could not, the Wind was so strong; yet as fair a Wind as could blow out of the Sky to carry us to *Dover*; but we had too much of it. The Surfeit of good Things is as great an Evil as the Want of them; and a Man may be too well sometimes. How did *Neptune* play at Tennis with us poor Mortals, and how like Balls were we bandied up and down by his furious Waves? Sometimes, as the Psalmist saith, *they mounted us up to Heaven*, as if they would have shewn us *Lazarus* in the Bosom of *Abraham*. Sometimes they carried us *down in the Deep*, as if we had been sent with more than a Drop of Water to cool the Tongue of *Dives*. By and by there arose a great Wind, which with the first Blast split our Sail in Pieces; so that we were forced to use our great Sail, which was too big for the Wind, as the Wind was for it, and therefore we made use of but one Half; the other lying on the Side of the Boat, made it run so much on that Side, that I expected every Moment it should topple over. We could not go backward, and we were afraid to go forward. I laid myself down in the Boat from the View of these threatning Waves, (as a dying Man is not willing to look the Executioner in the Face)

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Face) expecting every Moment to be ſwallow'd by thoſe roaring Lions of the Sea, who came upon us with open Mouths, ready to devour us. But GOD ſtopped the Mouths of thoſe Lions, that they ſhould not hurt us; and our ſmall Veſſel rode in Safety and Triumph upon the Head of the proudeſt Wave. We could not ſay to the Pilot, as the Emperor did, *Cæſarem vehis, &c.* — but there was in our Boat a Noble Gentleman, both by Birth and Virtue, (the beſt and trueſt Nobility) and likewiſe another civil Perſon. Theſe Gentlemen had ſo much Worth and Merit in them, that they ſhould not need fear the Threatning of an inſolent Wave, but might boldly ſay unto the Sea, *Sea, do thy worſt.* But I'll rather impute all to the Goodneſs of GOD, in whoſe Hands we were, and therefore could not miſcarry.

By and by a Wave took us up, and ſhew'd us *England:* But it was with us as it was with *Moſes*, we might from this watry *Piſgah*, and Mountain of the Sea, behold the Land with our Eyes, which yet we muſt not reach with our Feet. One of theſe Gentlemen call'd to me to riſe, ſaying, I might ſee *Dover* Caſtle: But I thought it of no Concernment to me, and therefore lay ſtill, but wiſhing that we were all Priſoners there, and ſo I ſaid, little thinking that within few Days after I ſhould be apprehended and accuſed for taking *Dover* Caſtle, and kept ſome Months Priſoner in *Kent*. GOD knows I would have taken it with all my Heart, but for a Refuge only; not as a Soldier taketh the Fort of his Enemy, but as a poor Weather-beaten Traveller taketh the Houſe of his Friend as a Shelter. The Storm continued ſtill, and the Wind blew very high, which though it put us in great Danger, yet being fair for us, blew us the ſooner out of it.

At *Weſtonhanger*, my Lord *Strangford*'s Houſe, which was then made a Priſon to ſecure the honeſt Gentlemen of that County.

For

For now we came near *Dover*, and therefore I desired my Friend to lie off my Legs, for now I thought I should have some Use of them myself; which he did, and I rose up and saw a World of People standing upon the Pier of *Dover*, holding up their Hands, not only in Admiration of our Dangers, but in Zeal and Devotion for our Deliverance. They directed us with their Hands which Way we had best enter into *Dover*, and so with a fresh Gale of GOD's Mercy, as well as with a fair Blast of Wind, with full Sails, we, not without some Danger in hitting the Pier, ran ashore.

I must not omit one Mercy more, (which I forgot in my last) because it is so near of kin, and allied to my Deliverances at Sea, a Pre-Deliverance, a Deliverance beforehand, an antedated Mercy.

For after I had spent some Time in *Prussia*, and had seen *Elbing*, *Koninsberg*, which is the Universty; the *Pillaw*, which is both the Key to the Country, and to the chief Revenue of the Marquis of *Brandenburg* in *Prussia*, I returned to *Dantzick* with a Resolution for *England*, having met with a fair Opportunity as well as a Wind; for there was one Captain *Sharper* of *Newcastle*, a King's Man, (as they call those that love the King in that Country) this was Argument enough both to confirm and hasten my Resolution.

This honest Captain being ready freighted, and bound for *England*, I presently went to him to speak for my Passage; he like a kind Man, as well as a King's Man, promised me Passage *gratis*. The *English* Company at *Dantzick* understanding so much, the greater Part of them came to me, and importun'd me to stay with them, and continue my Preaching, with a Promise to answer my Pains with more than I could desire or deserve. This unexpected Kindness and Love, which is above the Price of any Reward upon Earth, soon melted me into a Compliance with their Desires, and so without any Contract, I freely,

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as ſuddenly, without farther Counſel, promiſed to ſtay with them.

But GOD was in it, who inclineth our Hearts to thoſe Ways which lead to our Safety and Felicity, though we do not for the preſent ſee the Secrets of his Love and Wiſdom; for this good Man, Captain *Sharper*, with all his Company, ſome few Days after they went to Sea, were caſt away near the *Sound*, not a Man eſcaped. Thus GOD ſometimes preventeth his Children from falling into Evil, as well as to deliver them when fallen, that they may enjoy the Comforts of his Mercy without the Sorrow of Suffering.

To deliver his Children when they are fallen into any Calamity and Trouble, is an high and broad Expreſſion of his Love and Kindneſs to them; yet there is ſome Bitterneſs in the Evil, tho' there be Sweetneſs in the Deliverance: but now, by his Grace and Goodneſs, to eſcape before we are taken, and to be delivered before we ſuffer, is a Mercy we cannot hope for, a Bleſſing we could not expect, and I am ſure cannot expreſs. It is like pure Wine without the Allay of Water; a lively Picture, and true Portraiture of the State of the Bleſſed in Heaven, who poſſeſs Fullneſs of Joy without any Mixture of Sorrow, and Life without the Shadow of Death. I hope I ſhall never forget this great Mercy; and it is the greater, becauſe it was beſtowed upon one that had no Title to it, but the Free Grace and Goodneſs of GOD.

Amongſt them were my two loving Friends, Mr. *Randolph Price*, eldeſt Son to Mr. *Price* of *Eſher*, a Gentleman of great Hopes, taken away in the Flower of his Youth and Virtue. I gave him the holy and bleſſed Sacrament before he went to Sea, which he received with much Devotion, which no doubt was a preſent and heavenly Cordial to himſelf; ſo I mention it as a dwelling and perpetual Comfort to his ſtill weeping Friends. Capt. *Vaughan*, who accompanied me in my firſt Voyage into the *Eaſt*-Country.

After

After these great and many Dangers at Sea, and as many and great Deliverances, I had thought once to tell you what happened to me on the Shore.

Plus habet infesta Terra timoris, Aqua.

But I will conceal them from my Friends; for in this sad Age, every Man hath Sorrow enough of his own, and is not at Leisure to consider the sad Condition of another from bemoaning and pitying himself: I will therefore conclude, giving Glory to GOD for his many Mercies, and my Thanks to you for giving me an Opportunity to remember them.

I hope you will pardon my plain Language; Sorrow is dull, and black, and sad Stories ought not to be presented in painted Words, and gaudy Expressions of Rhetorick. No Man mourneth in colour'd Taffaty. What is wanting in Allegories, you have in Reality: Truth needeth no Metaphors. You have a true Relation of many sad Accidents and Afflictions at Sea, by him who did undergo them, who is,

SIR,

Your most affectionate Friend

to serve you,

WILL. JOHNSON.

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